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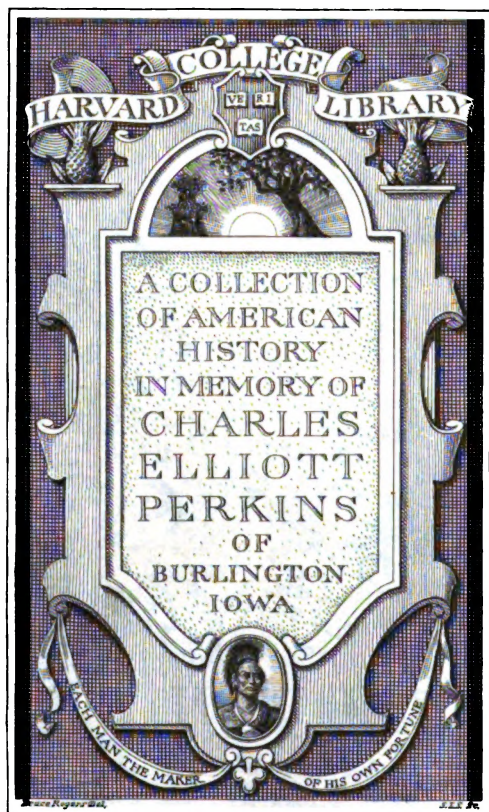
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The young woman's journal

Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of Zion

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THE GIFT OF HIS DAUGHTER
ALICE FORBES PERKINS HOOPER

THE
Young Woman's Journal.

PUBLISHED BY THE
YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF ZION.

SUSA YOUNG GATES, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

Colebrook, Biographical Sketch of		
Nellie	"	291
Dougall,	"	Maria Y. 97
Freeze,	"	M. A. 193
Jensen,	"	Hattie C. 435
Pratt,	"	Dr. R. B. 531
Snow,	"	Minnie J. 339
Taylor,	"	Elmina S. 2
Tingey,	"	Martha J. H. 145
Vance,	"	Emily Y. 483
Young,	"	Mary P. 241

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Apology, An	-	53
Apple Blossoms	-	540
August in Salt Lake Valley	-	550
Aspiration	-	552
Bridal Bouquet, A	-	121
Basket Waif, The	-	165
Be True	-	214
Blessed are They that Sow	-	251
Beautiful City	-	264
Beautiful Ideal, The	-	287
Baby Boy	-	303
"Blessed the Corpse that the Rain Falls on"	-	389
Christmas Poem, A	-	153
Columbines	-	405
Daisies	-	197
Evening Primrose	-	117
Eighteen Days on the Deserts	68, 117, 160, 203, 264	
Exiles	-	493
Farewell	-	22
Feathers, etc	-	207
Good and Evil	-	243
Gossiping	-	258
Give me Faith	-	536
Invocation	-	5
Ideal, An	-	68
Interrupted Marriage, An	-	60
It's a Boy	-	346
Inactivity is Death	-	455
Ideal, An	-	505
Kindness to Mother	-	209
Kiss Your Children	-	399
Lights and Shades	10, 49, 110, 167, 209, 244, 296, 357, 390, 438, 502, 536	
Love's Sacrifice	-	346, 395
Letter	-	548
My Letters	-	202
Mother's Solace, A	-	217
Mamma's Treasure	-	257
My Dream	-	449
Mountain Lake, A	-	486
May Day Address	-	501
Mistaken	-	506
O My People, Be One	-	14
Out from the Realms of Girlhood	-	287
Oak and the Ivy, The	-	208
Pre-existence	-	66

Plea for Marriage, A	-	300
Promiscuous Kissing	-	443
Prayer, A	-	508
Pioneers, The	-	547
Reign of the Right	-	103
Rebekah's Choice	-	215
River, The	-	49
Sonnet	-	121
Silver Lake	-	164
Stand by Your Colors	-	301
Scrapes From My Journal	-	405
Scenes in the Wasatch	-	437
Struggle for Freedom, A	-	486, 540
Truth	-	10
Too Great a Responsibility	-	5
Two Voices, The	-	59
Tempted	-	351
"Tis Evening Now"	-	357
Two Angels	-	394
Uncertainty	-	407
Visitor from the Other Side, A	-	66
Valley, The	-	296
Visit to Bachelor's Hall, A	-	444
Winter	-	362
Woman's Progress	-	551
Western Boom, The	15, 54, 103, 153, 197, 251, 303, 352, 400, 450, 494	

FANCY WORK.

Embroidery	-	37
Lamp Shade	-	132
Ladies' Mittens—Shell and Rope Pat-tern	-	132
Suggestion, A	-	233

HOUSE AND HOME.

Cooking Recipes	40, 90, 136, 184, 326, 417, 471, 520
Charity	-
Home Gardening	-
Home Making—Hospitality	-
Home Memeanor, The	-
Home Life, The	-
Hygienic Diet	-
My Visit to Washington	-
Miscellany	-
What Made the Boy Mad	-
What Constitutes a Good Home	-
Wheat and Other Cereals	-

OUR GIRLS.

Backbiting	-	86
"Be ye not Unequally Yoked Together."	-	236
Correspondence	-	34
Children of Israel	-	332
Criticism	-	433
Character	-	479
Cheerfulness	-	523
Envy	-	53
Existence of a God, The	-	35

Eliza R. Snow	426
Fidelity	84
Friendship	482
Fretting and Grumbling	529
Health	30
Honor thy Father and thy Mother	83
Happy Home, A	434
Idleness	578
Influence of Association	430
Kindness	32
Liberty's Advent	530
Latter-day Saint Opinion of Women	571
Missionary Work for the Girls	29
Mutual Improvement	432
Maidenhood	576
Nobility of Character	570
Official Announcement	526
Officers and Members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations, To the	28
Patience	128
Peaceful Homes	429
Political	570
Report of the Y. L. M. I. Delegate to the Woman's National Council at Washington, D. C.	381
Report of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of Utah	388
Reflections	530
Spirit of the Times	34
Sympathy	191
Shall we Teach our Girls to be Independent?	476
Sowing Good Seed	527
Testimonial	330
Twenty-Fourth of July, The	482
Womanhood	35
Winter and Snow	528
Y. L. M. I. A. Officers' Meeting	79
Y. L. M. I. A. Conference of Box Elder Stake	70
Y. L. M. I. A. Conference of Utah Stake	85
Y. L. M. I. A. Conference of Juab Stake	127
Y. L. M. I. A. Conference	240
Y. L. Conference	331
Y. L. M. I. A. Officers' Meeting	384
Y. L. M. I. A. Conference	481
Y. L. M. I. A. Quarterly Conference	573
Young Sisters, To my (An Essay read at the Young Ladies' Meeting in Woodland Ward)	527

THE WORLD.

World as Seen Through a Woman's Eyes	24, 72, 121
174, 221, 272, 315, 363, 407, 455, 509, 553	

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

A Symposium	36
-------------	----

CURRENT ISSUES.

Evil Tendencies	321
Messiah Craze, The	268
Miscellaneous	422
Thoughts on the Indian Question	218
Word of Wisdom, The	459

What Shall the Latter-day Saints Read?	461
Valuable Document, A	375

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

Correspondence	181
Extracts from Sermons by Brigham Young	22
Early Miracles	411
Incidents in the History of the Prophet Joseph Smith	366
Instances of Modern Healing by the Power of Faith	178
Jacob's Vision at Bethel	557
Miscellaneous	278
Prophecies of the Coming forth of the Book of Mormon and their Fulfillment	310
Prophecy	314
Prophet on Old Houses, The	467
Sayings of Joseph Smith	366
Words and Incidents of the Prophet Joseph's Life	75
Words and Incidents of the Prophet Joseph's Life	124
Words and Incidents of the Prophet Joseph's Life	466

DRESS.

City Fashions	129
Early Spring Fashions	276
Fashion	374
Fall Dresses	87
Spring Fashions	324
Summer Fashions	421

MISCELLANEOUS.

Housekeeping Melody, A	96
Our Mutual Improvement Association	47
Sunset Sonnets	48
Wrong Office, In the	96

HYGIENE.

Copy of a Letter to Sister Sorenson	563
Essay, An	560
Essay on Hygiene	517
Letters to the Young Women of Zion	41, 91, 140, 186, 229, 328, 514
Leaves from the Journal of a Medical Student	43, 138, 280, 369
Letter, A	463
Laws of Life	560
Puberty	420, 464

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Attention, Girls	524
Co-operative Kitchens	235
Heredity	522
Miscellaneous	45, 143, 283, 329, 380, 425, 474, 566
New Year, The	190
Thanksgiving Day	94

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◀ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▶

VOL. II.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 1.



MRS. ELMINA S. TAYLOR.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS.
ELMINA S. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT
OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS.

HOMESPUN.

IT IS a pleasure to present to the readers of the JOURNAL, the face of our loved President, E. S. Taylor, and a pleasure which will be mutual to editor and readers. For many years we have seen the faithful labors of the sisters, chosen as the spiritual head of the young women of Zion, and it will be beneficial to us all to contemplate their life and labors—to ask ourselves why it is that these women have been so blessed and favored of the Lord, and in the answer to the question provide ourselves with material for reflection, study and proper emulation.

The causes which lead a man or a woman to the front in this Church, are intrinsically different to those which elevate people in the outside world. And yet there are certain qualities or characteristics common to all mankind who march in the lead of their fellows. What those common qualities are, and what are the distinguishing traits of an honored Saint will occupy some of our time and attention in the biographical sketches which are to appear in these pages.

Wise old Solomon gives in his matchless way the very first requisite to leadership in any place, at any time. He tells us that "he that conquereth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." He might well have added that all men's power can be safely gauged by this rule.

The young woman who says so emphatically, "I'd rather die than to live in the country," or such like foolish

expressions, proves she possesses the force to possibly become a great and noble woman, but also shows she lacks the self-control necessary to reach even a moderate plane.

Brigham Young used to say that he was always delighted to find a child with plenty of temper, always adding that the mother's duty was to teach the child how to control that temper.

Sister Taylor's life well exemplifies this principle in a marked degree. With gentle, easy, yet dignified manners she possesses a strong will, well controlled.

The little chapter in the "Representative Women of Deseret," written by Sister Taylor herself, gives the details of dates, etc., with the brief clearness and simplicity which is a marked part of her character. I append it as follows:

"I was born at Middlefield, Otsego County, State of New York, September 12th, 1830. My parents are David S. Shepard and Rozella Bailey Shepard. Three daughters were all the children that were born to them, I being the eldest. My parents were staunch Methodists, and I was brought up in that faith. I united myself with that church when about twenty years of age, and during some six years was a zealous and consistent member of the same. At the time I joined the Church I was desirous to be baptized by immersion, as I considered that the pattern set by our Savior; although I had always been taught that baptism was not a saving ordinance, but only to answer a good conscience, otherwise, an outward sign of inward grace. To this my many friends were so much

opposed that after some time elapsed I consented, and was admitted a member of the church, by sprinkling; but there were many doctrines and tenets with which I never was satisfied, and when I went to my minister to have them explained I was more beclouded and found myself more in the dark than before; though I sought the Lord earnestly to be guided aright.

"In the year 1854, circumstances induced me to go to Haverstraw, a large town situated in southern New York, on the banks of the beautiful Hudson River, to engage in teaching. One of the trustees, John Druce, was a Mormon elder, who had a very interesting and intelligent family. My cousin and I frequently visited there, but for a long time they never mentioned religion to us, fearing to frighten us away, but one night, just as I was leaving, he asked me if I would read some Mormon books. I answered, 'O, yes! You know the Bible says prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' His earnestness impressed me. Before opening the books I bowed before the Lord and fervently implored Him to give me His spirit that I might understand if they were true or false. My interest was awakened, and the more I investigated and compared the doctrines with the scriptures, the more I was convinced of their truth. I fought against my convictions, for I well knew how it would grieve my dear parents to have me unite myself with that despised people; and I also thought I should lose my situation which was a very lucrative one. However, I could not silence my convictions, and as the promise was given, 'If you will obey the doctrine, you shall know whether it is of God or

man;' I went forth and was baptized July 5th, 1856. When I was confirmed by the laying on of hands I received the testimony of its truth which I have never lost from that day to this.

"I was united in marriage to George Hamilton Taylor, August 31st, 1856, by Apostle, now President, John Taylor, and in 1859, April 15th, we left New York for Utah, where we arrived September 16th of the same year, after a long, tedious journey with ox teams. In the spring of 1860 we located in the Fourteenth Ward, where we have since resided, and where our first child, a son, was born July 16th of the same year. While in the States we were never blessed with children, but it was prophesied upon my head that I should go to Zion and should there be blessed with them, which has been fulfilled, for I am now the mother of seven.

"Through the gift of tongues, it was also promised that all my family should come to me, which was verified after we had been here nearly fifteen years, and my father is still with us, having reached the advanced age of seventy-nine years, but none of them ever received the gospel.

"At the organization of the Relief Society of the Fourteenth Ward, December 12th, 1867, I was elected Secretary, an office which I still occupy. September 23rd, 1874, by request of Sister E. R. S. Smith, I was appointed Superintendent of the Young Ladies' Association of the same ward. I was chosen First Counselor to Sister M. I. Horne, Relief Society President of Salt Lake Stake, December 22nd, 1879, and have traveled considerably in that capacity.

"At a Conference held in the

Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, June 19th, 1880, I was appointed President of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of Zion.

"July 4th, 1877, we entered into the celestial order of marriage, and have since all lived under the same roof, and eaten at the same table, ever in the enjoyment of peace and harmony."

All who are acquainted with the writer of the above autobiographical sketch, can cheerfully add testimony to its concluding paragraph. "Love at Home" might be graven upon a tablet of stone within their door, so indelibly seems that sacred principle to have been impressed upon the hearts within that household.

By example, by attainments, and the spiritual refinement and elegance in bearing which would denote the Christian lady, under any or all circumstances, it seems peculiarly appropriate that Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor was called to preside over the young ladies of Zion. May they emulate their standard, spiritually and socially. The simplicity and modesty of her sketch cannot convey to the mind of the reader those delicate attributes of character, so well understood by those who, like myself, have been recipients of her kindly counsels and encouragement, and recognized in a wider sense by those who have listened to her addresses, dictated by the spirit of our sacred and holy religion.

It would not be proper to close this article without speaking of the General Conference of the Y. L. M. I. A., held April 4th, 1890, in Salt Lake City, the first one ever convened. It marks an epoch in our Association history and was in all respects an occasion worthy of itself. There was,

in addition to the dignity and grace so essential to woman's work in any field, a spirit of love and sweet communion of soul so characteristic of woman's work in this gospel. Supported by her young Counselors, Sister Taylor presided over this historical meeting with the government of a wise mother and the bright, ready wit of a woman. The Conference closed as does this sketch with the ardent hope by all the girls that our President would live to so preside over our Conferences until the great millennium day.

NUMBER TWELVE.

LULA.

IN LOOKING o'er the last YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL,

I said, "Of all the twelve this is the best;
Herein are couched bright truths, sublime, eternal,

And high and holy thoughts made manifest."

But then I turned, and taking former numbers
Read o'er some things which had my soul impressed,

And said, "In each such light awakes or slumbers,

I know not, after all, which is the best."

I want to say to each dear sister "writer,"

My heart goes out in love and prayers for you;
The present year to me has been made brighter
By this acquaintance with you—old or new.

And to the Editor, my worthy cousin,

I offer thanks for this continued feast,
The wholesome "mind food" given in the whole dozen,

Its sweets and richness to the last increased.

Success and blessings still attend the movement;

In every household may, a welcome guest,
Be found this aid to Mutual Improvement,

The latest number always being best.

Smithfield, Sept. 10th, 1890.

ACT upon your impulses, but pray
that they may be directed by God.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

INVOCATION.

L. M. HEWLINGS.

OH, SPIRIT of the infinite!
 To Thee we humbly bow.
 O listen, for our needs are great;
 We ask Thy presence now.

Come in and be our guest, dear Lord,
 Abide with us, we pray,
 That we may ever follow Thee,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

We know that we have grieved Thee oft,
 Turned from Thy love away,
 Carved worldly idols of our own,
 Which proved but broken clay.

We know, dear Savior, Thou hast borne
 With waywardness and sin:
 That justice has been turned aside
 To let sweet mercy in.

Rich feasts of love thou didst prepare,
 When we on husks have fed,
 And bade our hungry, famished souls
 Partake of living bread.

And now again we come to Thee
 With penitential tears,
 Pardon our waiting souls, we pray,
 And banish all our fears.

Oh, call the wand'ers back to Thee,
 Gather them in Thy fold,
 That they may hear, and see, and walk
 As in the days of old.

We pray, O God, that war and strife
 Throughout the earth may cease,
 That all the nations of the world
 May own Thee Prince of Peace.

Atchison Kansas.

TOO GREAT A RESPONSIBILITY.

SKURLOCK.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 480.]

"IT MIGHT be even worse. Take your sewing, dear, and sit by me; and while you finish those beautiful buttonholes, I will tell you a story. Many a time you have teased me for stories when I would gladly have been excused; but this morning I feel just like

telling you a story, and it is one I have never told before."

"Is the *moral* very severe?" Hazel enquired with mock apprehension.

"If there be *any* moral, you will put it there, Hazel, for I shall not; but I promise you will find it full of interest."

The young girl brightened, for she had not outgrown her childish love of hearing her kind aunt tell a story. She was soon seated on her low chair, ready to give attention, while her deft fingers wove the silken margin of the long row of buttonholes in her mamma's new polonaise.

The elder lady rethreaded her needle, readjusted her work, rearranged her footstool, and was ready to begin.

"Three years ago I went, you remember, on a visit to my friends and relatives in the state of Rhode Island. I visited the dear old home of my childhood, and many a time was melted to tears by the sight of some well-remembered and beloved object, or by some sweeping change which seemed to me sacriligious or sad. How I roamed through the old wood lot and orchard to mark the trees I had climbed, or swung under in swing or hammock! How I catalogued the kinds of fruit I used to gather, and pointed out where old Rover once caught a gopher, and I took it from him! And I looked again at this ridge through my thumb nail, a lasting evidence of how fiercely the little creature attacked me in defense of his liberty. How I ran here and there recalling old memories, laughing over the happy ones and weeping over the sad ones!

"Many an hour I spent in the old graveyard, copying dates of births and deaths, in aid of my temple work here at home; and blessed hours they were.

"After I had visited and conversed with all the relatives I could find, having heard of a dear old schoolmate in the next county, I wrote to her and asked permission to visit her. She answered with a kind invitation for the next day, and a two hours' ride by rail set me down within a mile of her house.

"It was a cool, pleasant day, and the country looked so green and delightful, I quite enjoyed walking that mile. I had such plain directions for finding the place that I could not miss it, and I passed down the green lanes looking into orchards and gardens, fields and farm-yards at my leisure.

"As I neared Mrs. Williamson's home, I observed a group of little girls setting a table under a maple tree, flitting here and there and chattering like magpies. I passed on to the front gate, and was met half way across the little lawn, kissed and welcomed by Mary Crane, now Mrs. Williamson.

"She did not seem in the least afraid of me because I was a Mormon, but made enquiries about my family and friends, my travels and experiences, and kept me talking of myself and my own affairs for more than an hour before I could become the questioner. Then she told me of her marriage and motherhood, the deaths of her parents, the welfare of her three sisters and the death of her younger brother.

"'Where is Edgar, your elder brother?' I enquired presently. 'I suppose he is no less than a college professor, or a scientific specialist,

when I remember how profound and dignified he was as a young man.'

"'No, poor Edgar!' she answered with a sigh, while the animation faded from her face and her dark eyes filled with tears.

"I hastened to beg pardon if I had spoken amiss, but she pressed my hand to reassure me, and said she had nothing to conceal from me, although she did not talk freely about Edgar to the neighbors because he so shrank from curiosity.

"She excused herself and left the room for a few minutes, and when she returned she said all was right in the grove, and invited me to follow her.

"She conducted me through her neat New England kitchen and to the end of the latticed porch where I could see the group of children I had observed in coming to the place.

"They were sitting at table now, and with them was a gray-haired man whom they waited on most assiduously, and called Uncle Ed. Their plump rosiness was in strong contrast to his pallid thinness; but they all seemed very happy together. I looked at Mary in mute wonder, and she conducted me back to the sitting-room before she spoke.

"'Do you remember,' she began, 'that my brother was so devoted a student, our father used to say he was afraid Ned would be an old bachelor?'

"'Yes, I remember it, but I remember, too, that in one of your letters, several years after I left this state, you said he was about to marry.'

"'He was about to marry; he was engaged to Kate Freeman, though they were both engaged in the higher branches of education, and did not expect to marry until each had completed the course. They meant then to estab-

lish a model school here in Rhode Island, for coeducation, taking all grades from infants to graduates.

“They were both enthusiastic over their plans, and were faithfully studying plans and principles, determined to leave nothing undone to secure success in the management of a large family school. They had both been teachers of acknowledged ability; and as the time drew near for them to unite their lives and labors, they were happy, hopeful and earnest as mortals need to be.

“Kate was summoned home suddenly, and in alarm and haste she went, never to return. She wrote some vague, sad letters to my brother, telling him to forget her and fulfill his grand purposes without her, as she was just the same as dead.

“Of course he flew in person to find out what had befallen his brave, bright, lovely Kate, and refused to consider himself rejected. He arrived in her native village one dreary, Sunday morning, just as people were coming out of church. In the midst of them, all in white and crowned with flowers, was Kate, pale and sad, leaning on the arm of a villainous-looking middle-aged man, and followed by her father.

“Mr. Freeman saw and recognized Edgar, and with seemingly deliberate cruelty, he presented him to ‘my daughter, Mrs. Sloan.’

“Kate looked once in his face, and with a low cry of anguish swooned into her scowling husband’s arms. They carried her home to rave and toss in brain fever for weeks, and die at last unconscious.

“Edgar could not leave the place while she lived, and he waited, hoping for a word from her, to lighten his burden of sorrow; but none came.

When she was dead, he went to her grief-stricken father and demanded an explanation. The miserable man threw himself on Edgar’s mercy, and confessed that he had urged his daughter to marry a scoundrel who had pushed him into crime, and demanded this price for his silence. She had sacrificed herself and all her dear hopes to save her father from a felon’s doom.

“Edgar was a broken man. His long-cherished plans were crippled without Kate, and his grief and horror sapped the fountains of life, hope and energy. To keep from brooding over his loss, he buried himself in study for study’s own sake; while before he had studied with a healthy stimulus of a purpose in view. He led a secluded life, and grew to be considered eccentric. Time robbed him of many friends, and he made few new ones. He studied astronomy, chemistry and other exacting sciences until his health failed.

“In this condition he came to me seeking rest and country quiet, and seemed to brighten up wonderfully. Toward the end of that summer he surprised me beyond expression by saying he had concluded to marry Carrie Cresswell—frivolous, empty headed little Carrie Cresswell. I made no sign of my disapproval of his choice, because I thought Carrie very lucky to have won even his broken heart; and I thought marriage with any one not absolutely a vixen would be the best thing to atune his spirit to healthy human life and pursuits.

“She was very affectionate in her manners, kissing and patting his face before me with perfect freedom; and he seemed to grow young and cheerful, under her childlike gaiety, and merry,

capricious manner Her parents gave their consent that she should go back with him to Providence, and he left it to her to decide whether she would reside there or have him return to the country.

"He had made her the arbitress of his fate, and she did not know what forces for good and evil she held in her dimpled hand. She took a child's delight in her pretty wedding dress and presents, and when my brother returned from her father's house the last evening before the wedding day, looking quietly, deeply happy, and taking me in his arms, gravely and sweetly blessed me, and asked me to help him give thanks to God because he was so happy, my heart ached so I could hardly answer him without tears.

"He passed into the orchard to muse under the stars, while I cried over my baby's cradle in spite of all my efforts. I heard him go into his room, and the last thing before I retired, I stole to his door. All was silent, and I softly entered to find him sweetly sleeping, with a smile around his lips. I breathed a prayer for him, and hastily withdrew lest I should disturb him.

"He slept late next morning, and breakfast was waiting, when my little Kate called me out to see a messenger at the gate from Cresswell's 'Is Carrie here?' he asked. 'Her 'ma is in a fine temper because she ain't thar to be a gittin' dressed, instid o' trampin' up yer, this mornin'.'

"'She's not here, Gabe,' I answered, 'and I have not seen her this morning.'

"'Then whar can she be?'" he muttered, and rode away, leaving me as thoroughly frightened as if he had told me she were dead. I cautioned the

children not to mention it to their uncle, but he met me at the door and inquired if the man were not asking for Carrie. I was obliged to admit it, and greatly feared my looks would betray my secret and unreasonable fear; but Edgar laughed and said his wild wood blossom was out after her sister blossoms to wear at her bridal.

"He was already carefully dressed, and as he surveyed himself in the mirror and smiled a pleasant, absent smile, I felt my heart sink with new and horrible foreboding. He lingered at the glass, he loitered at the window, he went to the garden for a boquet of flowers for the table, and told me not to be cross if he were boyish and tiresome on his wedding day.

"Just as he stood with his hand on the back of his chair in the act of taking his place at the breakfast table, a wild-eyed, hatless boy sprang into the kitchen door exclaiming, 'Gosh! Mis' Williamson, Carrie's ben an' got married!'" A deathlike silence was his only answer, and he went blundering on as if anxious to fill up its awful cavern. 'Dave Deming's ben cuttin' raoun' her more'n a year ago; 'n' one night she slighted him ter an apple bee, n' he left nex' mornin' fur the coast; 'n' he hearn 'bout her goin' ter marry Mister Crane, 'n' las' night he cum tarin' hum ter see 'bout it.

He seen Carrie las' night 'n' this mornin', and cut up so't she hed to marry him right then ter keep 'im frum hurtin' hisself or somebody else; 'n' they've jis got back, an' they're over to Cresswell's now.'

"Edgar sank into his chair and made a gesture to me to send the boy away. I took him by the shoulders, thrust him through the door, shut and fastened it, and turned back to see my

husband holding Edgar's head on his arm and reaching for a glass of water.

"A long, long, dreadful illness followed, from which Edgar emerged at last only a wreck of himself. Pale, nervous, excitable, weak, sad and strange, he was another and greater care to me. He was no longer able to study, except between long intervals. He seemed for a long time afraid of women. I have seen him stand behind a screen or blind and gaze after a lady as a child might do at a tiger, with straining eyes and pale lips.

"He is usually grave and silent, gentle and calm; but is subject to nervous attacks, and violent headaches. He cannot spare me for a day; and often follows me with his eyes until the desolate woe in their gaze seems like a lance to my heart. Many a time I have let some one else tend my baby while I held and stroked his throbbing head and let him weep himself to sleep on my bosom.

"He never utters the name of Carrie, but in his periods of suffering he moans the name of Kate. His one, only joy is the society of little girls. He neither fears nor shuns them, and will buy and make toys by the peck to please them, or play dolls or any other game with them; and I have averted many a nervous attack by inviting a party of little girls to make a picnic with him in the maple grove.

"What about the foolish Carrie?" I asked. Oh, she protested that she didn't mean any harm, and that Dave would have killed himself or Edgar if she hadn't agreed to marry him, and that she really liked a brave, strong young fellow like Dave better than such an odd, silent, old man as Mr. Crane. It was the best she knew, and I never blamed her much; but I was

glad her husband took her down to the coast to live, out of Edgar's sight. My husband settled up Edgar's affairs and put what means he had in the bank. There will be more than enough to keep him while he lives, for it will not be long.

"Now he may come into the house while you stay; and if so, I shall say, very carelessly, 'Edgar this is Mrs. M——; and when he bows, if you will simply say 'How de do, Mr. Crane?' and pay no more attention to him, all will be well; but if you notice him much, it will be sure to trouble him.

"I did meet him, and he bore to my eyes no trace of any vice or dissipation which could have helped to wreck him so sadly. He looked, just as he had been represented, like a heartbroken student, completely overwhelmed at last by the reckless, almost unconscious cruelty of a foolish girl; whose treatment, ill as it was, was only the last featherweight which his already overburdened soul could not bear."

"Oh, aunty," said Hazel with tears in her eyes, "I do see now how that which is not meant for evil may do great harm; and I will not forget it. I see that we cannot always know the real facts of the case by what we see, and that to meddle lightly with other peoples' feelings may be a dangerous responsibility."

"True, my dear girl; and the daughters of Zion above all others, should shun all levity and every shadow of evil."

A year or two later when Hazel, by further acquaintance had become convinced of the sterling worth and integrity of Richard Winfield, and learned too, that his seeming credulity was only another phase of his good humor, she

promised to become his wife, and realized that only since laying aside her former levity and giving her mind to higher and better things, had she become worthy of him.

TRUTH.

SANTIAGO.

A BLOOMING flower in beauty bright,
A dewdrop glistening in the light,
May fade or vanish from the sight,
Nor leave a trace behind.
But truth, eternal, priceless truth,
The brightest gem that's found on earth,
Though ages roll, yet still in youth
Will shine with light divine.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 451, VOL I.]

SHE paused with her hand on the door knob, and turning towards Jacob, exclaimed, "Don't make me believe you are losing your senses; it is enough that you have nearly put mine to flight by declaring your love for me so suddenly today. Come on now, and let's have dinner."

"I don't feel like eating now," said Jacob, "I was hungry a while ago, but whether I've lost my senses or not, I have lost my appetite."

"It will come back all right, when you sit at the table and commence eating," said Gwyn. "If your love for me, and mine for you is to effect you in this way, we better say as little as possible about it, till we get used to being in love. I want my dinner but am waiting for you."

"Well, we'll go and have dinner now, if you will think over the matter of our being married this evening, and tell me your conclusions about it afterwards," said Jacob, following his

little sweetheart as she turned and walked away.

"At last, you naughty boy!" exclaimed Sister Ellen, as Jacob walked in and took a seat by her at the table. He put his arm around her neck and kissed her, that was his only answer.

They could hear the girls laughing and talking in the other room, as they hurried the work of the wool picking, and relieved the monotony of the same by racing to see who could pick the largest bundle in the shortest time.

"Jacob has only just come for his dinner, now, and his sister has been waiting for him for hours," said Chloe Lee, the beauty of F——, after peeping through the door, while reaching for more wool.

Jacob was one who was too much respected by his acquaintances to be nick-named, even by the girls. The most careless among them never said Jake, when speaking to him or of him, it was always Jacob.

"Let's roll him up in the wool, when he's finished eating, to pay him for not coming and eating with us," said Frances White, the tall girl.

The three at the table were eating so quietly that the remarks of the young ladies, just inside the middle door, were distinctly overheard by them, which was unintentional on the part of the speakers. Gwyn smiled across the table at the two sitting opposite to her, and said to Mrs. Hillon in an under tone: "In clearing away the dinner things, let's wash your mother's dishes first, and Jacob and I will take them home out of the way."

Jacob's face brightened, and if his appetite had not before returned, as Gwyn had said it would, it began to come to him then. He had been fearing that he should find no further

opportunity of continuing the courtship so well begun, that afternoon ; but Gwyn, (dear clever girl that she was,) always found justifiable ways and means for bringing about desirable ends. That little remark of hers proved to Jacob's entire satisfaction, that she was at last willing to enter into further conversation with him on the question he had asked her to study over, and that made him hopeful and happy.

Pressing his sister's hand warmly, under the edge of the table, he whispered to her, "Yes, Ellen, do, please, send Gwyn and me to take mother's things over home. That will be ever so much nicer, this warm day, than being tied up in a bag of wool."

Whatever suspicions might have awakened in Sister Ellen's mind, no thought came to her of how far her brother and Gwyn had already advanced, in the art of love-making. She smiled encouragingly on both of them, and then they fell into a lively conversation, which prolonged the time, and heightened their relish for partaking of the food before them.

All the girls engaged in the wool-picking were taken into the conspiracy against Jacob ; and they waited impatiently for him to shove back from the table ; peeping every now and then to see if there was any likelihood of his doing so.

He understood their movements, and smilingly hinted to the two women who were volunteers on his side, that he would keep on eating until the dishes were ready to be carried to his mother's, when he would arise and depart quickly, thus escaping the advance of the pretty, tittering crowd, waiting to pounce upon and capture him.

"The dishes are ready, now," said Gwyn, hastily catching up the portion she was to carry, and motioning Jacob to seize the others and follow her.

This little turn was made so quickly and, withal, so quietly that the two were out of the house and gone, before an inkling of their intentions was caught by any one of the conspirators.

How the disappointed, but still laughing "string of belles" jingled and rattled in Sister Ellen's ears, for letting her brother thus depart, can well be imagined by our young lady readers.

But you will want to know what Jacob and Gwyn said to each other when they were again alone ; so come and listen.

Gwyn had made up her mind what to say, and said it without waiting to be asked by her lover : "You want me to marry you this evening, Jacob," she began. "I don't think it would be wise of us, young as we are to take so hasty a step without counsel. It seems to me that it would be much better for us to wait a few weeks, and prepare and go to 'the city,' and be married in the right way, according to our faith, to begin with. That is the way it looks to me ; but if you still feel anxious, as you did a while ago, that we should be married today, if you will go and see the Bishop, and ask his advice about it, if he thinks best and right, we will be married this evening, and take the consequences."

At the mention of the Bishop, Jacob's face grew very red, and a deep dark shadow passed over it, which Gwyn failed to notice, for she was twirling her apron strings and watching her fingers.

"I don't want to ask Bishop Smith

anything about it, Gwyn, only if he will marry us!" exclaimed the young man, almost hotly. "You know very well," he continued, "that the Bishop loves you; and I know that he does not like me."

The last of this remark surprised Gwyn. Feeling assured herself that the Bishop and other leading men of the ward had an especial admiration for Jacob's fine abilities and the manly course he was pursuing, (for she had heard it from their own lips,) she wondered how Jacob could have conceived the idea that he was disliked by any of them. She raised her eyes to his, and was still more surprised by the fierce, dark look she met.

"What makes you think he does not like you?" she asked, not attempting to tackle the idea that he loved her.

"Because he has shown it on different occasions," Jacob answered.

"Please tell me when and in what way," said Gwyn.

"Well, I will tell you some things which I have never mentioned, not even to my mother;" replied Jacob, "for I do not believe in finding fault with those in authority, and have never done it. But I'll tell you this, and then, try to forget it. When we were getting out logs and timber for the new meeting-house, five or six times, in fact, every time I volunteered my services, the Bishop asked me to take charge of the meanest, laziest set of boys and men that would offer to work at all; expecting me to keep them straight, keep all their accounts, and do my share at chopping, measuring, hauling, or whatever was given the company to do, besides. If it had happened only once or twice, it would have seemed right enough; but being

repeated time after time, made me feel as though Bishop Smith thought me only fit for such company; and it hurt me, and hurts me yet when I think of it."

"Oh! Jacob," exclaimed Gwyn, "you have quite misjudged the Bishop in this matter. I happened to be working for Sister Smith that summer, and one evening after you brethren had held a business meeting, the Bishop brought his two counselors and two or three of the teachers home with him for supper; I remember it so well, for we hadn't bread enough for supper, and Sister Smith sent me to the neighbor's to borrow a loaf. While waiting upon the table, I heard the brethren talking over their business affairs, for that was the purpose for which the Bishop brought them home with him. They spoke of you, too, as being the only man in the place, young as you then were, that could manage, and get any good out of that careless, shiftless crowd of men and boys. Brother Lee said it seemed too bad to send you to take care of them again, when you had been so patient, and diligent in working with them before. And the Bishop said he thought so too, but there was not another man, young or old that he could trust to take charge of that company, and expect to get any good returns whatever from them. Some one suggested the dividing up of that worthless lot, and sending one or two of them in each of the other sets; but the Bishop said there were boys, and, he was sorry to say, men too, in each company, already, who would be only too glad to fall in with the lazy ways of any of that lot, if they only had one to set the example for them. But he said, Jacob Howe would be a

man and a gentleman no matter who he was with, and would do good and faithful work, and keep an honest account of it, wherever and however he might be employed ; and that his example of honest industry, would do more towards shaming the lazy crowd into doing their duty, than all the scolding, bossing and talking of the older brethren put together. Then they talked of your faithfulness to your parents, your generous donations to the ward ; and all they said of you showed that you were well liked, particularly by the Bishop. I felt so glad and so proud of you, for even then it seemed to me as though you were something more to me than other men were ; almost like a brother, I think, for you were always so kind."

Gwyn paused now, and allowed Jacob to draw her head upon his bosom and stroke her bright, glossy hair. Her words seemed to have been a new revelation to him. The shades had passed from his face while she spoke, and light had come again into both his eyes and his heart.

"Why can't we go together, and talk with the Bishop?" he asked presently. "Wouldn't you like to?"

"No," replied Gwyn, "I would rather not; besides, I must go and help with the wool, I've done so little at it."

"Well," said Jacob, "before I go to the Bishop's and you to your work, let us kneel down here by mother's bed and pray for the Lord's blessing and favor on all we say and do."

Gwyn acquiesced, and brief but spirited prayers, full of meaning and earnestness, were offered up by each in turn ere they separated. Gwyn had never before prayed aloud in the hearing of any man; her heart beat fast

and her voice trembled, but her little prayer was to the point, and eloquent.

Jacob paused a moment before knocking at the half-open door of Bishop Smith's office.

The Bishop saw him and said quickly, "Come in, Brother Jacob, I am glad to see you; how is your health?"

After this cordial greeting Jacob felt less awkward in entering than he had thought he would, and as he stepped inside the office door, the Bishop arose from the desk, where a book of accounts lay open before him, put down from his knee his three-year-old pet girl, from whose chubby finger he had been extracting a sliver with the point of his pocket knife, and extended his hand for a friendly hand-shake with his visitor. Then he sent the little girl to see if mamma wanted her for anything, placed a chair near his own for Jacob and resumed his seat.

"I want to speak with you on a little private business," Jacob began, plunging into the subject at once, as was his way with all difficult matters.

"Yes," answered the Bishop, "I am at your service, Jacob; what can I do for you?"

"Well," Jacob said, "I am thinking of getting married; that's what I came to speak to you about."

"Good! I congratulate you and will give you a recommend with great pleasure," said the Bishop. When are you going to the city?"

"I—don't quite know—yet," answered Jacob hesitatingly.

"It doesn't matter," returned the Bishop, taking a piece of note paper from the desk and preparing to write, "I will write your recommend now, and it will be ready whenever you want it. Who is the fortunate young lady upon whom you have bestowed

your affections?" he asked after commencing to write.

Jacob fastened his eyes intently upon Bishop Smith's face and answered briefly, "Gwyn Lloyd."

The Bishop turned very white and a cry would have escaped his lips but that he restrained it, making a mistake with his pen instead, writing "Kimble" for "Kimball," in President H. C. Kimball's name, to whom he was addressing the recommend. He noticed the error at once and quickly crumpled the piece of paper in his hand, then tore it up and threw it into the waste basket, thus giving slight vent to the surprised pain which he felt.

This action was keenly observed but entirely misinterpreted by Jacob. He thought, and doubtless with some consistency, that the recommend was torn up because he wanted to marry little Gwyn, the Bishop's favorite. The jealous suspicions, which Gwyn's timely explanations of by-gone events had succeeded in quelling, were again aroused with renewed fierceness, the "lights" again went out of Jacob's heart and eyes, and deep, dark "shades" settled again upon his face.

He had no time to speak forth his thoughts, even if he had been so unwise, so lost to self-control as to have opened his lips at such a time, feeling as he did, before the Bishop arose and opened a top drawer in the desk for more note paper; and this simple changing of position gave the brave and good-hearted man a chance to take a full breath, and while his face was turned from his companion he remarked very pleasantly and with seeming great composure,

"Well done! I must indeed congratulate you; and please extend my

warmest congratulations to little Gwyn also, I may not see her very soon myself; and you both certainly have my kindest wishes for your present, future and eternal welfare and happiness."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

O MY PEOPLE, BE ONE.

L. L. DALTON.

WE READ in the volume so ancient and true
Of promises precious and grand
Our Father hath spoken, of things He will do
For His people in this chosen land.

We know that when spoken His word never
fails,

Nor passes away until done;
But this the condition His promise entails:
"Be one, O my people, be one."

We oft feel in haste the fulfillment to see,
And boldly we urge our demand,
Forgetting the sweet preparation that we
Should make ere we stretch forth the hand.
While thus importuning for gifts more and
more,

Of many we sometimes lack one;
We wonder, but hark! while it whispereth o'er,
"Be one, O my people, be one."

How can we expect to obtain a reward
For labor we never have done?
Or claim as our due at the hands of our Lord
The blessings we yet have not won?
How gently our faltering feet He hath led,
And aided us danger to shun!
How tenderly ever this precept was said:
"Be one, O my people, be one!"

How patiently, pleadingly cometh the call!
How often repeated in vain!
He giveth His best gifts alike unto all,
As He sendeth the sunshine and rain.
While some cry for sunshine and some ask for
shower,
Our wishes can not all be done;
By asking alike to receive we gain power—
"Be one, O my people, be one."

Oh, rich are the gifts our dear Father hath
given,
But richer are still in His hand;
He longeth to bless and He much hath forgiven,
And strengthened our weakness to stand.

But for His best treasures to ask is in vain

While this thing remaineth undone ;

This lovely condition we *must* first attain :

" Be one, O my people, be one."

"Except ye are one, ye are not mine." Oh hear,

To whom were His promises given !

If we will be froward how much may we fear

Our claims on His love will be riven.

We may remain strangers and aliens to God,

Or each become daughter or son ;

To do this, with union our feet must be shod ;

" Be one, O my people, be one."

Then wonder not, brothers, nor turn from the road

Because prayer is sometimes unheard,

That power and might still remain unbestowed,

According to His sacred word.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," He hath said ;

Then shall we be haughty, and run

Our own willful course, and on weaker ones tread ?

" Be one, O my people, be one."

"By this ye may know ye have passed unto life, If ye love one another," He saith.

Then dare we be wranglers and lovers of strife,

Thus choosing the pathway to death ?

Dear Saints, shall we follow or turn us away

When beckoned where all may be won ?

We choose life or death by this yea or this nay :

" Be one, O my people, be one."

THE WESTERN BOOM.

MRS. ELLEN JAKEMAN.

CHAPTER VII.

IF THE lean tramp had asked Dager if he was a baboon or a materialized spirit, he would have had as high an opinion of his mental balance. A very human impulse prompted him to evade the question until he should be able to fathom the motive and bias of the man, so he said: "Why do you ask?"

"I thought so! I thought so!" said the tramp, taking the evasion for an affirmative answer and waving him off. "Go away! I don't want you to touch me, I ain't well!"

"That is the reason I am going to stay by you. But I am not a Mormon, if that is the reason why you wish to get rid of me. When you feel better," said Dager in a very unemotional way, seating himself beside the tramp, who shrank from him, "I would like you to tell me why you thought I was a Mormon."

They relapsed into silence, the old tramp still breathing hard, and occasionally casting furtive glances at the man beside him.

At last the tramp arose to his feet and started off; making no other apology than simply saying, "I guess I'll be movin'."

Dager made no attempt to stop him, nor did he even speak to him as he shuffled off, looking behind him as he went.

Dager sat there deep in meditation until the twilight shadows admonished him that it was time to seek a shelter.

He wondered at the anxiety in the tramp's manner when he asked him if he was a Mormon.

He had heard of Mormons, of course, for who had not? There was nothing particularly flattering in the supposition that the lean tramp had formed, for the general impression that came to him now, was as of a city of lepers set apart from all mankind; and, needy, seedy, broken in fortune, and well nigh broken in heart, he considered the question no compliment.

"I'll find out sometime what he meant," he said to himself, walking briskly towards his lodging-place. Then he laughed softly and said, "that is the second time the old genius has asked me a question I could not answer, and that seemed like the key to problems, too deep for surface scanning."

It was not strange that he should dream of him all night; and wake in the morning with a strong impression that he had dreamed something that it would have been interesting to recall, and be utterly unable to do so.

As soon as possible he got his breakfast, which was simply bread this time, for he had spent so much the day before that he felt this privation to be necessary.

Very soon after noon he entered the office where he had sold his notes the day before.

The editor was not in, but Dick, the officeboy, pointed to a chair and said, with the condescension of a superior, "Mr. Heartwell will be back presently, and you can wait.

Dager drew his chair up to a window and sat for a few moments looking out into the street. It was thronged with passers-by, and his keenly analytical mind prompted him to observe the gait at which people were hurrying or sauntering by. He was startled into a belief that there was a curious analogy between the face and the gait of each person, and also between the expression of the face and the clothes of the wearer. How clear his mind was! "By George!" he exclaimed, mentally seizing a note book and making some brief memoranda, "to be able to read these people every day as I see them now would be a liberal education. What an endless panorama of interesting varieties of human flowers one would have to inspect. I believe I'll write a novel," he thought, half laughing, "and take my characters from this street."

Just then a tall gentleman in clerical black passed the window. There was a slight stoop in his shoulders and his legs were rather long for the length

of his body. He chanced to glance at the window as he got opposite, and Dager had had a very good look at his face. His beard was a rich, dark brown and perfectly beautiful, his eyes clear, hazel, but rather too prominent, and his nose was a Roman, very thin and hooked. His forehead was round, his head was round, his neck was round and one ungloved hand was white and delicate as a woman's.

"There," said Dager, who had taken in the man's person at a glance, "is a religious hypocrite. There is mock humility under a cloak of scorching pride. There is a man, if I do him not an injustice, who if smitten on one cheek would turn the other in order that you should not see him put poison on the lancet he meant to prick you with." He hastily wrote the description, with his impressions of the man, in a note book, and again looked out.

A lady was just going by, a little above the medium height, slender, graceful, elegant, both in bearing and costume. Her face was rather colorless, the features not quite sufficiently well defined, and her eyes a yellow blue.

Probably born a beauty and brought up on it, was Dager's mental soliloquy as he noted her appearance in his pocket memoranda and placed after it the words, "false, fair and selfish to the heart's core."

He was just beginning the analysis of a stout, grave man, whose every step seemed like a period, when chancing to look up he saw Dick standing in the middle of the floor with his arms folded and his spine rigidly upright. He lacked nothing of the Roman sentinel except size and the traditional helmet.

"Hello!" said Dager, giving him a curious glance, "what might you be doing?"

"I might be doing a good many things if you were not here," was the nonchalant reply.

"Well, you need not remain here on my account, I will ring if I should get lonesome before Mr. Hartwell comes and need entertaining," Dager said, sarcastically.

"No you don't!" said the boy, "I've seen you taking an inventory of the things in here and talking deaf and dumb to your pard in the street, and I'll not leave the room until Mr. Hartwell comes, and then I mean to tell him. You need not glare at me that way; I'm not afraid of you. I mean to tell him, too, that I saw you yesterday evening packing whisky to a miserable, drunken old tramp in the street and that I know you to be one yourself."

Dager listened to this outburst of virtuous indignation in perfect astonishment, smiled at the boy, and making him a most profound bow, turned again to the window.

This sort of thing went on for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when a small, womanly head was thrust in at the door, and a pleasant voice said, "Dick, Mr. Black wants you."

"Well, Mr. Black will have to wait, for I'm going to watch this fellow until Mr. Hartwell comes, if it is a week."

Then the girlish figure coolly stepped inside, and the large, serious eyes under their long, dark lashes looked Dager through and through.

He could tell to the day of his death just how she looked as she stood there "weighing" him, then she turned on Dick in awful majesty,

"Dick Sawyer, if you don't walk out of this room instantly, I'll report you to Mr. Farce. Don't you know any better than to insult a gentleman who comes here on business?"

Dick wished very much to rebel, but there was something in her manner that made him quite wilt; and he slunk out defeated, but not fully convinced that he should have been. "I never saw a gentleman wear such a suit of clothes as that," was his parting shot.

Dager was much amused, and would have gladly entered into conversation with his champion, but beyond a few very common-place words of apology, for Dick's conduct, she seemed unconscious of his presence. She passed softly about, here and there putting books to rights, folding papers, and otherwise making things tidy, and he knew he was under as strict surveillance as when the boy boldly watched him.

"Would you give me a paper, one of the papers printed in this office," Dager asked, "and of a recent date?"

"Certainly," she said, selecting one from among the papers on the table, and handing it to him without looking up.

From behind its friendly shelter Dager was able to note her carefully; his scrutiny unobserved, and the little woman seemed to please him. He would like to have written her in his book with the others, and have written below her personal appearance, "self-reliant, true, with a settled purpose in life."

Dager began to feel restive, before the door opened to admit two gentlemen. One was the same he had seen the day before, and the other—the tall, thin man whose appearance had attracted him in the street, and upon

whose characteristics judged by his looks, he had commented so unfavorably in his note book.

"My name is Farce, J. D. Farce," said his former acquaintance, without ceremony; "and I have to apologize for keeping you waiting;" and he motioned him to resume the seat from which he had arisen.

"This gentleman," turning to the full-eyed man in black, whom Dager had mistaken for a hypocritical clergyman, "is my business partner and manager of the *Expositor*," said Mr. Farce, "and his name is Hartwell."

"Ferdinand Hartwell, if you please," said the gentleman alluded to, and turning a pair of deep, cruel eyes on the man seeking employment, sought to read his blemishes and weaknesses, that he might gain power over him, and control him for very fear as he did every one around him, with two exceptions.

One was Mr. Farce, a man so frankly and genuinely honest; so truthful and straightforward, that this serpent nature found nothing to lay hold of; the other was Mary Grey, the girl who, while the gentlemen were exchanging conventionalities, had quietly left the room.

"Now to business," said Mr. Farce, seating himself at one side of a long table, and placing a chair for Dager to seat himself opposite, while the lank Mr. Hartwell languidly dropped into an office chair and began turning the leaves of an album of art engravings.

"The writing you brought us yesterday, proved to be, upon examination, of a class that just suits the needs of our paper. We have, after consulting our partners, decided to employ you if the alternatives and conditions do not prove too disagree-

able. In order to make the situation perfectly clear, it is necessary to explain some of the peculiarities of our publication," said Mr. Farce, balancing an eraser on the end of his finger.

Most publications claim to be inaugurated for the purpose of hastening, and aiding local development, by bringing capital into the country, and fostering booms and all sorts of inflations no matter how disastrous the collapse may be."

He paused, but as nobody ventured a remark, he went on, his fine eyes bright with fervor, his voice clear and firm, striking conviction to the soul.

"Believing that a reform in such matters is sadly needed, and that the masses, and even the speculators and boomers have only to be shown the yawning hell into which their methods are driving thousands of their fellow-men, and worse still, women and little children to recoil from it with horror, and themselves join the ranks of the reformers, we have attempted to pioneer in that direction," he said, modestly.

"Yes," asserted Mr. Hartwell.

Mr. Farce looked out across the town through the window, with a far away look in his benevolent lustrous eyes, and Dager could not help thinking that he saw a vision of heaven not of earth, so placid, serene and sure was his expression.

"It is our desire to show the dark sides of the picture, what other newspapers labor so assiduously to conceal; and which is of itself, voiceless and tongueless; for all this woe falls upon the ignorant and unlettered."

"You," he said, addressing Dager more directly, "are of the upper and educated stratum; by some strange freak of fortune you are thrown among

the very class of people whom we wish to bring before the public.

"You are a man of keen perceptions and nice discretions in literary work, unless those few pages which appear in our issue today belie your abilities. We do not care what your past has been, we shall not even ask how you came to be herding among these tramps who are the most miserable of humanity; we are content to receive and pay for your services if our conditions are accepted."

"Name your conditions," Dager said, coldly, for the cruel eyes of the clerical Mr. Hartwell were upon him, with an accusing, sarcastic expression.

"They are simply told. You shall continue your present life; eat with them, sleep with them, live with them; gain their confidence, and make your pen their attorney, translator and avenger.

Dager felt some hesitation in accepting a position which would subject him to such loathsome conditions, but that was not all. He instantly perceived that Mr. Farce was an enthusiast, or a person devoting his whole life, mind and energy to a single purpose. Success in that endeavor, or even reasonable advancement toward the desired goal, would be ample reward for him; but he knew enough by past observation to know that financial success does not often travel the same road with a philanthropic hobby. There was still one other reason, though as yet it had scarcely taken material form—that was Mr. Hartwell.

The liquid voice of Mr. Hartwell broke the silence.

"You have overlooked one very important matter, my dear Mr. Farce, you have named no salary."

"Very true," he said, "I trust you will pardon the oversight, I did not think of salary, only of the work." And he named a sum far in advance of Dager's expectations.

"Ah! if we were all so sublimely indifferent to money," Mr. Hartwell said softly to himself, with an approving, admiring nod in the direction of his partner, and softly rubbing his hands together, "what a heavenly place this earth would be."

"The sum you name will be entirely satisfactory if I accept," said Dager, who could not have imagined himself refusing any kind of an honest position yesterday, or even hesitating in its acceptance. "But before we settle the matter, I should like to ask how much copy I would be expected to furnish, and if I am to have full liberty in choice of subjects, or will what I write pass through the hands of—say Mr. Hartwell here—for criticism and correction, subject to acceptance or rejection? From whom will I receive my salary, and when? And how long is this arrangement supposed to remain as started today? If I should choose to quit, would there be a cash forfeit of whatever happened to be due me? If you conclude that my services are no longer required, how much notice will you give me to find another situation?"

Mr. Farce looked somewhat surprised by the flow of questions and turned helplessly to Mr. Hartwell.

That gentleman came blandly to his assistance in his own smooth, oily way.

"Mr.—I beg your pardon, I did not catch the name—,"

"Blank," said Dager, flushing hotly, for another name had been upon his lips, and he was sure this man

had perceived it, but he kept right along without in the least betraying it if such was the case.

"Mr Blank's questions are quite proper; quite right; keen, decided, to the point. Do great credit to his business ability, and should be definitely settled, as short accounts make long friends. As business manager, I will take it upon myself to reply to such of your questions as come within my department. You will come to me for your salary, it will be paid on Saturday evening of each week, and in case you find such a life unbearable even when made sublime by the inestimable blessings you are conferring upon the voiceless, and tongueless, and you quit without warning, all the salary remaining in my hands will revert to the company."

Dager felt rather than heard the note of insolence in his voice—the scorn of the philanthropy in which his business partner, Mr. Farce, seemed swallowed up. He mouthed the words voiceless and tongueless until it seemed to Dager like gloating over misery.

"I would suggest, my dear Mr. Farce, since this young person comes into the high circle of our employ without recommendation, that for at least a month his work shall be subject to critical examination, revision and rejection, if in the eyes of yourself or Mr. Shelby they are not up to our standard."

Mr. Farce looked in a troubled way from one to the other, realizing there was likely to be a difference of opinion, that might effect his pet scheme of annexing the "tramp journalist" to the staff. He leaned toward Dager in a conciliatory way, laying three warm magnetic fingers on his arm and fixing

his eyes in mute appeal upon his face. "I could trust you utterly with the work assigned you, if you would accept it; but Mr. Hartwell believes it a good business maxim to treat every man as incompetent until he proves himself competent."

"I beg your pardon," drawled Hartwell, who had resumed the turning of the art engravings, "but I did not make my observations exactly from that point of view. If I rightly understand your ideal in journalism, it is that no spot or stain or blemish shall be found in the pages of our publication; no saloon advertisements, no patent medicines, no moral slips. I also have formed a high opinion of the abilities of this young person, but it were easier to personally revise his work for a while, than allow one dark stain to blacken our publication."

"That is quite true," said Mr. Farce, yielding to the subtle reasoner, "and," to Dager, "I trust you will find the conditions agreeable."

Like a spirited barometer his inclination to accept and his determination to refuse, rose and fell alternately as either man addressed him.

"I presume," said Dager, with some hesitation, because he had resolved never to speak of his past under any circumstances; and as he hesitated Mr. Hartwell took up the unfinished sentence, and said with a prolonged upward inflection, as though prompting him to complete the sentence, but it sounded to Dager like an emphatic agreement. "You presume—"

"I presume that my former life has unfitted me for a position of servitude."

It was not exactly what he had intended to say, and he added impulsively, "but I will accept your propo-

sition, Mr. Farce, with all its disagreeable alternatives ;" and he looked involuntarily at Mr. Hartwell.

"Then," said Mr. Farce briskly, "we will expect you to hand in your first installment of copy at four o'clock tomorrow, as this is a morning paper, and every day thereafter; and never later than eleven in the evening. I shall take it upon myself to say, choose your own subjects inside of the prescribed circle, and do not cramp yourself for space. Mr. Hartwell, will you order some wine?" and as the individual passed out at the door, Mr. Farce drew out his purse. "Pardon me if I make you a small advance," he said hastily, dropping two shining yellow coins on the table in front of Dager, and making a motion for him to take them. Dager accepted the kindness with a few frank manly words, and had barely returned his purse to his pocket when Mr. Hartwell returned.

Shortly after the wine was brought in, which Dager refused, excusing himself and arising to go.

At that moment, Dick, who had been working with unheard-of rapidity in order to get a certain number of proofs taken before Dager left the house, that he might be in time to denounce him, opened the door, came in and closed it behind him.

"It's coming Mr., it's coming," he said, bobbing his head at Dager. "I told you I would, and I wouldn't be an honest boy if I should keep it back, so I'm bound to tell."

"Go ahead," said Dager, encouragingly, at the same time thinking what a pity it was that so much zeal and wisdom should be wasted on a false scent.

The other two gentlemen looked on

in mild astonishment. Dick told them how he had watched Dager while he took an inventory of the contents of the office, and saw him talking deaf and dumb on his fingers to some person on the street; how the day before he had seen him giving whiskey to an old, drunken tramp in the street, who seemed to be afraid of him; and that several times he had seen him in such company.

Dager smiled, and the two gentlemen exchanged significant glances.

Mr. Farce required the boy to repeat his story while he listened very attentively, and nobody made a remark, then he said, "You did very right, Dick, to tell us anything that looked suspicious to you, but be not too suspicious, my lad; you may go."

Poor Dick, he was very much crestfallen as he bowed and backed out of the door. He had hoped to be sent for the police, or at the very least consideration, see Dager kicked out of the office.

"I hope," said Mr. Farce, half apologetically, "that you will not allow this little mistake to prejudice you against the boy, he has a great ambition to become a detective."

"Certainly not!" Dager replied, once more making a movement to withdraw.

The voice of Mr. Hartwell, who asked in a half questioning half insinuating way:

"You were writing, I suppose, or was the boy's story entirely fabricated?"

"No," said Dager, I was writing."

"And talking to some one in the street?"

"No, only looking out very intently at the passers by."

Dager could see very plainly that

Mr. Farce did not approve of this insulting questioning.

"Then," said Mr. Hartwell, in order to clear yourself of any shadow of suspicion, you will no doubt be perfectly willing that Mr. Farce and myself should see what you have written."

Dager saw in a moment the awkward position this polite request, that was at the same time little short of a stern demand, placed him in, and very naturally hesitated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAREWELL.

RUBY LAMONT.

I'M LEAVING thee forever,
My darling baby's home,
And I may see thee never,
As o'er the world I roam!
The light of other days
Around thy hearth shall cling,
And ever of thy praise
My faithful heart shall sing;

But I must leave thee ever,
My baby's earthly home,
And thus with sighs we sever
As forth my footsteps roam.

Dear scenes of joy and sadness
Are printed on thy walls.
(Thy grief has changed to gladness
In heaven's brighter halls.)
'Twas here my darling played,
And there he laughed in glee,
He sweetly loved and prayed
Right here beside my knee!
But to the past in meekness,
That holy page I seal,
And but in human weakness
This agony I feel.

Cold hearts will turn in scorning,
As fast each tear-drop falls,
They reek not of the mourning
We've known within thy walls!
The smiles, the love, the tears,
That filled our hearts with thee,
Through all the future years
Shall ne'er forgotten be.
And though I see thee never,
As o'er life's path I roam,
I'll cherish thee forever,
My lost one's earthly home.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS BY
PREST. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

INTELLIGENCE.

THAT is the order of heaven, and of all the heavens that are; and surely it is the order which has been given to us. We are made intelligent beings; God has placed intelligence in every person, to a greater or less degree; that intelligence must be improved; you must act upon that which is given to you, in order for the principles of intelligence to expand within the person, that they may increase and grow, that they may receive, and continue to receive, until

you see as you are seen, and know as you are known.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

Brethren, let us mind our own business, that is, the calling the Lord has called us to—to do everything we can to promote the good of the cause of truth, and never ask how big we are, or inquire who we are; but let it be, "What can I do to build up the kingdom of God upon the earth?" And then you can understand what every man ought to do—which is the best he can. Every woman ought to do the best she possibly can to build up the cause of truth. You may ask, "What will

be our reward?" I don't know. Ask the man who is devoted to the cause of his God, what he is working for. "Are you expecting to get some great seat in heaven?" He will answer, "I don't know, I never asked the question, I have never given it a thought, and I don't care anything about it, the Lord is with me to work while I am in the flesh. I love the light, the virtue, the freedom, the intelligence, and the knowledge of God; and that is enough for me, to make me get fat all the time."

OUR PLACE IN ETERNITY.

I will tell you one thing more, if I can reveal it to you so that you can understand it. A great many are very anxious to know if they will be satisfied with their situation hereafter. Now I tell you, if you do the best you can, and all the good you can here, you will be satisfied hereafter; but if you sit down and whine, and complain of your situation here, you won't be satisfied hereafter. Can you realize that? I think you may; if you are devoted to the cause of doing good on earth, of promoting righteousness and the kingdom of God, you will be satisfied hereafter; but if you continue in your selfishness and complaining, you won't be prepared to receive the crown you desire, but lose the very object you are whining for, and render yourselves unworthy of it; you will look back upon your past life, and say, "I have not done the best I could, and now I have lost all." Whom will you be dissatisfied with? Not with me, nor with the Lord; you will know He has done right, and you will be judged out of your own mouth.

Now let every man and woman from henceforth do all they can to

build up the kingdom of God upon the earth, and never wilfully do wrong to any of God's creatures that are upon the earth. If you take this track, you will be perfectly satisfied; you will be situated just as you want to be; there will not be a murmuring thought, or an uncomfortable reflection pass over your minds; but you will be calm and tranquil as the soft, balmy breezes of heaven. The Lord is yours, and you are the Lord's. If there be still any grounds for complaints here, they are caused by our neglect, and picayunish feelings.

PERSEVERANCE AND ITS RESULTS.

I have many cogitations with regard to this work of the last days, and the prosperity of this kingdom; yet I have learned, years ago, that the Lord stands at the helm that guides Zion's ship. He is its dictator, and unless we work exactly to the line that is marked out by Him, our works will be in vain. This has been my experience from the beginning. In every branch and avenue of our lives, we must learn to work to the line of truth; it is for us to know what ought to be done, and then do it. Though there should be no earthly prospect of accomplishing it, we can certainly try; and if we try with all our might, that act will prove at least a resolute and determined mind, adorned with patience and perseverance. And if, with all our resolute endeavors, we are still unable to accomplish our purpose, the Lord will be very likely to stretch forth His hand, and give the victory.

TRUE CHARITY.

True charity to a poor family or person consists in placing them in a situation in which they can support

themselves. In this country there is no person possessing an ordinary degree of health and strength, but can earn a support for himself and family. But many of our brethren have been raised to some particular trade or employment in the old country, and have not tact and ingenuity to turn their hand to anything, which forms a strong feature in American character. It therefore becomes our duty to teach them the way to live. They are generally good citizens, of industrious habits, and with a little teaching will soon be able to support themselves. We desire the bishops to give them employment which they can perform,

and exercise a little patience in instructing them; and it will soon be found that they will no longer prove a burden upon the public funds. They are frequently landed here without food or means of any kind; for a short time they will necessarily need assistance; but if the above suggestions are complied with, they can soon not only sustain themselves, but repay all that has been advanced.

Let not the honest poor suffer, but administer to them in wisdom. So shall the Lord reward you, and the cries of the poor not arise unto the Lord our God in testimony against us.

◁THE WORLD▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

LUCY PAGE STELLÉ.

Occupation for Women.—

WHEN Harriet Martineau visited America in 1840, she found only seven occupations open to woman whereby she could maintain herself. Today there are over three hundred different branches of industry successfully filled by members of the sex whereby she can earn from three hundred to three thousand annually.

Horace Greeley was the first to open journalism to women by his employment of Margaret Fuller on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and today the country is full of women who are successful in this capacity; there are scores of women in this city (Washington) who correspond for the leading papers, and prove that women have the persistency and tact to make journalism pay. There are others who manage and edit papers of their own,

and make them pay, also. Kate Field's paper, which she calls *Kate Field's Washington*, is a spicy and original production and one that would tax the judgment of the average man. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, former editor of the *St. Louis Magazine*, publishes a monthly paper called *The Working Woman*. Mrs. Smith, as president of the Woman's Industrial League, has also inaugurated a move to establish at Washington a school of useful and ornamental arts. In presenting the memorial to Congress that asked for an appropriation for this purpose, Mrs. Smith used the following terms: "With an overflowing treasury, with peace and prosperity in our land, women should receive some recognition in her unequal battle for bread, and should be aided by a paternal government in obtaining a knowledge of the useful and ornament-

al arts and professions, thereby fitting her for some useful and industrial pursuit in life. We have a large surplus female population in every state, excepting the new ones recently admitted into the Union.

"The serious question arises, What are we to do with our girls? All cannot marry and have husbands to provide for them. Congress appropriates large sums of money annually to sustain naval and military schools at Annapolis and West Point for our boys, to fit them to become soldiers. The government of the United States has in its beneficence, or, perhaps, extravagance, provided a home for many purposes here at the capital, for the deaf and dumb, the insane, the soldier, even the bird, the fish, the alligator and the snake, but no place where the industrious worker, the wage-woman of the land, can find a refuge and a home."

Mrs. George Hearst,

wife of the Californian senator, who is a brilliant society leader in Washington, was chosen treasurer of the convention of the Woman's Industrial League. She is also a subscriber to the Women's Industrial College, and favors all movements that are helpful to women.

Encouragement for Women Artists.—

It is encouraging to women artists to know that Rosa Bonheur sold her latest picture for more than \$10,000. She is now sixty-seven years old, and says she has work enough in her mind to fill two life times.

Mrs. Eliot Shepard

is building at her own expense a lodging house for self-supporting women in New York. It is said to be a handsome and commodious establishment.

More Patriotism Needed.—

Joe Howard, Jr., of New York, was in Washington a short time ago. This celebrated journalist is hale and hearty and patriotic. "I have come down," said he, "as is my custom, to see what Congress is doing. One can judge better by seeing than by reading. I wish this great American people would drop partisan politics and play and all pull together to set the American flag a little higher. We ought to have some real American sentiment in this country."

Education for the Indians.—

Congress makes a mistake to appropriate money to sectarian schools. It ought to be given not to teach creeds but to diffuse intelligence among the Indians. My daughter has been among the Indians for three years at the Crow Creek agency. She saw the girls brought in blanket Indians at Hampton, and sent away with an education and knowledge of civilized customs.

She asked, What becomes of these girls? No one could answer. She determined to investigate for herself, and found that they again became blanket Indians or fell to a worse estate. She took up her task, a plot of ground was given her for her purposes. She procured the erection of a building and is now teaching these Indian girls the ways of true womanhood.

Women Jewelers.—

There are two sisters in New York who conduct a very profitable jewelry business. One is an expert clock maker, and both thoroughly understand the details of their business. Both of them have on an average one offer of marriage a week. This sort

of business is attractive as well as lucrative.

A Lady Light-house Keeper.—

Ida Lewis, of Newport, R. I., is the only woman light-house keeper in the country, and it is said, the last one to whom the government will ever give a light, although no light on the Atlantic coast is better attended than hers, and the government inspector always gives her an unusually high report.

Industrial School of Philadelphia.—

An interesting article that appeared in the July number of the *Cosmopolitan*, written by Elenor Sherman Thackara, who is a daughter of General Wm. Sherman, gives an account of three Industrial Schools of Philadelphia. One, a boy's school at Eddington, is a home school. The annual expenses are paid by the two married daughters of Mr. Francis Drexel through a finance committee, and the average \$1.29 is allotted for each boy. There is not a woman about the establishment. It is under the direction of eighteen brethren of the Catholic order. The corps of servants for these two hundred and fifty boys consists of one head cook, one baker, one engineer and one man to direct the steam laundry. The boys do all the rest, and it is well done. The brothers teach and direct, and each boy has a turn in every variety of domestic duty. Like the discipline aboard ship or in a military garrison, precision and perfect order are the prevailing rules.

A Centenarian Business Woman.—

Kingston, N. Y., has a remarkable woman among its inhabitants. She is Mrs. Deborah Powers, one hundred years old, the head of several busi-

ness concerns and the possessor of about \$3,000,000. Since 1828 she has managed an oilcloth manufactory started by her husband. In addition, she is the senior partner of D. Powers & Son, a banking firm of Lansingberg. She has founded and endowed an old woman's home. All her faculties remain unimpaired except her sight, which is slightly affected, although she passed her one hundredth birthday quite recently.

Mrs. Mary Davidson,

at Junction City, Kansas, is one of the most successful silk culturists in America. She is self-taught and has written an excellent practical manual on the subject.

Pure Cussedness.—

In his study upon the mantelpiece, Lord Randolph Churchill has recently placed a fine portrait of his dearest enemy, Mr. Gladstone. Lady Churchill said to a friend that he put it there out of pure cussedness.

Miss Helen Gould,

Jay Gould's daughter, is an accomplished botanist and has the rarest collection of orchids in America.

Queen Victoria

detests centries, and all the guarding at Osborne and Balmoral, and as much as possible at Windsor is done by policemen.

The White Queen.

Mrs. Emma E. Forsythe is an American woman, and is the Queen of an island in the Southern Pacific called New Britain. In her own land Mrs. Forsythe goes by the name of the "White Queen." The chief industry of the island is the sale, of the mother of pearl, of which one hundred tons

were collected on the sea shore last year. Mrs. Forsythe was left a widow at the age of eighteen. She had at that time very little property, but she now owns one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land on the fertile South Sea Islands, two steamers that ply between the islands and other ports, and she is preparing to close a contract for the building of four more vessels for the island trade.

"Pansy."

Mrs. G. R. Alden, the author of the "Pansy" series, and more popularly known as "Pansy," was a guest of Mrs. La Feast, at the hotel Fredonia, in Washington. Besides her literary work, Mrs. Alden is President of the missionary society in her husband's church, and for eleven years she has edited *The Pansy*, a Sunday school magazine for boys and girls. In connection with this magazine there is a "Pansy" society, composed of children who are subscribers, and who are pledged to try and overcome some besetting fault, and who take a whisper motto, "I will do it for Jesus' sake." All who join have a badge of white satin, whereon is painted a pansy, and fastened at the top with a silver pin.

NEW YORK women are organizing to stop shopping after 5, p. m.

CHILDREN under twelve can no longer be employed in Russia.

LADY MONCTON is about to start as a house decorator and furnisher in London. She is a good business woman.

MRS ELIZA BURNS who is the principal of the New York school of "Fonograpay" is the author of an excellent text book on spelling reform which she has called "Burnz Tonic

Short-hand." She spells against, "agenst," and wealth, "welth," etc.

LONDON has 6,000 union women cigar makers.

SIXTY thousand women work for a living in Berlin.

THE New York working women's society held a mass meeting for fewer hours.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA VALERIE of Austria has handed over the sum of fifty thousand florins voted by the Vienna Town Council for public charities, on the occasion of her wedding, to the St. Anna Children's Hospital on condition that it shall be applied to the erection of a pavilion for children suffering from infectious diseases.

MRS. VICE PRESIDENT MORTON is one of the most beautiful women in Washington, as well as kindly and gracious. She has a sweet and well-trained voice, and possesses the tact and capacity to touch the right conversational note under difficult circumstances. Notwithstanding her wealth and sumptuous way of entertaining, her five young daughters are brought up in the most rigid simplicity of dress and habit.

YOUNG WIFE: "John, I wish you would rock the baby."

Young husband: "What'll I rock the baby for?"

"Because he's not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you, and you should not object to rock him."

"Well, don't half belong to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can rock your half and let my half holler."

◀ OUR GIRLS. ▶

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF
THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS.

DEAR SISTERS:—A year has passed away since we first addressed you through the columns of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL, and we feel gratified with the success that has attended our magazine in its infancy—for the support you have given it, and we bespeak your further assistance in getting it firmly upon its feet. We desire that the JOURNAL shall gain strength and power with each year of its life, that its influence may ere long be great in the interest of woman.

The time has now come for the associations to begin their winter work, and we feel that a few words of counsel and encouragement may be acceptable to the young ladies. We take pleasure in testifying to you that in the majority of stakes which it has been our privilege to visit during the past year, there is a greater interest manifested by the members of the associations. The good seed which has been so abundantly sown has taken root in their hearts, and filled them with an increased desire for knowledge and an understanding of those truths which will tend to their most perfect development as daughters of God.

In your labors in the Improvement Associations, we earnestly recommend the application of three great principles of success—humility of heart, earnestness of purpose, and the devotion of all your powers of heart and mind to the performance of your duties. It is said of the late Mrs. Siddons, the world-renowned actress,

that she attributed her success in life to the habit she formed of always being earnest and energetic, giving her best endeavors to whatever she undertook. And this is a key to success in every department of life. In preparing yourselves with any exercise, whether essay, historical or biographical sketch, or any subject that may be given, be thorough: do not be satisfied with half doing, but search long and deep, and use your best intellectual powers in its preparation. Remember that perfect womanhood is the object for which you are laboring, and everything which will tend to your development physically, mentally and morally, should be adopted by the associations. Especially we would recommend the subjects of health and hygiene, good manners, chaste language, reverence for God and sacred things, filial duty, respect for age—indeed, educate the heart equally with the mind.

Woman's mission is so comprehensive, her influence so potent, her power so great, that it requires a thorough understanding of her position, with a well-balanced mind, a strong, healthy body, and the full development of her spiritual nature, to enable her to use her natural forces for her own best interest, and the greatest benefit to the human family. You may say this would be a perfect woman, and perfection is not attainable in this world, but if you work faithfully for that object in this life, you have the promise that you can go on to perfection in the life that is to come. Ever hold in your minds as a guiding star that "Improvement is our motto, perfec-

tion our aim." That you may more fully realize your position as daughters of God, and prepare yourselves for usefulness in His kingdom, is our earnest desire.

Your sisters in the gospel,

ELMINA S. TAYLOR,

MARIA Y. DOUGALL,

MATTIE H. TINGEY.

Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

MISSIONARY WORK FOR THE GIRLS.

VIOLA.

NOW, my dear girls, don't jump at the conclusion that we are going to be sent to proclaim the gospel to the nations of the earth. Such is not your mission, but you have a missionary field of vast importance, where your labors, if rightly directed, will be productive of much good. The missionary work to which I refer must begin with yourselves, and include your associates and fellow-members of the Improvement Association. Now, having decided to enter upon this labor as an initiatory step, you should ask yourselves these questions, commencing with your home life. Am I dutiful toward my parents? Am I respectful to the aged? Do I honor the Priesthood? If you can answer all these questions satisfactorily then you can safely proceed to investigate your conduct toward your Association. Do you attend your meetings regularly? When called upon to speak, do you respond promptly? When asked to take part in the programme, do you accept cheerfully? Do you sustain your president by example and precept? Do you carefully guard your tongue from the evils of slander and backbiting? If you do all these

things, my dear young friends, you are indeed fitted to go forth as a missionary in your Association. And when each member of your Association acting as a missionary in her own behalf, has converted herself to the principles above stated, the Association has certainly made a long stride toward that degree of perfection to which we all hope to attain. To do this we must emulate the example of our Divine Master, whose life was one long sacrifice and whose death was His greatest triumph.

It has become proverbial that woman is her own harshest critic and severest judge, and while this is true to a great extent, it should certainly not be true of the daughters of Zion, who have the lamp of revelation to guide their feet.

My dear girls, as you value your hope of future exaltation in the celestial world, speak gently to the erring sister and extend a helping hand to the repentant sinner. You cannot know how she has been tried and tempted, nor can you know the inherited tendencies which may have led to her downfall, and for which she is in no way responsible. If you are so finely grounded in the principle of virtue yourself that you have no fear for your future in that direction, then thank God every day of your life for the inestimable blessing, and beseech Him in His infinite mercy to keep you humble and prayerful and preserve you from the spirit of the Pharisees who shrink from contact with the weak and erring, and whose all-absorbing thought is, "I am holier than thou." Remember the Pharisees did not all live in the days of Jesus and the Apostles, but we still find their prototypes in this nineteenth

century, even among the Latter day Saints.

Remember, girls, that you are accountable for the sins of no one but yourself, nor is it your province to sit in judgment on the shortcomings of your associates. Neither does it detract from your own dignity and virtue to exercise a spirit of Christian charity and kindly forbearance toward those who are less fortunate than yourself.

The gospel has opened the way for the salvation and redemption of the human family, only excepting those who have shed innocent blood, or who have sinned against the Holy Ghost.

Wealth and position cut no figure in the gospel plan, its blessings are free alike to all who yield obedience to its requirements. Pride of birth, pride of wealth or pride of superior virtues, in fact anything which tend to exalt one above another in their own estimation, is not in accordance with the plan of the Savior for His people, inasmuch as He has plainly said, "Except ye are one, ye are not mine." In view of these facts, is there not a broad missionary field for the members of the Y. L. M. I. A., in bringing about this much to be desired result? If it is necessary for the spiritual welfare of a ward, that the members are in harmony with the Bishop, it is equally necessary for the officers and members of your Associations, and the nearer they approximate to that oneness spoken of by Jesus, the greater will be their success in spiritual and intellectual attainments.

Now, my dear girls, I hope you will labor to that end, and who shall say that your mission is any less noble and grand than that of your brothers' who proclaim the gospel to the nations of the earth? Are not the souls of those

born in Zion, as precious in the Lord's sight, as those who are brought from afar? and is not she who makes repentance possible and desirable for an erring sister, as deserving of the plaudit, "Well done thou good and faithful servant," as he who compasses sea and land in his Master's service? In ancient times there was more rejoicing over the one lost being found than of the ninety and nine who went not astray. Sin brings its own punishment without having social ostracism added thereto; and I hope and ever trust that the young daughters of Zion who are members of the Associations will see to it that they speak no evil of their presiding officers, or of each other, that they extend a helping hand to the weak and tempted. In short, that they be like one of old who "went about doing good," and thus bring about a foretaste of the Millennium which will come upon the earth in the Father's own due time.

HEALTH.

MARY A. THOMAS.

HEALTH is indeed a precious, priceless gift. And we who have inherited this blessed boon, should place and prize it among heaven's richest gifts. If you are in possession of it now, guard and seek to preserve it by night and by day, let no bar be left down wherein disease might enter. Devote a portion of your time to the study of anatomy, physiology and hygiene, gain a knowledge of the structure of the human body and of its various organs, which is of more importance and will be of more value to you than any of the fancy acquirements.

We are living in the greatest era of time the world has ever known—the dispensation when God's Kingdom is struggling with and will overcome the powers of darkness.

This life is but a day compared with the great eternity in which we will live and be happy if on this earth we have used our time and talents in the right direction. And health, it is said will be counted among the talents, for the use of which we will be held accountable.

The most of our young women have been born and reared in Utah. But none of us are less robust, and possess weaker constitutions than do many of our mothers.

There is a cause for this; instead of being weaker than they, or weaker than they were, at our age, we should be a great deal stronger. I see no reason why children born in Utah should not have the strongest of minds and bodies.

You may look the broad world over and fail to find a spot better suited to health.

We are not obliged to be cooped up in crowded cities, or breathe the poisonous air that often surrounds such places, but we have plenty of room, pure air, clear, fresh water and wholesome food. Then what is the cause of so many young women being broken down in health? Why do so many die and leave young husbands and little children? Must we look upon it as being the divine will of an all-wise providence? Must we believe that all the beautiful babes snatched from the sorrowing hearts of mothers, the half-grown children, and young men and women who die in the very morn of youth, have lived out the time allotted them?

I believe there are spirits who come

into this world just to take a body and return, and that some who thus early die, have stayed just as long as the Creator designed. But I can not believe but that many who leave us might have been spared long enough to rear children, and see their children's children, had not the laws of life and of health been violated. All girls are more or less careless of their health. I am not acquainted with a single one in whom I have not noticed this spirit of carelessness.

Unless they are watched by their mothers and reminded that they should wrap 'up, they will rush out of a heated room into the cold night air bare headed. Ware thin shoes when the weather is bad and neglect and expose themselves in a hundred ways that might be mentioned, and in this way many chronic diseases are brought on. But I feel utterly incapable of pointing out the ways in which young girls may ruin their health, and also in suggesting ways of preserving it, but if I can say anything that will cause you to think of, or study up this important and interesting subject it is all I ask.

The laws of nature can not be broken with impunity. If we obey her laws she amply rewards us, but if we break them we must pay the penalty; and it often costs years of suffering and intense misery, say nothing about the wealth or money that is often expended. Some of the laws that govern health are, early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness and rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed. At least two hours of the day should be spent in the open air. Walking is said to be the most natural and best exercise for healthy people.

Next to air and food is the cleanliness of the body; persons possessing robust constitutions should bathe year in and year out, at least twice a week, in cold water.

There is scarcely a more health destroying habit or practice among young girls than tight lacing. Mothers should be on their guard and not allow their girls to wear corsets at least until they are grown, and it would be better if they were *never* worn, but if you must wear them I would say, do not wear them so tight that you feel uncomfortable. It is very injurious for children to wear corsets with stiff steels and whale bones, as many girls do, at the age of twelve.

I know most girls shrink from the mentioning of this subject; it is indeed a delicate one and one I dislike to allude to, but I feel like I cannot close without referring to it, knowing how injurious the practice is.

The human frame is a delicate structure, and was never designed to withstand the pressure occasioned by tight lacing.

The internal parts of the body are sustained by a frame work of bones composed of the vertebra, or backbone, and the ribs, and this heavy pressure discomposes and distorts the whole system of bones out of their natural state.

The heart, lungs, liver and all the internal organs have just room enough, and none to spare, and tight lacing forces them out of their proper places and causes them to be crushed onto each other. And long continued pressure undermines the health, causing various kinds of ailments and deformities of the body.

I like to see young ladies dress

neatly and comely, but never to follow fashions that are injurious to health.

Nor do I think it looks well for us to follow fashions that we know our parents and the authorities of the Church dislike to see.

I hope that we will be too sensible and highminded to follow every ridiculous fashion that originates among the wicked and ungodly, but that we will receive the counsel given by those who are placed in authority over us, and thereby escape the anger of a just God.

Smithfield, January 5 1889.

KINDNESS.

MARY KENT.

KINDNESS makes sunshine wherever it goes, more hearts pine away in secret anguish, for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than any other calamity in life. A word of kindness is a seed which, when dropped by chance springs up a flower, it finds its way into hidden chambers of the heart and brings forth golden treasures, kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth and heaven.

How sweet are the affections of kindness! There is nothing like it in the world. It is impossible to resist continued kindness. How delightful is the exercise of kind feelings at home! They bless and sanctify our private circles; they form the sunshine of the heart; they twine themselves around the heart, call forth its best and purest emotions and enable us to be more virtuous, more upright, more Christain in all our relations in life. Kind words, kind deeds and loving

looks are true works of charity and are needed in our home circles.

Never a lip is curved in pain
That cannot be kissed into smiles again.

We should be kind to all of God's creatures, even to a stranger. Let the name of stranger be ever sacred, whether it is the gray-haired or the young, the honored guest at our fireside or the servant girl in the kitchen, let us deal with them as we wish to be dealt by if ever we have to go among strangers, far from friends and dear associations of home.

How much more we love a kind teacher, or president than we do one who is harsh and unkind!

Hard words are like hail-stones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish if they were melted into drops. If you are careless of the feelings of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that linger on a pleasant countenance.

Be kind to the poor and friendless: you can bear the censure of one, when so many love you, but keenly is our unkind remark felt by the lone and friendless one.

To some souls an atmosphere of love is as necessary as the vital air to a physical system. A person of such a nature may clothe one in imagination with all the attributes of goodness and make its heart's sacrifices at the shrine; let us not destroy the illusion by unkindness. We must prize and appreciate our friends while we are with them, it is a shame not to know how much we love our friends and how good they are until they die. We must seize with joy all our opportunities; our duties we must perform with

pleasure; our sacrifices we must make cheerfully, knowing that he who sacrifices most is noblest; we must forgive with an understanding of the glory of forgiveness.

Kindness is stored away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object around them. Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world. There is nothing more attractive than the heart when filled with the spirit of kindness. The principle underlies the whole theory of Christianity, and in no other person do we find it more happily exemplified than in our Savior, who, while on earth went about doing good; and how true is it that

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often heal'd the heart that's broken
And made a friend sincere!"

ENVY.

MARY WOODRUFF.

I HAVE chosen this for my subject, as we see it so frequently manifested, especially among the young. We all ought to avoid envy, for the Lord has said "His people must become as one family." Also that we should love one another.

It is impossible to become as one or to really and truly love one another so long as we are envious. Envy creates malice, anger, hard feelings, unholy and impious thoughts.

We should not envy any person his worldly possessions, his position or his talents; but we should put whatever possessions or talents bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father to a good and noble use.

We are not happy when we are en-

vious; but if we are filled with the spirit of love and charity it brings us joy and happiness. Our lives are made better and purer by burying all feelings of envy or jealousy, and we will be rewarded accordingly.

If any persons attain greater rewards through diligence and faithfulness than we can, it is not becoming us as Saints to envy them, but consider it our own fault because we have not labored so faithfully as they.

LOGAN CITY,
August 7th, 1890.

Dear Sister Susa Y. Gates,

According to your mother's wish I will now try to explain to you the power of God made manifest in behalf of a sick sister :

In the month of June, 1884, there was a sister very sick, who had at different times bled profusely from the lungs. One day she was much worse than usual. I called to see her, and she was telling her two daughters who were present what to do about their temple work. I asked her if she would like some of the sisters to wash and anoint her. She answered, yes. I went for your mother, Lucy B. Young, Elizabeth Townsend and Susan Martineau. Arriving at the house we found her in a dying condition; we knelt and prayed and then washed and anointed her. The Spirit rested mightily on Aunt Lucy B. and she commanded her in the name of the Lord to arise and be made whole. She arose to her feet and walked a few steps. She again commanded her to sit down in the name of the Lord and be healed every whit.

Sister Ann Farnes was at that time

eighty-one years of age, and she thanked God for His mercies manifested to her, for she was healed and called for something to eat, and in a few days went to the temple of God and did the work for her dead mother; being very deaf, Aunt Lucy took her through, and it was no trouble for her to hear.

There were nine of us present when she was healed, and it was a strong testimony to us that the Lord does hear and answer prayer. Sister Farnes is in her usual health and is at this time visiting her children at Snake River.

Hoping our young readers will exercise faith in God, and wishing your JOURNAL much success, I remain,

Your sister in the gospel,

SUSANNAH J. SMITH.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

IN THIS the nineteenth century men claim to have become civilized. True, governments have been established, laws enacted, Christianity spread abroad, yet these days can only be compared to the days of our Savior. When Noah preached unto the people in his day, warning them of the flood, he was disbelieved and mocked. It is the same today with the Elders in the world, they are mocked and persecuted, and the same spirit is manifested by the people as was with them when they murdered our prophet and patriarch and caused men, women and children to leave their homes. This same spirit crucified our Savior and put to death His apostles and banished His followers, some to lone islands, to the mountains and caves in the rocks; some stoned

and others beheaded ; cast Daniel into a den of lions, the three Hebrew children into a fiery furnace, slew Abel and tempted Eve. Is not this same spirit with us today and trying hard and fast to bring us into bondage? But the Lord says He will deliver His people from bondage, but I suppose we must be purged and purified, be united, evil doings done away with. Ancient Israel was brought into bondage time and time again. This was essential, for when prosperity was showered upon them they would slide back and forget their God. This was to whip them to obedience, that they might not forget their Lord, and as their descendants we are going through the same sad but useful lessons.

Such things have been prophesied by Joseph Smith, and when we reflect for a moment on the condition of affairs upon the face of the earth, when famine, earth-quakes, storms, whirlwinds and cyclones are sweeping away cities, towns and villages, signs in the heavens and earth beneath show us that great and mighty times are at our doors. *Logan, Sept. 7th, 1889.*

WOMANHOOD.

EMMA FARRELL.

TO BE a woman is to be the purest and most noble of God's creatures: hence womanhood should be the study of every young girl old enough to realize the importance of the term true woman.

A girl should so live that every action and word will go to prove her womanhood, for this only will make her a pure and a noble woman. A woman fitted for the drawing-room or the kitchen.

Beauty and style do not make a true woman. No, for some of the most noble women are the plainest. Beauty is only skin deep and is a very dangerous thing, for no gift bestowed upon woman is so widely abused.

A woman's real worth is estimated by the goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul and the purity of her character. Women who have these attributes make the best of wives and the truest of mothers. Woman is the center of society: hence how great, and how elevated she should be in order to have the name of true womanhood. We as young ladies of Zion should hold a steady moral sway over our male associates. Men love to trust their love, if you will allow me the term, in the hands of a true woman; therefore let us begin and make our every-day study that we will be respected by all good people and be noble daughters of Zion.

THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

S. M.

VIEWING the marvelous works of nature, noticing the precision with which all things are governed, we are led to wonder how people endowed with intelligence can doubt the existence of a God. The planets as they move in their paths around the sun; the sun and its numerous planets revolving around its great center or sun, affords evidence of a Supreme Being. Ritcher, says: "End there is none to the universe of God." The great philosopher Austeur took a certain amount of earth and heated it enough to kill all the germs or seeds, then exposed it to rain and sun but no plants put forth their leaves. Science

tells us that the earth was once a molten mass and according to Auster's experiment, without a power to prepare plants and cause to inhabit, our earth would still be in a state of barrenness.

Were we cast upon an unknown island, our first thought would be is it inhabited? And should we find wood rudely carved, or trees cut by a rough tool, we would conclude that it was inhabited by savages. What conclusion must we arrive at when contemplating the works of the Great Ruler. Our exclamations must be; How grand! How infinite!

In our age of enlightenment we read of and admire the inventions of men, and really believe that such inventions

are made and that the inventors are beings like us. Yet daily are seen works of God, so vast, that we marvel, and some ask for a miracle to prove to them the existence of a Creator.

Darwin, one of the most noted evolutionists, acknowledged there must have been a Creator, and that plants would not grow without seeds. He also says that all animal life was at first of a very low order, but rising higher, becoming more intelligent year by year; and thus man sprang from a race of monkeys. If this theory had any truth, why do not all animals become human beings? The Bible tells us that God created man and made him in His own likeness; showing that God has all power.

THE PERFECT WOMAN. A SYMPOSIUM.

Susa Young Gates:

PROVO, UTAH.

MY DEAR SISTER: Your favor was received some time since, and found me at home too ill to answer. I am not good at the thing you ask, but if I were going to say anything about so sublime a subject it would be something like this:

The perfect woman:—A COMPANION to the perfect man. Relatively there is reason for believing they should number in the latter days about seven to one. I have no doubt this proportion is fully maintained among the mothers and daughters of Zion, especially throughout the membership of the Mutual Improvement Associations.

JUNIUS F. WELLS.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates:

PROVO CITY, UTAH.

MY DEAR COUSIN: Your note arrived during my absence, and getting mislaid has escaped being answered till now.

You ask, What is my idea of a perfect woman? I have no very definite idea of a perfect woman, still I am in hopes some time to discover one, though I rather expect to find first a perfect man; when I do, I intend to "mark" him, and then I shall feel encouraged in my search for the perfect woman.

Yours truly,

F. D. RICHARDS.

KNOWLEDGE is power.

FANCY WORK.

EMBROIDERY.

AVIS.

THERE are so many different kinds and styles of embroidery that I can not hope to treat upon more than a few of the most popular; and I will commence with the variety which first gained favor when this beautiful but long neglected art was again revived.

In the Kensington Embroidery, or as it is often called, needle painting, the colors of the flowers copied from are reproduced as nearly as possible, care being taken to harmonize colors. In selecting materials I will first say that it is a great mistake to choose inferior goods for decoration, and also to use inferior silks or crewels. Satin, plush or velvets should never be worked in coarse wools. Crash for a beginner is best, as it is not difficult to work upon, and, if soiled, can be readily cleaned. It is best to use wash goods for all dining and bedroom purposes. Fine linen demands fine silks or crewels. Felt is a good material for common use. There are also billiard cloth, English serge, silk momie, satin sheeting, Roman satin, heavy satin, plush, both in wool and silk; Turcoman cloths and velvets, Pongee and India silks, silk bolting cloth, punto torato cloth, etc. For working with, we have crewels, silk in different forms, purse, a knotting silk, saddlers' silk, filling silk, or filloselle, dacco floss, filo floss and etching silk.

Chenilles—The French for caterpillar. The name denotes the appearance of the material, which somewhat resembles that of a hairy caterpillar. Arrasene, is similar to chenille, but is

flat instead of round. It comes in both silk and wool, and is very beautiful.

Now in working take as a primary rule that the light strikes from the top of the design, so that the upper part of leaves, flowers, etc., are lighter than the lower; also where a leaf or petal comes over, the under part is the darker. Do not select a difficult or complicated design to commence with; a daisy spray or a bunch of forget-me-nots is simple, and easily shaded.

The stitch for Kensington embroidery is a long stitch taken forward and a shorter one taken backward, followed by another forward stitch a little in advance of the first, keeping the thread well to the left of the needle, and to work upward from the worker. Always have a needle whose eye readily takes the thread, as a small eye wears the thread, making the work uneven.

This stitch is used for all outlines unshaded leaves and flowers, also conventional designs. It can be varied according to the work, in length and curving. Make no knot in starting your work, but run the thread a little in front of the place of beginning, as the back of work should be as neat as the surface.

The French knot or Seed Stitch is next used. The needle is brought up at the exact spot where the knot is to be. The thread is held in the left hand, and twisted once or more around the needle, according to the size of the knot to be made, the point of which is then passed through the fabric, close to the spot where it came

up; the right hand draws it through underneath, while the thumb of the left keeps the thread in its place, until the knot is secured. When properly made, these knots should look like beads, and lie perfectly even. They are used for the center of the rose, daisy, sunflower, etc., and the anthers of certain flowers. As Christmas is drawing near, one commences to think of presents, and what will be available and suitable. There is nothing nicer or more acceptable than the work of one's own hands, to give to parents, brother or sister, and you will find you can make each one of your dear ones at home a very pretty souvenir of the season for at least one fifth of the expense it would be to buy each one direct from the store. For father: a book-mark for his bible would be pretty; this could be a wide piece of fine satin ribbon, in some quiet color; the ends fringed deeply and a short text from the scriptures

embroidered on it in a contrasting shade.

For dear mother, a head rest for her rocker, like the one described in the last JOURNAL, would be much appreciated: it would be so pretty to embroider the word "mother," and encircle it with a vine of flowers, leaves and grasses.

With brother's initials and a spray of flowers embroidered on a piece of pale blue satin—the initials in very dark red, the flowers in natural colors—just large enough to fit neatly in his new hat you have a most elegant present, and one which will certainly delight him.

Of presents suitable for young girls the number is legion, and many of them are really beautiful: there are banners and screens, toilet articles innumerable, embroidered aprons, handkerchiefs, fichues, etc., etc., and only require taste, ingenuity and a little money.

HOUSE AND HOME.

HOME GARDENING.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

WE WOULD not weary our readers with too much on the subject of flowers, but to the true lover of those exquisite gems of creation, the subject is always interesting; and this is especially the case in a newly settled country, where choice flowers are not indigenous.

While writing I have before me a door yard, one glow of bright color, and sweet perfume, and yet there are none but old fashioned specimens in bloom.

China and German asters, white,

pink, scarlet, carmine and every shade of purple, from the palest to the very darkest. Then there is the rich crimson, orange, and gold of the French, African and velvet marigold. Zinnias phlox, and larkspur, are all in bloom still, so are the gladiola, princes feathers and calliopsis, and on the front of the porch are Maderia vine, honeysuckle and morning glories, making the old house look cheerful and cozy by their presence. It is now the middle of September, the roses are gone, and many others of the early summer varieties have lost their beauty, yet we scarcely miss them with so many autumn flowers stepping in to

supply their place. Every cottage garden in the land may have all these flowers with so little cost and trouble that one is led to wonder how it is they have them not.

In the early part of October all bulbs and tubers should be taken up, carefully dried and put away where the frost cannot reach them; thus allowing them to take their needed rest until May, when they are to be replanted. In this month all bulbs and seeds intended for winter blooming in the house should be planted; hyacinths not later than the first week, if we would have them in bloom for the table at Christmas and New Year; these if grown in six inch pots should have three in each, care being taken to have good contrasting colors, one should be white on account of the perfume. *Nasturtium*, morning glories, Jacob's ladder and all the ivies, can be trained around picture frames, and windows and they look very attractive over the mantel. If a few roots of pansies are put in boxes they will bloom all winter, or seed may be sown but that will not bloom until spring, when there are plenty in the garden. The Chinese primrose is a good bloomer, and is easily cultivated; it is well suited for table decoration. If one has a few geraniums and fuschias, so much the better, but even without their aid, one can have the semblance of spring in the house, while hoary winter is holding his court outside.

Many complain that they cannot save their plants from the frost; my plan is to line all the windows with newspapers at night, bring all the plants, except creepers, to a table in the center of the room, and make a frame around and over them, with newspapers. By taking these simple

precautions I have never lost a plant by frost for seven years; of course they must be kept in a room where there is a fire all day. I hear many ladies who have calla lillies, complain that they grow weak and spindly in the summer, and they do not bloom at the proper time, if at all. The calla comes from the Nile, and for several months in the year, is six or eight inches under water, with the thermometer always above a hundred, hence it needs plenty of water, and all the heat it can get; the pot in which it is grown should stand in a vessel of water, always warm; adhere to these conditions and your calla will repay you for the trouble. When the Nile recedes into its proper bed, it leaves the calla, and all other vegetation growing on its banks, in a bed of the richest mud that decayed vegetable matter can make, and that so hot one cannot bear the hand to rest upon it, and in this the calla takes a rest for several months; until the river again overflows, when it will once more send upward its beautiful leaves, some of them beautifully variegated, and in a few weeks is full of bloom; this knowledge of the habits of the flower will teach us how to treat it.

After it has bloomed, withhold water, lay the pot down on its side in a warm, dry place, and let your plant rest and sleep, until the fall of the year, then restore it to the water, adding some liquid manure, made from decayed vegetables, (I use fallen leaves placing them in a vessel of water to decay,) and the lily will spring into new life refreshed and strengthened by the rest it has had. We make a great mistake when we try to keep our plants at work all through the year; nature teaches us a lesson, if we would

only observe closely her ways, and profit by what we see. The vegetable, like the animal kingdom, needs repose, some kinds more than others, but all must have it, in some form or other. Some animals sleep through the whole winter, as do many vegetables, trees, and shrubs; for others a shorter time suffices; but all take rest in some way that nature has ordained.

COOKING RECIPES.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

COLD MUTTON POTTED.

CUT up the mutton, being careful to free it from all sinew and skin, chop or pound it with half its weight of cooked bacon, until it is quite fine. Season with a little pepper, salt, and allspice. Put into pots and cover thinly with butter, melted.

Any kind of cold meat, beef, veal, and ham especially, are good potted, and in all cases the method is the same. Cod fish potted, may be made almost equal to salmon, by the addition of essence of anchovy, and a proper admixture of salt and pepper.

MARROW TOAST.

Break up a marrow bone, take out the marrow in as large pieces as possible, and put them into a stew pan, with a little boiling water, rather highly salted. Let the marrow boil two minutes, and drain through a fine strainer. Have ready a slice of light toasted bread, place the marrow on it and cook before the fire for five or ten minutes. Sprinkle over it a little pepper, salt, and parsley, chopped very fine, and serve while very hot.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.

Wipe your peaches well with a dry

rough cloth; do not pare them. To each peck of peaches use one quart of strong cider vinegar, three and one half pounds of sugar, a little allspice, and cinnamon; put in a muslin bag, boil until the fruit is tender enough to allow the fork to go easily to the pip, take each peach out separately and carefully put them in the jar; boil the liquor half an hour, pour over the fruit while boiling hot, when cold cover close. Peaches should be looked at often, they are more apt to ferment than most other fruits, and boiling over the liquor will save them. Pears and apples make excellent sweet pickles, and the same process answers for them, as for peaches.

ROULADES OF MUTTON.

Remove the fillet from a loin of mutton, trim away every particle of fat and gristle, flatten it with a bat and cut it lengthwise into thin slices. Divide the slices into pieces about three inches long, sprinkle each with pepper, salt, and finely chopped parsley; roll them up tightly, then dip in beaten egg, and afterwards in fine bread crumbs and flour, seasoned with pepper and salt. When the roulades are prepared place three or four on a skewer, melt a little butter in a frying pan, and cook the roulades in it. This is a most appetizing way to prepare mutton.

EDITOR TO PRINTER—You've ruined me. In describing the great ball, I wrote that the famous lecturer on dress wore nothing that was remarkable. You've printed it: "Mrs. B. wore nothing. That was remarkable." Get your money from the cashier and go. We've no use for a man like you around here.

◁HYGIENE.▷

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF ZION.

FROM A GRADUATED OBSTETRICIAN.

A GAIN a word to my young sisters in Zion, for whose welfare I am very anxious.

What is woman's mission in life? True it is that a great many duties belong to her in fulfilling her mission, but to explain in a few words, I would say: It is to become worthy mothers of sons and daughters of God.

It might seem very short—but what a great mission! and how little it is realized what is required to be a worthy mother. You fair maidens of Zion, what preparation do you make to become such? Do you realize that it takes more than listening to the fine words which sound in your ears day after day, “that you shall become mothers of great men and women in the kingdom of God?”

You might answer me, Yes, we realize that it takes efforts besides teachings, and we are trying to comply with the rules of our day, to educate ourselves, become familiar with every science of life that we may come to the front among our sisters and also be able to teach our children in spirit and in truth when we get them.

We speak so often of worshiping, of teaching, of training “in spirit and in truth.” No worshiping, no teaching, no training can be in truth if our endeavors are spiritual alone. To comply with the requirement in full it takes not only spiritual, but physical efforts as well, before we can say it is “in truth.”

As I view matters of today, according to the experience I have gained in

my lifetime, it is pitiful to behold the fallen standard our women occupy *physically*. It seems to me that the advancement we observe spiritually has been at the cost of physical welfare. Where is the woman of today of whom we can say she is preparing not only spiritually but physically for her great and holy mission, to become a worthy mother of sons and daughters of God? Certainly it is hard to find her.

What is the cause of the fallen state of our women physically?

It is said of some: It is because she bears and raises children. True it is that that is one of the many causes, for let me say, there are many, but *none* of these God put in her way. Do you think for one moment that it is necessary that woman should lose her health because that mission was given her to bear children—to be mothers of sons and daughters of God? No, no! it never was and never would be if the children of God would comply with the laws He has laid down for their guidance; but it is the consequences or result of a false civilization—the consequences or result of a wicked and impure life even in marriage relations—the consequences or result of gratification of animal passion, which to a great extent is conceived and nourished in man to reach its completion, for if possible to accomplish its designs: the destruction of mankind. But who will step up and speak against the crime which has gained such a tremendous foothold among the children of God? None—ah, no none! But many are they who will help along to *hide* them.

The studying of sciences has brought civilization to advance so far, that there is a very fine name to be given to every one of the numerous ailments which affect the poor daughters of God. Also a scientific remedy, just as high in rank as far as the language is concerned—to relieve them from their sufferings right at the present time, and through these means it is possible in a scientific way to conceal the hidden crimes, and at the same time call forth mercy and sympathy.

What a mockery of life it must be in the sight of God. Oh, you beloved daughters of Zion, if you only could realize and shun the chains and snares placed in your path, of your soul's enemy trying to ruin you for the great mission to which you were designed, and in place of it prepare yourselves in spirit and in truth for the designs of your great Creator,—let not only your spirit but your beautiful bodies be prepared for the awaiting events. Just imagine in what wisdom the body of woman was formed and left the Creator's masterhand, capable of every passing event by which it would come in contact in life—that means, as far as He had designed it—but how is it today? In many cases it is not any longer capable of performing its duties according to the designs of God.

Many a bright, noble spirit is clothed with a sickly, miserable body checking its progress and shortening its existence upon this earth, because that was brought into existence under the influence of transgressions of the laws of nature, and the penalty clings to it.

Others have by their own unwise conduct in girlhood caused sickness and misery, and even deformity to be their lot through life—and in this way

will not be able to fulfill their designed mission. But all these things are overlooked, and in place of it explained in very fine words as being in the providences of God, while in reality it is caused through transgressions of the holy and pure laws of our God. Why is it that we shut our eyes for all these mistakes, trying to gain mercy and sympathy for our suffering, while properly we should blush?

It almost belongs to the now-a-days style to be sick and afflicted. The young lady who is sound and robust is not very much in the market; they must be pale and puny-looking—be very small around the waist or have small feet, to make attraction. These words bring to my mind the sayings of a great doctor. He said: "If it is your desire to secure a wife that will be free from eternal nervousness, headache, pains, ill-temper, and especially if you aim to have children that will not be sickly and short lived—I pray you avoid marrying a woman with a small waist."

True it is also to my observation that that kind of deformity, which I will call it, because it is so far from the original pattern, that it can not be anything but deformity, causes all those bad results—how could it be otherwise? It only takes common sense to know that any constrictions of the body necessarily must check the proper circulation in the veins and arteries, and what then, when we think of the conditions of the internal delicate organs, which of course as a natural consequence of the squeezing the poor body has been subject to, must be thrown out of their proper place, and develops many a time to an improper form. Oh, if that cursed garment which we call "corset," could

be abandoned! How much misery it has created! How could it be otherwise, it is all based on natural principles. Many a time I have seen a lady who measures twenty-seven or twenty-eight inches around the waist—take a corset which measured twenty-two or twenty-three inches—instead of measuring the corset after the body they squeeze the poor body to fit the corset. Oh, vanity, when wilt thou cease to bring curses upon the daughters of God?

How many a bright, young, hopeful woman has been carried to her grave in the years when she should have been in the prime of life, because she was a slave of fashion! She was then robbed of the glorious blessings which once were pronounced upon her head in becoming a true and worthy mother and receive the glory thereunto connected, because her life was cut short.

This is when death puts an end to her existence, otherwise she is left many a time to struggle through life in sickness and misery, raising her children under conditions which call aloud for mercy and sympathy. Why should all that misery be? There is no need of it.

Turn around, beloved young sisters, take another course, study carefully the laws of nature, and obey them—it will be the only way to abandon sickness and misery from your system; let it no longer be the topic of your conversation to explain the nature of your ailments, and the doctor you have consulted, and the fine remedy applied a. s. f. I hope to God that the day will come in the future that it will be just as much a shame to be sick, as it is now to lie or steal, why shouldn't it? It is just as great a sin in the sight of God; it is all transgressions

of His holy and pure laws. Sickness is a penalty for laws broken, and the one law laid down for our guidance is just as necessary as the other. God has made no law unnecessary—we will find that out on a coming day.

How I wish in my heart that the young daughters of the Latter-day Saints might be impressed to this end that a preparation, a *true* preparation is necessary for their high and noble mission, to become mothers of great men and women in the kingdom of our Father, and that it is not needed to be dreaded as it is now in our days, to approach that now so critical hour; "the hour of confinement"—it need not be; it is just as natural for a woman to bear children as for a tree to bear fruit.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

DISSECTION.

CACTUS.

JANUARY 15th. Here I am, cooped up in my room, losing a whole week's lectures, not to speak of allowing my class to get ahead of me in laboratory work; all because my head, heart, stomach and hand rebelled against that which was required of them to endure! It's enough to provoke a better saint than I am! "But what's the matter?" exclaims the possible reader of the foregoing tirade. Matter enough! The idea of anybody pretending to have courage enough to be a "medic," and then breaking down at the first disagreeable thing that occurs. Bah! I'm ashamed of myself for my weakness. "But," says my better nature, "what's the use of giving way in this manner? Why don't you make a clean breast of

the affair, confess your weakness, and gather strength for future emergencies?" No doubt this would be the better plan; so, Mrs. Better Nature, I will try to take your advice.

Well, you know, that all the year, as a representative Freshman should do, I have felt a corkscrew shudder run down my spinal column every day as I passed by a certain establishment not far from the medical building, over whose entrance you can read the words in large, raised, stone letters "Anatomical Laboratory." For from my seat in the lecture room, I could daily see the express wagon back up to the side door, and divest itself of one or more great white boxes, the contents of which would be slid down the cellar stairs, there to be dumped into the vats of brine awaiting their reception. And did I not know, oh, my journal, that the contents of one or another of the white boxes mentioned would eventually be turned over to me, and that, with saw and scalpel, scissors and hammer, I would be expected to investigate and examine the remotest corners of the said contents?

Thus passed away the first semester; and as the time approached at which I had determined to begin the dreaded work of dissection my repugnance increased. But of what use to give way to such fancies! The work must be done, and the sooner begun, the sooner over. Thus it was that, as soon as our delightful Christmas holidays were over, thirty-two ladies, half of whom were Freshmen, the rest Juniors, prepared to begin the work under discussion, myself among the first named. Dressed in our oldest and shabbiest gowns, with oil-cloth aprons, half sleeves, and caps as accessories, and armed with our box of

instruments and cans of carbolated vasaline, the grotesque and interesting cavalcade bravely and *en masse* entered the fatal apartment. The sight of eight stark, staring bodies, of every age and color, stretched upon as many tables, was not reassuring, to say the least. A stifled scream or two might have been heard, and there were some pale faces, and clinging to each other for support. From beneath the highly perfumed handkerchiefs held assiduously to the noses of the more sensitive, the ends of those important organs could be seen highly elevated in the tainted air.

This state of affairs could not last long, however, for the work of cleansing and bandaging the bodies must be done, preparatory to beginning work in earnest on the morrow. So with hearty good will born of necessity, each went to work to do her part. Four girls, two Juniors and two Freshmen constitute a "club," to work upon one "subject." The fee for each is ten dollars making the price of a "subject" forty dollars. The bodies are supposed to be those of criminals, suicides, "found," and others unclaimed, while some few come from the county poor-houses. They are all provided by the "anatomical law." Students are not allowed to carry away any part or portion under penalty of heavy fine. The remains are burned or buried after use.

Three days' actual work upon the cadaver resulted in making me thoroughly sick in mind and body, hence occurs the fact noted at the beginning as well as the additional one that I am trying to fill my journal with the ideas that have haunted me for the past week; hoping thus to rid myself of them in a measure. The finding of

a wedding ring upon the finger of the subject to which I was detailed, made so deep an impression upon me that I could not forget about it until I had scribbled the following lines. Every writer will understand what a relief it is to write down any idea which is haunting them and causing disturbance of an already over-excited brain.

THE WEDDING RING.

[Lines suggested by finding a heavy gold ring upon the third finger of a cadaver in the dissection room of a medical college.]

Take from the withered finger
The heavy band of gold;
Emblem of wedded life and love,
Sign of a tale that is told.
Placed on the hand in the long ago,
By one who whispered soft and low,
The story that never grows old.

Little ye thought in those days,
What the bitter end would be;
For life was bright, and love was young,
And the future no man could see.
Little ye thought that one would go,
The other be left to a life of woe,
'Til the angel of death set free.

Oh, woman with hoary hair!
Have I told thy tale aright?
Hast found the peace sought here in vain,
In the land of Perpetual Light?
Dost clasp the hand of thine early love
And walk with him those paths above,
Safe for aye from the poor-house blight?

Or o'er thine earthly body,
Of life and light so dearth,
Dost keep thy spirit watch and ward,
'Til it reach its mother earth?
There to await the judgment day,
There to rest 'til our Lord shall say,
"Up, arise! We would know thy worth!"

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THERE is no phase of my editorial labors so pleasant to me as the intimate and informal relations that exist between us, the writers for the JOURNAL, and you, the readers of the JOURNAL. There is no pompous We entrenched behind a mass of vague, superior wisdom, because that mighty We is only a woman full of good intentions and occasional faults. We are a blessed, happy company of women, you and I, shielded from the rougher elements of life by the care and love of a Heavenly Father and wise brothers, husbands and fathers, raising this standard of intelligence and progress that we may all develop every latent talent, and polish that only inheritance of ours, the soul. It is pleasant to hear such kindly things said of us (that is, of you and me, girls) as Prest. E. S. Taylor says in this issue, and as

Lula so skillfully weaves into verse. I wish the day might come when we can meet, as a body of writers and readers, and discuss plans and projects for the future welfare of our JOURNAL.

Meanwhile, we do meet every month on that broad plane spread out by the printer's hand, and across the types I stretch out to each one of you writers and readers my loving hand-clasp. Let me ask you, send me an occasional suggestion or criticism to assure me your interest is unabated. If you can think of anything to improve the pages of our magazine, don't begrudge the time it will take to say so in a letter to me. I will be very grateful for the thoughtful kindness and will use every available suggestion.

THE most natural thing in the world for a girl to think of and dream

of, is her future marriage. With those of lively imagination and warm heart, every beau is looked upon as the possible husband. Many of the stories which have appeared in the pages of the JOURNAL have been illustrative of the principle of love. In all of them, too, was taught this one lesson: no girl should allow her heart to go out to a man, without the testimony of the spirit to her words that the chosen one is; he whom God has appointed to be her husband in time and eternity. We use our agency oftentimes so carelessly and even recklessly that years are required to bring us to our senses, to teach us that God and His will should be the object of our lives. The mind has so much to do with the heart, whether we know it or not. If a girl reads trashy novels all her young life, her mind becomes possessed with the idea that love and romance are inseparable things. So they are, in one sense of the word. But the novels of the world present the prevailing idea of the world; viz: that human love and its vagaries are the whole sum of existence. Certainly love is the highest attribute, even of divinity; yet love and license are not interchangeable terms. The tempting spirit that appears in the form of "young love," can be rebuked and held at bay by a faithful, prayerful soul, just as the spirit which tempts us to lie, to steal, or to sin in any way. It may be a difficult task, it often will be, for imagination helps the heart to be rebellious, but dear girl friends, if you find your feelings are being drawn out, to use an old-fashioned expressive term, to an unworthy object, to a man who drinks or who has a bad character or is outside our Church, just pray daily, hourly if need be, to be delivered from

the assailing spirit. Try this, and don't sink into the wretched mistake that the fact of your "falling in love" with an unworthy man, justifies you in doing wrong or in being disobedient to the counsels and wishes of your parents and friends.

THERE is another point connected with this strongest passion of the human heart, which I wish women, married and unmarried, understood.

God, it is, who holds the destiny and heart of every man and woman in His hand. Now, if any one of you feel a desire for the love of a good man, one who does not seem to care for you, or if married, and your husband's heart seems alienated from you, there is one sure, safe way in which to obtain that blessing. Joseph Smith and Brigham Young are both credited with the saying that "a woman having but one choice, while a man may have many, should rightly have the object of that choice." The safe and sure way to get that choice is not to ask the man's consent to a marriage—I am too old-fashioned to admire the modern style of man hunting—but to ask God to turn the heart of His servant to the girl or woman who so desires it. Be sure that if it is the right one, you will have that prayer answered in time and you will be all the happier for your waiting and constancy.

THERE is one subject I wish to call up before all the girls. That is the habit some fall into of plagiarizing or even copying outright the sentiments and ideas of another. If you are called upon to write an essay for your association or an article for your paper, don't, let me urge you, don't

get a book and write or copy someone else's ideas. Be original or nothing. It would be far more honest for you to go to meeting dressed in some one else's clothes than to dress your mind in some one's thoughts. Above all things *never borrow a thought*, an essay or even a plot of a story, and send it

to this magazine. If you have nothing original, don't send anything. I have the utmost contempt for one who would willfully steal the thoughts, ideas or words of another and then palm them off upon me as original. Girls, think about this and be careful you never plagiarize anyone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

MARY A. THOMAS.

THEY have done a vast amount of good, are still doing and will continue to do good, until the youth of Zion are educated, refined, purified and prepared to fill the responsible positions in which they will be placed.

And places that will require men and women of deep thought, good judgment, and of well-balanced, intellectual minds, will be ready and waiting.

The academies, colleges and schools of our country and Territory, afford good facilities and great advantages for obtaining an education. But it can not all be grasped, and secured at such places. A young graduate from college has only just commenced to climb the tree of knowledge. He has merely cultivated or brought out (to a degree) the faculties of his mind, and buckled on the armor of usefulness, which, (if he is careful never to undo its clasps) will shield and aid him in fighting the battles of life. And if he has written "Excelsior" on his banner he will perhaps see his wildest dreams and aspirations realized.

There are many ways in which

an observing person may glean knowledge and wisdom.

One who has resolved to be a useful member in society, to honor his Creator by being all He designed him to be, can look around him and find study and reflection for the mind in the simplest and most humble thing of God's creation. And to behold the beautiful, glorious, and mighty works of nature, move as it were the very depths of the soul.

Who can look upon our own beautiful summer skies, and watch the snow white wreaths of foamy clouds, looming above our rugged mountain peaks, and reflect upon the surpassing beauty of the scene, and fail to trace the touch of an Almighty hand?

In the Doctrine and Covenants, page 183, in a revelation given to Hyrum Smith, we find these words.

1. "A great and marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men. Behold, I am God and give heed to my word, which is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, to the dividing asunder of both joints and marrow; therefore give heed unto my word."

3. "Now, as you have asked, behold, I say unto you, keep my com-

mandments, and seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion. Seek not for riches but for wisdom, and, behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich; behold, he that hath eternal life is rich."

No vast amount of knowledge can be crammed or forced into the mind in a month nor yet in a year.

We need not hope by a few short years of hard study to master all the many branches of education that an average mind is capable of grasping in this life; but it is accomplished by perseverance, industry and hard dint of study, by picking up a little here, and a little there; an item from one, and a hint from another. And we can always learn something from each exercise listened to in our Mutual Improvement meetings. Life is a school of improvement from childhood to the grave. Nay, nor is our thirst for knowledge smothered in the tomb; but it goes with us to the spirit world, and will rise with us in the morning of the resurrection.

Brother Parley P. Pratt in his "Key to Theology," page 120, says:

"The spirit world is an intermediate state, a probation, a place of preparation, improvement, instruction, or education, where spirits are chastened and improved and where, if found worthy, they may be taught a knowledge of the gospel."

Let us all be earnest and energetic in our search for wisdom and truth.

Calling on our Heavenly Father to aid us in overcoming the imperfections of the flesh, in taking an active part in building up His kingdom. In putting down error of all kind, rudeness, vulgarity, in speaking evil of one another, and everything that is hurt-

ful to society or unbecoming to a lady or gentleman, and supplanting in their stead, a true reverence and love for God and the precious principles of our religion.

SUNSET SONNETS.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

Poised on the outer edges of the world
The day has plumed a ready wing for flight—
Alert to motions of the vulture night,
Perched in the covert east—his wings half furled,
(Brief languor of the chase) and talons curled
About a few loose feathers of the light—
Quick clutched in that first sweep when on his
sight

From nearest heights day's westward course was
whirled.

Now as adown the west she wings her way,
Stained tufts of down that drift from her pierced
breast

Float backward to the eastern mountain's crest,
Cheating the night who grasps for living prey—
Rending the down—then with a furious zest
And swifter pinion follows after day.

Before the leaden casket of the storm,
That erstwhile shut with lightning hinged lid
On treasures which the dying day had hid
Within safe cover of its ponderous form—
Brooding his loss—with sudden impulse warm—
The sun a rusty beam with trembling slid
Into a cloud-webbed lock; and from amid
The storm's recesses saw the jewels swarm—
Cloud beads of beryl—pearls of purest white,
With rose-hued coral strung on links of gold.
And rays that rubies and rare opals hold
Flashing—while wealth of sky depths—turquoise
bright—

And darker sapphire from the casket rolled—
Like shadows among hues of warmer light.

JOSEPH BARNARD lived to an old age. His hair retained its natural color, but his beard was gray. When asked to explain this, he replied, "I suppose I have worked my jaws more than my brains, and thus the lower part of my head is more bleached."

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◀ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▶

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SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 2.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE RIVER.

L. L. DALTON.

I HARK to the river by night and by day;
Its voice like eternity sweeps through my soul;
It waile not, it laughs not, but hidden away
Within its deep melody high passions roll,
Which draw my fond spirit so winsome away—
I call it in fondness My River.

I walk by my river; its banks and its glades
Entice me to follow its beckon and call;
I linger and loiter amid its fair glades;
I hearken and gaze at each ripple and fall,
And grope for the secret which shyly evades
My blind, eager search by my River.

I talk to my river; it answers me not,
Nor heeds it my quavering tone,
Too light or too trifling, unheard or forgot;
It rolls on in grandeur, its thought still its own;
Majestic indifference sets me at naught—
Still heedless, my beautiful River.

I sing to my river and hope to attune
My soul to its keynote and swell its deep chord,
To lave in its melody, catch its sweet rune
And float on its billows of music; discord
Sternly hushes my jarring and trivial tune—
Not thus can I chime with my River.

I laugh to my river in airiest mirth,
With bubble and gurgle, with ripple and trill,
As thoughts of all glad things in all the wide
earth
The sails of my fancy with merry gales fill;
My smiles change to sighs in the moment of
birth—
And still all unwon is my River.

I weep by my river and fancy I hear
A whisper like pity float over my head,
A soothing, sweet murmur, entrancing to hear;
But higher and deeper its voices outspread
And fill the wide universe, distant and near,
With chorus sublime, oh, my River!

I pray by my river, pour out my whole soul
In deep adoration, submission and love

To Him in whose praise chant the spheres as
they roll;
And lo, like a silver-stringed harp, float above
And mingle in harmony perfect, my soul
And the joy-laden voice of my River.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.]

WHILE thus speaking, the Bishop took a sheet of note paper from the quire he picked out of the drawer, replaced the package, and again seated himself ready for writing.

It seemed strange to Jacob, if a man who might consider himself "crossed in love," could so readily conquer a feeling of revenge, as to write a good recommendation for his rival, when he had it in his power to do otherwise. But he said nothing, neither did the Bishop speak again until he had finished writing, and folded the note. As he handed it to Jacob, the latter remarked,

"I was wishing to ask you, Bishop Smith, to come over to Brother Hil-lon's this evening, and—marry Gwyn and me—if—you would be so kind—of course, we shall go to the city soon, but—I thought—" He paused and the Bishop answered him thus,

"In my judgment, it would be better for you to wait and go to the city first. Begin your married life right, which will be safer and easier than righting it afterward. That's my advice, though you did not ask for it."

"Gwyn wanted me to ask your advice." Jacob's honesty and conscientiousness would not allow him to withhold this fact, however much his inclination might have been not to admit it. He went on and confessed, "But I was afraid it would be as it is; so did not want it." Both gentlemen smiled at this frank admission, and then the Bishop said,

"If Gwyn wishes to be married to you this evening, I will agree to perform the ceremony; although I should rather see you both begin life better."

Jacob could but admit, now, that Gwyn had not favored the idea of being married at that time; that he alone had desired it. Then the Bishop asked,

"Does your father know and approve of this contemplated union?"

"No, sir," Jacob replied, "but I am sure he will be pleased with it when he does know; he thinks everything of Gwyn."

"That is all right, my young friend," said Bishop Smith, "but as long as your father lives, and does his duty by you as a father, walking uprightly as a servant of God, you should never get in so great a hurry over any matter of importance, as to forget the respect due to him. You may know that a certain course would be entirely satisfactory to him, but it will be all the more so, if you consult him first."

The young man knew that what his Bishop said was correct, when he thought of it; and he thought, too, of his dear, good mother: how she had prayed for and advised him, kindly and wisely; and how he should have dishonored her in her position, showing disrespect and ingratitude for all her love and faithfulness, had he stood up before her and been married, with-

out first confiding with her the precious secret that Gwyn had favored his suit and promised to become his wife. He felt humbled and penitent.

He begged the Bishop's pardon for having been so thoughtless, and confessed that the fear of some one of Gwyn's former lovers winning her away from him, had made him thus hasty.

"Oh! my dear boy, you must have more faith in woman than that," said the Bishop, "or you will not be very happy, even after marriage. If there's a woman in the world, besides Fanny Smith, that is worthy to be trusted, I believe it to be Gwyn Lloyd. Now see that you make her and yourself happy by showing her that you trust her implicitly; never look upon her and her admirers, (she is sure to be admired everywhere, such women always are,) with the eye of suspicion. Let her know that you have no desire to restrain her young, pure, buoyant nature. She will only love and trust you the more for the perfect confidence you place in her. Gwyn's truthfulness, her simplicity, her candor, and above all, her intrinsic faith in God, are safe-guards to her character, which many persons are not favored with in so high a degree, even among our highly-favored people, the Latter-day Saints. You are greatly blessed, Brother Jacob, in securing such a prize. Love and trust her as you should, and you will both be happy."

No words of counsel and encouragement could have been more appropriate, or better calculated to do good than those words of Bishop Smith to his young friend. Jacob determined to profit by them. He thanked the Bishop warmly and left the office.

Pretty Chloe Lee was outside the

door as Jacob approached his sister's home; he had concluded not to go to his work again that day, but to take an afternoon's holiday.

He watched the young beauty shaking the wool dust from her apron and sleeves, and wondered why he had not fallen in love with her, whose father was one of the "well-to-do" Americans of the place, whose beauty was everywhere spoken of, and who had often shown a decided preference for his company; instead of settling his affections upon the penniless little Welsh orphan, who had no particular outward attractions, and who had never, at any time, betrayed her love for him, until he had that day asked for, and even pleaded for it. The thought of all this simply passed through his mind; it brought no regrets that he was going to marry Gwyn instead of Chloe. Since he had made up his mind to abandon the thought of marrying hastily, and not to fret about Gwyn's other admirers, he felt a quiet satisfaction in the love he had that day come to realize, which he had never before known. As he walked up the path now, he felt serenely blessed and happy. It must have shown in his bearing and countenance, for Chloe noticed something about him which inspired the thought that she had never before considered Jacob Howe dignified, or really handsome, but now his appearance was even grand, almost majestic.

Chloe's first thought, when she saw Jacob coming, was to run to the door and tell the girls to make ready for an onslaught; but they had persuaded Grandma Wilson to sing, and she had just commenced, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary;" and it would not do to interrupt the singing. The truth may

as well be told, that Chloe was glad of all this, for she enjoyed the opportunity thus given, of speaking with Jacob alone, without the appearance of having turned traitor in the scheme which had been laid to entrap him.

"We have all been so anxious to see you, Jacob," said the belle beauty, approaching him as he neared her, and gracefully extending her hand. "Your mother has been telling us you are twenty-one today, and we girls have been planning such a lot of fun with you." The two remained outside the door while the singing lasted, and conversed in low tones.

"Are you going to whip me?" Jacob enquired laughingly, shrugging his shoulders.

"No, that was not mentioned in the programme," said Chloe, "we all think better of you, than that you need such treatment."

"That's good; what is the game then, and who proposed it?" asked Jacob, wondering if Chloe would own to being one of the instigators of the plan he knew had been arranged, as he believed her to be.

"I guess I must not tell," answered the girl, "but if you'll come in now, and sing with us and be friendly, I'll see that you are not hurt, and shall be ever so pleased."

This was said in such a pretty, coaxing way, and Chloe's strangely, handsome, dark eyes and sweetly-smiling, rose-bud lips were turned toward Jacob in such a bewitching manner that he actually owned to himself that he had never before known that the "belle-beauty of F.," was really so beautiful.

He did not go on drinking in the subtle influence of the bewildering beauty beside him though, as many a

man would have done, notwithstanding the late engagement between himself and Gwyn. No, Jacob Howe's heart was as loyal to his lady-love as he desired her's should be to him. His eyes wandered from Chloe's face to a group of girls in one corner of the room, and his heart gave a great bound as his gaze met Gwyn's fixed earnestly upon him. And then he thought it was his love for Gwyn that made Chloe look so lovely just then. "True, pure love," he reflected, "makes all things seem brighter and better to us, because we are better ourselves for possessing it." While he thought this, he said, "Thank you," very pleasantly to Chloe, and as the song ended, took her proffered hand and allowed her to lead him into the house.

Without wanting to be so, without realizing the actual harm and danger of the course she took, Chloe Lee was a coquette.

Soon after Jacob left the office of Bishop Smith, that gentleman closed his desk and the office door, and went into the house adjoining to speak with his wife. He found her rocking the baby and reading the paper.

"What is it, Andrew?" she asked, laying down both paper and baby, and rising to greet her husband. Bishop Smith and his wife were still young people, having scarcely entered into the thirties.

They were among the devout and faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, ready and anxious to learn and carry out in their lives, every law and ordinance of the gospel. The divinity of the order of celestial marriage, in-

cluding plurality of wives, had been made plain to them both, by the unerring testimony of the Holy Spirit; and they were waiting and praying to be led by the same Spirit into a practical experience with it. For some time their hearts had been drawn out toward the little orphan, Gwyn, and often had her name been mentioned in their private, sacred interviews, in what manner, the following will illustrate:

As Fanny arose and advanced towards her husband, enquiring what he had come to tell her, Andrew Smith folded her in his arms and smiled down upon her, though she could discover an unusually serious look in his eyes. He kissed his wife and remarked.

"You were right, Fanny, about little Gwyn."

"Right about her in what respect?" Fanny asked.

The Bishop still smiled, but answered gravely, "That she is not for me."

"Oh! well," said Fanny, "we need not be disappointed over that, for we were sure, at least I was, that it would be so; but how do you know that is a settled fact?"

"I have just written a recommendation for some one else, who has gained her promise of marriage; can you guess who it is?" said the Bishop.

Fanny named several of the brethren whom she knew had very exalted opinions of Gwyn, but did not think of Jacob. After the Bishop mentioned him, however, they agreed that a better match could not have been formed.

That evening, having received a pressing invitation, Bishop Smith and his wife joined in the dance at Brother Hillon's, and enjoyed themselves

as only the "Pure in Heart" can do. There were no selfish feelings in the heart of the worthy Bishop, and understanding Jacob's over-sensitive nature as he now did, he took great care not to wound him; yet neither would he show the least slight to little Gwyn, least she should be hurt by his seeming coldness. Watching his opportunity, he chose Gwyn for his partner in a quadrille where he could place her between himself and Jacob, who danced in that set with his sister, Mrs. Hillon.

Every one in the Ward knew that Gwyn would have been sweetly welcomed into Bishop Smith's family as one of its cherished members, not only by the Bishop himself, but also by his wife and little ones. And the generous and immediate surrender of the kind-hearted "father of the Ward," in favor of Jacob Howe, was taken as a noble example to all the other gentlemen who had sought the favor of little Gwyn; and, to their honor be it said, they carefully followed that kind and wise example.

Jacob had acted with more wisdom than he realized in confessing his jealous feelings to his Bishop; though he did not call it jealousy, nor know that that was the proper name for it.

The prayer offered up by himself and Gwyn had been answered.

During the three months which elapsed before the young couple went to "the city" and were united in wedlock, neither Bishop Smith nor any one of his Ward forgot the duty, "to do as he would be done by," with Jacob Howe; and that young gentleman was happy and contented in the love he cherished for Gwyn, and the confidence which increased daily between them as they became

more intimately acquainted with each other.

They made preparations to attend the October Conference, and on the second day of that month, they entered into the house of the Lord, and by His chosen servant, were united as one for time and eternity.

A year passed, a brief, joyous year to Jacob and Gwyn; and then the best and brightest day they had yet known, dawned upon them; the dearest and most sacred gift they had ever received was given them of God in the form of a beautiful baby boy. How wonderfully bright and knowing the little Jacob soon proved himself to be. It was not Jacob and Gwyn that said so, it was the verdict of all who saw the little darling that he was one of the smartest, sweetest and best babies that ever could have been born on earth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN APOLOGY.

LULA.

DID I stay too long in the school room
After the lessons were through,
Leaving my mother and sisters
With all the work to do?
And has it vexed you, mother,
My mother, so patient and true?

Forgive me, my mother and sisters,
Smile kindly and gently speak;
I'll try to do better tomorrow
And all the rest of the week,
If my wayward mind and feelings
Do not play me another freak.

The children were hard to manage,
Heedless and dull today;
It seemed they could think of nothing
Except their love for play,
Out doors the birds and flowers
And sunshine were all so gay.

And after the lessons were ended
 They sought of youth's charms the chief,
 While to rest in the quiet school room
 Was to me a blessed relief,
 And the time slipped by unnoticed,
 The moments appeared so brief.

And I have been writing something
 Which will likely enough be read
 By our children's children
 After we all are dead ;
 And must I think I should have been
 Washing dishes instead ?

Smithfield, June, 1869.

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.]

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. Lawson had never looked with an eye of favor upon the proposed ball, and felt a positive aversion to it now. She believed herself to be selfish in considering only her own feelings in the matter, and so consented very reluctantly to go, but nothing would induce her to go up in town for the dress again.

Her husband selected one for her himself, and was neither niggardly in quality nor quantity.

He loved his wife very dearly and he had a certain pride to gratify apart from his love. He knew that a well-dressed and handsome wife was a good advertisement for a business man. Perhaps he had never quite thought of it in that light, but he as well as the world at large, are sure to judge you, more or less by the display you make of fine clothes, rich jewels, and elegant leisure. Democratic America has more than a title of aristocratic sentiment, and there are many of the spoiled daughters of fashion,—chained slaves of senseless customs—who understand quite well that they are advertisements, and are quite content to

be that, provided want and misery are kept far from them.

Mr. Lawson's choice of a dress fell upon a piece of corn colored satin, thick and rich and lustrous. He took the wrapper from it and slipped its shining folds in glittering heaps over his wife's lap, and noted the flutter of admiration, the dainty touch of appreciation that she bestowed upon it, with satisfaction.

In spite of Mrs. Lawson's blue eyes and exquisitely fair complexion, the blonde lace trimmings, and pearl-like beads toned down the high color, and, she really looked very well; but it was not a color she would have chosen.

The dress-maker came, and there were grave consultations as to where this plait should be placed, and at just what angle this fold should cross the skirt. There were endless fittings and drapings, and the dress-maker insisted on drawing her corset up until she could hardly breathe, assuring poor Mrs. Lawson that she was really a vulgar size around the waist.

At last it was completed and the dress-maker pocketed her twenty-five dollars, pronounced the dress a real beauty, and departed.

The beautiful costume, complete in every detail, lay in shimmering beauty on the bed. Mrs. Lawson still a bride, looked at its shining folds and frosty laces. She felt no thrill of the innocent pleasure that had stirred her pulses, when as a girl in the far away home, she had donned her simple muslin, through which shone just a mist of the sound rosy flesh of neck and arms, and dainty underwear, her hair in ringlets, and a wreath of carnations in lieu of a bonnet.

She could not help counting the cost; she had been brought up to care-

fully consider the expenditure of every dollar; for although her father was moderately well-to-do, he had always spoken and acted as if he were but the steward of his wealth and that what his family did not *need* belonged to the poor in Zion, and to temple building; to educational institutions and an endless array of benevolent and praiseworthy enterprises. He had exhorted them to let their "adornments be the workmanship of their own hands;" and had insisted that they should always "dress as become daughters of Zion, not following after the vain and foolish fashions of the world."

She had secretly derided his sentiments, and wished that she had been born anywhere else, and to almost any other kind of parents. She had longed passionately for beautiful, clothes, magnificent jewels, a grand passion, and a tragic end. Here before her, lay the first installment of her heart's desire, and, like the sick child upon whom the dainties it longed for in health, are freely lavished; the appetite to enjoy had departed, and she could not call up even a semblance of it.

More than a hundred dollars, she thought guiltily, to adorn my body for an evening, and it might have saved Mr. and Mrs. Andrew's from starvation, despair and death! She felt that those two dead faces would haunt her until life departed, and she sank down into a chair and clasped her hands about her knees and stared into space, while tears slowly coursed down her cheeks.

It was thus her husband found her, and he was not any too well pleased. He was angry, in fact, and had a mind to go to the ball without her; and

never ask her to go out with him again, but let her stay at home and be a "wet-blanket" if nothing else would do her. He wondered what she had done with the sunshiny smiles, the gay animation of other days, and examining his own conduct toward her, by the standard of his world, and the torch of self-esteem, he found that it had been exceptionally good.

She saw his displeasure and hastened to make amends, by trying to be cheerful. She wound her arm around his neck and laid her face upon his breast. In spite of all his faults she loved him, and clung to that only the more desperately as she felt other desires losing flavor.

Any demonstration of affection from her always pleased him and restored his good nature immediately.

"What is the matter, dear one," he said clasping her close in his arms and kissing the brow where the brown hair fell either way, her face being hidden in his bosom; "didn't the dress-maker do the work to suit you, or is there still something lacking in the completeness of this wonderful robe?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "it is perfect, and perfectly bewildering. I fear I will be sadly out of place tonight among all your fine friends. Remember, William, this is my very first real ball, and are you quite prepared for the small blunders I shall make, and can you bear for my sake the awkwardness I shall no doubt be guilty of?" she asked in appealing tones.

"Nonsense, don't get the idea into your head that anybody is watching you, and the rest is easy enough. You are a lady in the very truest and best sense of the word, and I could trust you to do me honor before a king." He thought that the fear she had ex-

pressed, had been the cause of the fit of tearful abstraction in which he had found her, and he was so glad it was not another tramp that his good nature and indulgent fondness fairly overflowed.

A letter from her folks in Utah lay in his breast pocket and he resolved, while she lay in his arms and he kissed her lips and clasped her small hand in his, that he would not give it to her until the next morning, lest the vibration of a chord should banish the sunshine, and bring the ever ready tears that he was beginning to dread.

"That was the beginning of the end." She was learning to crush back sorrow into her soul, to feed upon the vitality of her youth, that he might not see it and be annoyed, and he congratulated himself, that because he could not see it, that it did not exist; and to deceive her (for her own good) to decide what was good for her, and take away her womanhood and treat her like a child.

But in spite of that, every soul weaves the fabric of his own life from the material furnished by the Master, and no other can change or mar it much.

Mrs. Lawson thought, though she did not speak it aloud, that she had much rather appear before the mighty ones of the earth, than some of the vulgar, rich people she had met since leaving Utah.

Her husband pronounced her perfectly lovely when the last touches had been given to her toilet, with the exception of the colorless cheeks; and he insisted on her drinking a glass of wine before leaving home.

It was late when they entered the ball room, as Mrs. Lawson had pur-

posely delayed their departure as long as possible.

Could she only have known that the gentlemen who clustered about her, soliciting the honor of a dance, fanning her, running for ices and treating her with all the deference that could have been accorded to a princess of the blood, had discussed her the evening before at their club rooms as a very probable source of fine amusement, and laid wagers with each other about her costume, conversational powers, dancing, and capacity for swallowing flattery in unheard-of quantities, she would never have been able to get through the evening so creditably. As it was, she accepted them and their kindness as due to their respect for her husband, and treated them with a sweet graciousness that was very taking, a modesty they were unaccustomed to, and a sincerity that put affectation to shame. The ladies, including her hostess, received her with open arms, complimented her upon her appearance and her conquests, and said so many sugared nothings that to Mrs. Lawson's straightforward nature meant so much and to them was worse than nothing. As soon as a gentleman led her away to dance they clustered together and began to criticise the strange bird.

"What wretched taste!" exclaimed a fair, angular girl in sea green tulle and surah, "Corn color on a blonde!"

"She doesn't dance like anything I ever saw in my life before," said a handsome, dark woman in black velvet and diamonds, turning her head critically on one side and watching the object of their comment as she passed them in the slow, smooth evolutions of a popular waltz.

"Her hair and complexion are re-

markably good," in a tone as if the speaker felt personally aggrieved that it should be so, came from another member of the group, who could lay claim to neither in nature but who had invoked the aid of art.

"With what sublime acquiescence she received the heaps of compliments we gave her!" giggled a fourth, as a gentleman joined the group.

"Oh, Mr. Farce," said the angular young lady in green, "have you been presented to the sensation of the evening, Mrs. Lawson, the Mormon woman?"

He glanced at the graceful, rounded figure as it slowly glided past him to the time of the music before replying, while the small coterie of ladies gathered about him were eager for his reply.

"No, not yet, but I shall ask her husband to present me."

"Then you are favorably impressed with her?" asked the lady in velvet and diamonds in a tone from which her society training could not quite expunge her disappointment and disgust. Mr. Farce being a bachelor and a very wealthy man, was a power in the social circles which he frequented and cared not a jot for, and his word for or against a person carried great weight.

"Impression, my dear madam, is too strong a word. In fact, I am too much of a fossil to be impressionable, and then Mrs. Lawson, being a married woman, is no longer eligible to give impressions," he said in a tone of light banter and a smile in his brown eyes; "but," speaking more seriously, "I believe her to be just what she seems, innocent, truthful and natural."

"What a paragon!" and there was

just a spice of bitterness in the lady's voice.

The remark of Mr. Farce, however, carried with it a certain value and stood like an invisible cloak of mail between Mrs. Lawson and many a heartless sneer, such sneers as fall from rosy lips like music only to leave bitterness and burning behind them.

When the dance was finished Mr. Lawson approached, and radiant at the success of his wife's appearance received her from her partner and at her request led her to a secluded corner where she could rest, for although she was enjoying herself far better than she had thought possible, yet for some reason she felt strangely giddy and weary. Whether to attribute it to the wine she had partaken of and was unaccustomed to, or whether it was the tight lacing that had been necessary in order to get into her dress and to which she was equally unaccustomed, she did not know.

Her husband was most attentive and kind, finding time to whisper into her ear, "You are a grand success, my darling. The men have all been asking me what made me keep such a treasure so long hidden in my den, like an ill-natured churl. I have been looking the ladies over and have not seen one that is your equal in beauty or grace," with fond intensity.

Mrs. Lawson blushed scarlet, the color running in a stream over throat, chin and brow, for in her husband's eyes she read sweet sincerity, gratified pride and love, and was almost happy.

Just then Mr. Farce, with a small, dignified girl on his arm, approached the Lawsons, greeted the husband in society parlance, was presented to the wife, and in turn presented his companion to both as Miss Mary Grey.

It was long past midnight and still too early for the dancing to have grown languid, but late enough for the refreshment rooms to be crowded and the older class of guests to gravitate toward the card tables.

The two ladies sat in the shadows looking on and conversing in low tones on agreeable and interesting topics. Mrs. Lawson could not help admiring Mary Grey's dress, it was so perfectly in accord with her own taste. A gray cashmere dress of the softest, finest quality and of a tint like gloom, the trimming, other than the slight, artistic draperies, was a double piping of pink and white, giving a personal air to the costume upon a near approach and scarcely discernible at a little distance. The white lines gave dignity and firmness to the outlines of the rather slender figure, and the delicate pink thread heightened the pink of her cheeks.

Miss Grey had been pointing out the more prominent persons to Mrs. Lawson and naming them, giving in a few concise sentences the mark of distinction of each, when she suddenly turned to Mrs. Lawson and said, laying one hand over that of the other lady where it lay just touching her dress,

"I have been told that you are very recently from Utah, and I—"

But Mrs. Lawson, remembering a former experience, broke in,

"Yes, I am from Utah," and drew her hand away.

"I beg your pardon; I really did not mean to offend you, but although Utah is so large a place and there are so many thousands of people there that of course you never knew, I was hoping against reason that perhaps you knew a dear friend of mine, about

whom I wished to inquire." The tone was full of tender anxiety and apology.

Mrs. Lawson's manner underwent an instantaneous change, and turning graciously to her new-found friend she said very kindly, "I shall be happy to give you any information I possess, come and see me some afternoon next week."

Mr. Farce chanced to approach the ladies and heard the reply.

"You are very kind, and I do thank you so much, but my afternoons are all engaged, as, in fact, the entire day; but if you will permit me I will call in the evening."

"Yes, certainly, come whenever it suits you; but my husband is always at home in the evening and we can't talk, you know," with a comical little look of dismay.

"What an adorably original kind of a husband!" Miss Grey replied, laughing. "However, I'll come in the evening and see if the presence of one gentleman will stop the tongues of two ladies." She arose and took the arm of Mr. Farce, who had indicated his presence and been recognized, and moved away with a kind "good night, for I shall not see you again."

The fact was, that Miss Grey was the pianist, "paid for her services," and this respite was due solely to Mr. Farce. He encouraged her to accept the position—a hard and trying one—to take the pay and ignore the social ostracism attempted against her. He came to the ball on her account and treated her like a lady and compelled the respect of others. It did not matter how much the elite might rail about it they dared not do so in his presence.

Somehow the rumor had gained ground that Mr. Farce meant either to

adopt Miss Grey and make her the heiress of his property, or that they would be married. Either was sufficiently probable to prevent properly regulated society people from snubbing what otherwise they would have ruthlessly crushed. Mr. Farce was known to have eccentricities, and the peculiarities of the rich are never vulgar; so Mary Grey, who was "paid for her services" and known to be an employee in a printing office, was graciously tolerated for sake of what she might possibly have hereafter.

Of course Mrs. Lawson did not know this until some time after.

Once more at home Mr. Lawson praised and kissed and congratulated his wife on the success of her first ball; and she laid her drowsy head among the pillows to dream of home—that home far away among the brown and rugged Wasatch hills—and her father and mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWO VOICES.

FRANCIS H. SMYTH.

THE VOICE OF TRUTH.

WHERE art thou fled, O much loved Liberty,
Hast winged thy flight o'er some far distant sea,
There for to dwell in more congenial climes
Whilst waiting for expected happier times?
There, haply, dost thou while the time away
In dreams of future greatness? For today
Thy glory has departed, none can see
A remnant of thy former majesty:
Once thou did'st reign in regal pomp and pride
And gifts were tossed by thee on every side,
Wounds thou has healed, now bled forth fresh
again,
Hearts thou did'st lighten, now are filled with
pain.
Thy power has vanished, fled thy great renown,
And desecrated is thy bed of down.
What foe hath robbed thee of thy royal state?
For so to plunder and despoil the great,
Could surely never be the work of fate.

Lo, at thy fallen shrine, thy subjects kneel
In vain as yet. Thine ear to fond appeal
Is deaf, as they their loyalty reveal,
Where dost thou linger, why so long thy stay?
Unheed not this thy sister's prayer, I pray,
For life without thee, were as night to day,
Come list once more, unto thy sister truth
And to thy mind recall our happy youth,
The time when thou, our brother justice too
Besprinkled o'er the land, thy balm like dew,
He meditates apart, in gloomy mood,
Nor on me deigns to smile, but seems to brood
O'er various things, perplexed looks at me,
And often stern—it used not so to be.
My eyes are heavy, oft bedimmed with tears
And sad my heart with grief these many years.
The moments lag, friend Time ne'er seemed so
slow,
Each hour a day, to aggravate my woe,
Since thou hast left me, lonely here to bide
Midst complex natures, their sole help and guide
Canst thou have heard, methought I heard a
sigh,
As of some loved or lost one drawing nigh,
Mayhap 'tis but a whisper thro' the trees,
As floats my song towards thee on the breeze.
Soon may it reach thee, e'en though far away
Tender and soft, as pleads my heart today.

THE VOICE OF LIBERTY.

Wherefore so sad, O gentle, patient Truth,
Softly thou dost plead, playmate of my youth.
Whence have I fled? I'm here and everywhere
Distributing my gifts, a bounteous share
To one and all, nor deem myself bereft.
Our foster-mother, Love, she, too, is left,
And good Aunt Mercy ling'ring ever near,
While sweet Faith, Hope and Charity give
cheer.

What though our foes incessant war do wage
Against us in this great, momentous age!
What though my throne usurp, ah, what then,
They cannot bind the hearts and souls of men!
True liberty of conscience and of mind
Is e'er vouchsafed to all of humankind;
Their thoughts are still unfettered, free as air,
And in thy cause, O Truth, like incense rare,
Shed perfume all around thy form so fair.
Thy champions are many, strong and brave,
Thy enemies are legion, and they crave
To bury thee forever in the grave.
'Twas thus ordained in our primeval home,
Yon azure-curtained firmamental dome,
For thou wert born in heaven, thou and I,
On earth we needs must suffer, but to die
Canst never be, reserved shall be that fate
For cruel Falsehood and his minion, Hate.
Did they but meet us fairly on the field

Before our champions, they perforce must yield,
But they, like robbers, check the watch dog's bark

With poisoned meat, then stab us in the dark.
Bear up thy head in pride, O noble Truth,
Think not that I am vanquished, though, forsooth,

I veil my face before the open day,
For treacherous foes now lurk around my way.
Bidding my subjects yield and them obey;
Some yield to great Opinion, the world's king.
He feasts them on applause, but soon the sting
Of Conscience keenly felt will to them bring
Naught but reproach, as in the world's great fair
They gain but empty nothingness of air.
Others there are who bow to Prejudice,
He greets them with a smile, a Judas kiss,
Thus lures them on, nor heed they that their feet
Lead them to Malice and his spouse Deceit.
But there are those who, valiant in our cause,
Fearless of death and spurning world's applause,
Have forfeited their lives, to such are given
Bright crowns of worth, rich treasures stored in heaven.

And there are more, yea, many, who disdain
Tradition's slaves to be, but still retain
Their love for peerless Truth and Liberty.
Proclaim it wide! Far over land and sea.
List, O ye winds, repeat the welcome tale,
Reverberating loud o'er hill and dale,
Truth still is mighty, and will yet prevail!

AN INTERRUPTED MARRIAGE.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

IN APRIL, of the year 1846, I had accepted the invitation of an old school-mate to attend her wedding as one of her bridesmaids. She was my senior by two years, and as I recall her to my mind today, she appears before me as the most attractive girl I ever knew. She was the only daughter of an old and wealthy Saxon family, and had inherited the fair, creamy skin; blonde hair and bright blue eyes so characteristic of the Saxon race.

Added to this she had the charm of amiability combined with firmness of character, which was remarkable in one so young and inexperienced in

worldly affairs. She had never been farther from her native land than Paris, France, nor had she been a society girl, or associated herself much with organized charitable institutions, yet the good she did was wide spread and her charity wisely distributed; like the paper man of Ross, she "did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame." When quite young she had heard the great apostle of temperance, Father Matthew, and had resolved from that time to be a total abstainer from alcoholic drinks, though she gave no public pledge to that effect, she had secretly vowed that she would, when old enough, become a laborer in the cause of temperance, and how faithfully she kept the self-made promise, the sequel will show. We were not only school-mates we were also room-mates when at school, and thus there grew up between us confidences and a friendship that terminated only with her death which occurred ten years ago; were she still living perhaps this episode in her life would not now be written, though I feel assured if she thought it would encourage any one to abstain from the use of intoxicants, or strengthen the resolves of those who were already abstainers, she would not have objected to its being made public; for her own vow, so early, yet so solemnly made between herself and her God was never broken until through a carriage accident she was called away to give an account of her stewardship to Him who had caused her to pass through an ordeal, such as few could have borne with so much courage and resignation. In some respects she and I were similarly situated, for each of us had a father who indulged too freely in liquor. Had our fathers been laborers or mechanics, they would

have been branded as drunkards, but being men of wealth they were called *bon vivants*, hospitable and good entertainers.

Both of us had seen trouble at home, in consequence of this propensity in our sires, and we exchanged confidences and sympathized with each other on the subject; both resolving to set the example in our own circle of total abstinence, and at all times, when opportunity presented itself, to advocate it fearlessly, pledging our word to each other that we would never marry a drunkard, if we knew him to be so. A few weeks after she had passed her twenty-first birthday, I received a letter from her announcing her engagement to a young gentleman, with whose family and himself I was well acquainted. I was much surprised at the news, for I knew, what I afterwards learned that she did not, that both his father and himself indulged too freely in the use of ardent spirits and tobacco. His family were Scotch, highly respected and wealthy, and had the entree into the first circles when in London. In my young days to be abstemious and temperate in drinking, was by no means a good recommend to obtain admission into what was called good society.

After the advent of Father Matthew, a very perceptible change took place, not only among the working classes, but also in aristocratic circles. Up to that time it was customary for the gentlemen to remain in the dining room an hour, and sometimes an hour and a half, after the ladies had gone to the drawing-room; and they were frequently quite unfit to present themselves before the ladies, after leaving the dining-room, until they had some-

what sobered down. The queen of England, then quite young, and always abstemious and moderate at the table, fixed the time at half an hour before coffee was served in the drawing-room, and the gentlemen were expected to be punctual, thus they were kept from excess, sometimes, no doubt much against their will; and today the man who should so far forget himself as to appear among ladies with the smell of tobacco or strong drink in his clothes or breath, would at once be ostracized and voted a nuisance, nor would he again be admitted until he had shown evidence of reform.

I was in the East Indies when the news of Fanny's engagement reached me, and the same letter informed me that her marriage would not take place until after my return to England, which I stated in a former letter to her would be in about one year from date, so that I was not surprised when a few weeks after I reached home I received a notification of the date fixed for the wedding, and that she wished me to be her principal bridesmaid, requesting me to visit her at once so that I might be introduced to the other five young ladies who were to attend her in the same capacity as myself. When I arrived at the house of her parents I found all the arrangements complete except the dresses of the bridesmaids, which could not be decided upon until we were all together. The ceremony was to take place two weeks after my arrival, and was to be held in the little village church, which stood but a short distance from the entrance to Mr. Wylie's park, and only their most intimate friends in the neighborhood had been invited to be present. One week after myself, Ronald Fer-

guson (the bridegroom elect) arrived, bringing his own wedding present and the presents of his parents, which were very costly. We were all in the highest spirits, and how little we thought on that first evening of his visit, what the next would signify to those two happy lovers, for it needed only to see them together, to discover how deep was their attachment.

The day after Ronald came, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie had permitted their daughter (whom they expected so soon to lose) to invite her own particular friends to dinner, and to a private view of the wedding dress and presents, which were very numerous, and many of them of great value. The guests left early, and Ronald, with Fanny's two brothers and a cousin of my own, a Mr. Alexander Gordon, went to the billiard-room, as they said, to finish the evening with a quiet game. This, as it afterwards transpired, was Ronald's proposal, evidently as we knew later, that he might indulge his favorite propensity, viz: to drink and smoke unknown to Fanny. This he considered he could do safely, the ladies having said they should retire early, and Mr. Wylie having already done so, as he was suffering from a slight attack of gout.

Fanny and I occupied the same room, she having a bed placed there for the purpose, as she said, to look and feel like old times. We had taken off our dresses and put on wrappers for a cozy half-hour's chat before going to bed.

All at once my friend looked up in my face and said, with a deep sigh, which was the prelude to many years of sighing:

"Shall we ever be so perfectly

happy again as we are now, at this moment?"

"Why should we not," I asked, "if we live so as to merit it? Our Father in heaven has blest us and given us this perfect hour, and He will give us many more, if we endeavor to fulfill His commands and keep the vows we made to Him sacred."

"I have kept mine to the letter," said Fanny, "have you done so? I have sometimes feared, while traveling, you might be tempted too far to resist."

"There is quite as much danger from temptation at home as there is abroad," I replied, "and by God's help we can resist it anywhere."

We were both silent for a few moments when without any apparent reason, Fanny proposed that we should go to the library and select a few books to place in her traveling trunk which we intended to pack the next morning, for the wedding tour, which was to be among the most beautiful and romantic of the Swiss Alps. As we went along the corridor, a strong smell of tobacco was perceptible, but I made no remark, thinking perhaps the young Wylies smoked. The door of the billiard-room was nearly opposite that of the library, and was slightly ajar so that the conversation could be distinctly heard in the library, and it also permitted the fumes of tobacco to escape. Both Fanny and myself very much disliked the smell, hence we were quick to detect it.

"Does Mr. Gordon smoke?" asked Fanny, "my brothers do not, I know."

"Neither does my cousin," I replied, and my heart beat quicker, for I knew that Ronald did.

"Then there must be a stranger

with the gentlemen, and I wonder my brothers do not tell him that it is not liked here, and not allowed except in the room set apart for the purpose. The whole of the draperies in the corridor must be taken down and disinfected, tomorrow."

Just then we heard the voice of the eldest brother addressing Ronald:

"Did my sister never tell you that she was a total abstainer from wine and liquor of any kind, and that the smell of tobacco makes her ill?"

"Oh yes, more than once," Ronald answered, with a short laugh that plainly indicated he had taken more to drink than was good for him, "and I told her I never used either."

I placed my arm around Fanny and tried to take her from the room, but she resisted, and in a low tone said,

"As we have heard so much we may as well hear more; it may impart some useful knowledge."

The younger brother was now saying, "My sister is the very impersonation of truth and honor, and I have often heard her solemnly declare that she would never marry a man who was not a total abstainer from all intoxicants and tobacco, and I am sure she would thoroughly despise a man if he deceived her and she discovered the deception."

"I will risk that," said Ronald, "and when we are married, if she ever finds out the little deception, she will know it is too late to complain, and, woman-like, she will forgive and eventually come to like what she now condemns, and perhaps I may be able some time to conquer the habit if I make up my mind to try."

"Anyone can do so if he wishes," said my cousin who had not before spoken, "and I speak from experience,

for at twenty-one I both smoked and drank to great excess, and now at twenty-five I do neither, thanks to my cousin Martha [myself] who assisted in the cure, which was effected in three months, and that, too, during the fox-hunting season, when if ever a fellow needs it, it is then."

"I believe," said Ronald, "that with me it is hereditary, and that wine, whisky, snuff and tobacco were as necessary to my ancestors as their food, and that they are so to my father and myself, I am certain."

We then heard the click of billiard-balls, and the conversation ceased.

"Let us go to my room," whispered Fanny."

She crossed to the billiard-room, pushed the door a little more open, looked in, saying as she did so, "Good-night, gentlemen." She then walked quickly up stairs without again speaking until we reached her room. After entering she turned to me, saying,

"Please find out if my mother is in bed, and if she is not, ask her to come to me."

I wondered at the calmness of her manner after what she had heard, and also what she intended to do. I found Mrs. Wylie in her private room writing, and told her her daughter's wish to see her.

"Why I thought you were both in bed, you are losing your beauty sleep. What mischief have you been planning or doing?" asked Mrs. Wylie, while passing from her own room to Fanny's.

I could not reply, my heart was too full to permit utterance. When we entered we found Fanny weeping hysterically, and quite unable to speak. Her mother tried to sooth her and asked me the cause of her

emotion, which I felt I had no right to give, so merely said,

"Fanny will explain better than I can, when she is calmer."

Her mother applied restoratives and she gradually became quiet.

She was always self-sustained and firm, as was her mother, when any trouble or difficulty arose, and it was evident that she was exerting all her powers to meet the impending sorrow.

Her first coherent words were, "Mother, I can not marry Ronald, he is a habitual drinker and smoker, and both deceptive and untruthful."

"Hush Fanny, how do you know this, who has told you?" and she looked at me as though she thought me the culprit. I was about to leave the room but Fanny stopped me by saying,

"Do not go, Martha, you heard all, and I wish you to remain." Turning to her mother she said, "Ronald himself is my informant," and then, between her sobs and tears, told all she had heard. Mrs. Wylie seemed unable to comprehend the matter thoroughly and suggested that Mr. Wylie should be called, but to this Fanny objected, saying,

"No mother, it will be time enough for him tomorrow, I only want you tonight." Then after a few moments' struggle with her tears, she said, "You will not lose your daughter after all, for I shall never, never marry. All the presents must be returned, and the invited guests informed that the wedding will not take place."

"But what excuse can we make for such a proceeding," asked her mother.

"Excuse!" echoed Fanny, "there is no excuse needed; let the truth be told that I cannot, will not marry

a man who uses tobacco and drinks to excess, or indeed, who takes any intoxicants whatever."

"But Ronald?" said her mother.

"I shall myself tell him what I heard last night, and how I came to hear it, or he may think my brothers had told me. His letters and presents I myself will give him, and send those of his father and mother to them, with my reason for not marrying their son. My father must notify our friends, and I am sure they will not blame me when the facts are known."

How she could talk so calmly, I could not imagine, and I tried to fancy what I would do were I similarly situated; yet I saw she was adopting the only course open to her under the circumstances. But the morrow, how could she face it? and I saw that her mother dreaded it more than she did. It was now past midnight, we were all exhausted, so Mrs. Wylie left us. Fanny and I cried and talked ourselves into a fitful sleep, but when we made our appearance in the breakfast room next morning, we did not present a very attractive appearance. Ronald was not there, and we could see that my cousin and the brothers had been told all, by Mrs. Wylie. Mr. Wylie rose to meet his daughter when she came in; he did not speak, but kissed her affectionately, and showed by his manner that he did not disapprove of the course she was taking. No one made even a pretense of eating, and while the servants were present nothing was said on the subject which occupied all our minds. After they were dismissed a council was held, and it was decided to go to the library, send for Ronald and get through with this unpleasant business as quickly as possible. The gentle-

men who had heard what Ronald said on the previous night, were requested by Fanny to remain, so that there could be no misunderstanding as to how Fanny had gained the knowledge of Ronald's character, and she was determined that he should hear plainly from her own lips, her resolve and determination.

Directly he entered the room Fanny spoke, "Ronald, Mr. Ferguson, Miss Onwhyn and myself were in the library and could not help hearing what was said in the billiard room last night, and I thank God that we did so, that I may be spared the dreadful fate of becoming a drunkard's wife. I am certain you were not sober, or you would not have spoken as you did to my brothers. It is better I made the discovery before marriage, for when I became acquainted with your true character I should have refused to live with you, and both our lives would have been wrecked. You can, if you choose, leave off those habits and become all that a gentleman should be, but I can never be your wife. Here are your letters and presents, those your family gave me I will carefully return. You knew my feelings in this matter, for I have often spoken to you on the subject, and you endeavored to deceive me, and I feel that the hand of providence led me to the library last night to save me from the dreadful consequences of being a drunkard's wife and subject to the deceitful practices of an untruthful man."

She at once left the room, beckoning me to follow, which I was only too glad to do. She had given Ronald no time to reply, and he and Fanny never met again on earth. He told her father that he would endeavor to reform and conquer the appetite for

those soul and body destroying poisons, but I found afterwards that he failed, if he ever tried.

I saw him once only after that morning, and should not have recognized him had he not spoken my name and arrested my attention. It was at the close of the Crimean war (1856), when, with other ladies, I was in Liverpool assisting to nurse back to life the wounded and frost-bitten British soldiers who had returned from that disastrous campaign.

I was passing between the beds in one of our temporary hospitals, when I heard my maiden name softly spoken. I turned, and upon a bed near I saw the wasted form of an officer, his eyes were too bright to be natural and the pallor of death was on his face.

"Was it you who called me?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the man, faintly, "do you not know me? I am all that is left of Ronald Ferguson. Tell me what has become of Fanny; is she married?"

I told him she was not, but was devoting her life to the cause of temperance and charity. He then gave me a brief sketch of his life since the morning I last saw him, how he had tried to abstain from drink and failed; that he bought a commission in the army and went out to the seat of war, where he had both feet frozen and they had to be amputated. He knew he was dying and had sent for his father. After informing him that Mr. Wylie and his sons had taken the temperance pledge the same week he left them, and that they had been the means of many others doing so, I left him. The next day I found his father with him, and on the second I saw his

body borne away to the cemetery, another victim to the curse of drink.

Fanny never married, yet although she had no family of her own she was mother, sister and friend to many, and many an ill-used wife and starving family blessed her for leading a drunken husband and father from the path of vice into the haven of temperance and morality.

Were there more Miss Wylies in the world there would be fewer drunkards and more happiness. Let women refrain from taking strong drink themselves, and both by example and precept show to their fathers, brothers and lovers the evil attending the use of tobacco and alcohol, and they will be reforming not only the present generation but posterity will have cause to bless them. We should need no prohibition laws if women would unite and resolve not to marry men who indulge in those debasing habits, viz.: drink, tobacco and profane language.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

THIS vale of mystery which our life enfolds—

Rent by some gust of memory or dream,
Yields fleeting glimpses of the Law that holds
The plan of being in its steadfast beam.

And in some moment of transfigured thought,
Our old, bruised world, with darkest sorrows
rife,

Fades, and a mistlike memory is caught
Of some far realm of bright ethereal life.

Yet oft we meet in earth's unwonted ways
(Dire place of exile from high homes of
cheer)

Scenes that recall the tenor of old days
Ere time had called our present footsteps here.

What means it that the scenes of earth beguile
Dreams of a former life—if above this
That was—as space 'twixt heaven and earth—
and while

We see the earthly link—the heavenly miss?

Is it that set within this certain bound

Of time and space, life's problems to complete—

We circle o'er and o'er earth's changeless round
Till the set goal our souls' perfections meet?

For this the planet—so our lessons teach,
Where all is learned or wrought for good or
ill—

To train our spirits for those flights which reach
Even to heights of the Eternal will.

And yet how few the mighty lesson learn

In this short span of life wherein we strive,
How many fade, nor yet may take nor spurn
The pearl for which earth's hosts are born to
dive.

Nurtured in primal home of light and peace,
Whose heavenly radiance all our visions
throng.

How shall we gain in life's uncertain lease,
Grace for that rest on which our spirits long!

Ah! in that problem its own answer see—
Strayed from that early home, no thought nor
care

Nor time for ample penance there can be
Which shall not fall a blessing to our prayer.

And whether in these rounds of life we know,
Or in some realm our spirits yet shall roam—
God's jealous care some certain path shall show
To lead His children to their rightful home.

A VISITOR FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Editor Young Woman's Journal:

I HAVE learned some details of an incident which occurred at Croyden, Morgan County, Utah, on Sunday, May 7th, 1889. On that day the following little girls, residents of Croyden, attended Sunday school; also the usual ceremonies of worship held in the afternoon:

Martha Wainwright, Vinie Toone, Agnes Toone, Minnie Toone, Martha Bowers and Irene Condie. The ages of these little girls ranged from six to thirteen years.

After meeting they resolved to take a walk to the burial grounds of the settlement. As they went along they

picked flowers by the way. With these they decorated all the graves at the cemetery, and while doing so sang Sunday school hymns.

When they reached the grave of Sister Elizabeth Condie, wife of Elder Gibson Condie, they became deeply interested, as the deceased was the mother of little Irene, who was with the party. She told how she used to comb her mother's hair, and sadly said how sorrowful she felt at having to part with her. The other girls were full of sympathy and joined their tears with hers. Finally they turned away to go home. They had gone but a short distance when they were impressed to return to the grave. They had felt a great desire to see Sister Condie, and when they reached the burial spot, Martha Wainwright said something about not leaving till they should see her. They began singing the well-known hymn entitled, "The Resurrection Day." When they reached the end of the first verse they seemed to hear a voice, which did not appear to be audible, say, "That will do."

They all knelt down and prayed. I understood it to be a part of their petition to the Lord that they might see Sister Condie. While thus engaged they were all impressed to look upward. They did so, and beheld a strange sight. It was the form of a woman, clothed in white, with arms extended, descending rapidly to the earth. This personage came down close to the grave, but her feet did not touch the ground, being a few inches above it.

The little girls were frightened at first and began weeping when suddenly Irene exclaimed, "Why, it's ma."

The woman beamed upon them

with a lovely smile, looked upon the flowers that had been placed on her grave and on the graves of her two children who had been buried near her remains, took off her head-covering and turned slightly around, as if to say, "Do not be afraid; you see it is I." She made no sound, however.

All the six little girls recognized the face and form as those of Sister Condie. Her hair naturally of dark color, was loose and flowing, and slightly mixed with grey, as Sister Condie's was at the time of her death.

All fear left the hearts of the little girls and they were filled with joy and peace. Little Irene, addressing the personage, said, "Ma, will you come home and have supper? Annie is cooking it." The little group then left the cemetery and walked toward the house of Brother Condie, what was believed to be the spirit of his wife, Elizabeth, following a short distance behind, the girls going along a good deal of the time with their heads turned so as to see her.

On getting close to the house all the girls rushed into the lot. Irene entered the house in great haste, exclaiming to her brother, "Johnny, come along quick, and see mother. She is out here."

Johnny ran out, saying, "Where is she?"

"There she is, right there on that knoll, can't you see her?"

Johnny declared his inability to see anybody at or near the place to which his attention was directed. The girls were greatly astonished at this.

Brother Condie came out and he was in the same predicament as Johnny. He could not see anything, while the girls insisted that Sister

Condie was still there. Finally the beautiful figure suddenly disappeared from the view of the girls also.

Brother Condie exhibited to the girls, his deceased wife's portrait, and they all insisted that it was the likeness of the lady they saw. Their statement was written down and compared with accounts given by the girls separately to different individuals, and no discrepancy was discovered. I saw a written narrative of the incident six months since, and the foregoing are the facts as related to me one day last week by Brother Condie, and by his daughter, Irene. I do not see any reason to disbelieve what is told by these innocent little girls. I have made a simple statement of the story, as I confess it interested me when I heard it. Perhaps it may interest others as well.

Respectfully,

JOHN NICHOLSON.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 13th, 1890.

AN IDEAL.

LU.

I SAW a fair ship one morning,
Sail out over clear glossy seas;
I marked the soft zephyrs wooing,
Her sails spreading out to the breeze.
Long has this vessel been sailing,
Away o'er life's ocean afar:
Prayers have been constant unailing,
That hope be its bright guiding star.
When the rough seas of vexation
And passion's mad fury of storm,
Bare on the isles of temptation,
Where false lights gleam forth to lure on,
Through yawning straits of delusion,
That guide near despair's rocky reefs;
Whirlpools of folly's illusion,
That strive to engulf it beneath,
It may hold on to hope's anchor,
Outriding each furious blast,
Over life's treacherous waters,
Enter in safe haven at last.

And when life's voyage is all over,
'Neath calm or tempestuous skies;
Love may await in the harbor,
With greetings of joyful surprise.

Atchison, Kansas.

EIGHTEEN DAYS ON THE DESERTS.

OLIVER B. HUNTINGTON.

IN WRITING this narration of a portion of my experience in these mountains I will begin by briefly describing the condition of the people and the country at the time when the events narrated occurred.

My readers will get a better conception of "my trips to Carson Valley" by knowing the wild state of the country at that time, the plain habits of the people and the difficulties we labored under on account of our poverty, which was a natural result of having been mobbed, robbed, driven from nearly all we had, and then for two years wandering over the deserts and through the mountains to find a resting place that we might call a home.

Then when we had found a lonely retreat, we toiled and experimented two or three years to prove that it was a place where man could live by arts and industry; and when it was demonstrated that we could live in this land by agricultural and other pursuits of civilization, we were reduced to a state, in our outward appearance, of a semi-barbarous race.

Clothing was very scarce, merchandise quite limited, and the "circulating medium" far more limited.

Try to imagine, if you can, what our condition was, being thus situated: how could we have purchased anything without the "wherewith" to buy

with if all the merchandise in the world was in our midst, and "dirt cheap?"

Your own reflection and judgment will aid you to comprehend our embarrassed condition better than I can explain it.

As soon as it was known "back in the states," as the phrase then ran, (for it was more than one thousand miles through Indian country and wild game ranges, to the line of the nearest State,) that the "Mormons" could live out in the "Rocky Mountains," as this place was then called, speculators, traders, and merchants came into our midst with goods and sold to us such necessities as we could manage to buy, clearing on their goods generally 400 per cent. and even at that it was quite an accommodation to swop off the little coin we could pick up from the gold seekers going to California.

In the absence of money, wheat, adobies and squashes formed quite a "circulating medium." Sometimes, in large trades, cattle "circulated" pretty well; and these merchants did really all they could to accommodate the people by taking these products of the country.

We were never a despondent people but always full of cheerfulness and amusement,—knowing that we had eternal riches within our reach and that God was with us and for us; and we feared no suffering for the gospel's sake, for we were constantly in mind of the fact that the reward was more than the suffering. We were in possession of that "love (for the gospel) that casts out all fear."

In the midst of our poverty we all mingled in the dance, old and young, rich and poor; some with shoes, some

with moccasins they bought of the Indians, and some were not troubled with anything on their feet, were as proud of that fashion as were they who wore shoes, especially if the shoes would not dance on their toes.

Many a dance I have attended where the ground was all the floor we had to dance on; and not infrequently a gentleman with buckskin pants or shirt or perhaps both would swing and balance on the corner with a lady dressed in a sheep's-gray homespun and wove skirt, calico sacque and gingham apron, her hair fastened up with a home-made, three-toothed wooden comb. And by-the-by I have made all my own combs for catching parasites—that was before green-backs were invented, or I might have caught some of them with my mountain-mahogany combs.

A good fine-toothed horn comb "from the States" was worth 60 cents; nails were worth from 40 to 60 cents per pound; white-lead sold as high as \$25 per keg or \$1 per pound; tea was from \$3 to \$5 a pound; common factory cloth or domestic was from 75 to 90 cents per yard; sugar 40 and 50 cents a pound; calico 40 and 50 cents a yard; 8 by 10 lights of glass were worth 25 cents each.

The favorite manner of pleasure-riding was on horseback—the gentleman and lady both on the same horse frequently—a side saddle was too expensive a luxury for many to enjoy.

Nearly all our plows were made by the ordinary blacksmith and the iron they were made of cost 10 cents a pound; steel was 75 and 90 cents a pound. Beams and handles were "natural crooks," as also all our scythe snaths, except some made of forked sticks with one long and one

short prong, with wooden pins for ribs, or handles.

The first tanneries established in some parts of the Territory were very rude, primitive affairs, but we had to live and be clothed. There were, however, very few admirers of our fashions except the Indians, and if any should ridicule or scoff at our ways it was not liable to be one of our own number, for all were glad to find any one making something for self support; for we had never found a people that was willing to furnish us anything for nothing, except as we had been furnished the sword and lead from the rifle.

Our children raised in these mountains know very little about suffering, poverty, inconveniences and opposition; and I doubt if they ever can appreciate liberty and the gospel as their parents do unless they see some change through which God will teach them their worth.

In 1849, while carrying the mail back to the Saints left behind in Iowa I spent seven days between Salt Lake and Fort Bridger—one hundred and fifteen miles—tramping roads for our horses where the snow was from four to twenty feet deep, wandering and meandering around in sides of mountains where the wind or sun had taken the snow off. We were without boots and wore moccasins on our feet—and I must not pull them off at night, so I would lie with them towards the fire, when we dare make one, and some mornings would find moccasins frozen hard as dry rawhide on my feet. I am digressing, perhaps, too far.

The general history of this people and the circumstances of Johnston's army, or rather the U. S. army under General Albert Sidney Johnston com-

ing to this Territory are too well known for me to notice here more than to say that the policy of the leaders of this people was certainly divine; and nothing but the inspiration of Jehovah running through all the people, both the leaders and members of the Church, saved the shedding of blood.

Not knowing all that might occur in the great struggle for life and liberty at the very starting in to oppose the entrance of that army into this Territory, President Brigham Young and his brethren in council, resolved to bring together all the Saints from every place and country wherever they were, that could be got together in time to be serviceable in that critical time. To this end, swift messengers were sent to San Bernardino, in Southern California, where there was quite a large settlement of Saints presided over by two of the Twelve Apostles, namely, Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich. In Carson Valley and the adjoining valleys at the very foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains was another large settlement of Saints under the care of Orson Hyde, one of the Twelve Apostles.

At the time I speak of, that country and all of the State of Nevada, were a part of Utah. On the 15th of August, 1857, I hauled in my last load of hay for the season, and when I arrived at home there was a messenger waiting, who informed me that I was wanted at President Young's office immediately.

I stopped only to unhitch my team and went—for those were times when it stood every man in hand to make the general cause of the people his own individual cause, for a great army was en route across the plains to try and put an end to "Mormonism." General Daniel H. Wells received me

cordially and gave me an outline of designs in general and told me the part I was expected to work out. As I had explored a route from here to Carson and back by the direct west course across the deserts, I was wanted to pilot a small company through by that route as an express, to call the Saints home from Carson and California. I was asked how long it would take to go. I replied that it would depend upon what animals we were to ride. He said that every man would be expected to furnish his own animal and provisions. I studied the road and animals—we had just a minute or two and replied—"eighteen days," which proved the exact number.

He stated that he had already instructed Colonel Peter Cownover with nine other men from Provo, in Utah County, to proceed to a given place in Rush Valley, Tooele Co., and there wait for me,—and that I would bring them written orders.

There was no time to be lost, and every man worked with a will. There were five men to go with me from Salt Lake, making a company of sixteen men. Their names are as follows:

Peter Cownover, captain of the expedition. David Canfield; Joseph Dudley; George Bean; George Daniels; Urvin Wilson; Lyman Carter; Evert Orser; Wesley Wheeler and William Hoops all from Provo.

From Salt Lake were Oliver B. Huntington, guide for the company; Joshua Whitney; James Peck; Stephen B. Moore; James Frank Townsend; Simon C. Dolten from Centerville.

We got our horses shod, clothing, provisions, pack saddles, riding saddles, arms and ammunition all ready and started on the 17th. Before starting I went to the President's

office for my verbal directions, a blessing, and written instructions for the Saints in the west.

Very pointed and stringent instructions were given us as if dangers were foreseen to come in our way. President Young said, we were going among wild savage tribes of Indians and he had sent as many men as would be necessary for self defense against them, and if we would keep the commandments of God, be humble and stick together, not a man of us would be lost. This he promised the company through me.

His written instructions were similar, to the Saints in Carson—for no man or small company to come by themselves, but very emphatically required the whole to come in a body together—in one company and repeated that part of the instructions verbally.

The question was asked him, if, at a certain place directly west of Salt Lake City, while on the return home, some person had better be sent across to bring news of the prosperity of the company. For the wagons must go around north of the lake which would be over a hundred miles farther than the short cut south of the lake.

President Young, at this question, dropped his head a moment and twirled his thumbs around each other for a moment or two—very quietly remarked: "There is no need of giving that direction—some one will do that any how."

The men from Provo had been instructed to start with 15 days' rations—we from Salt Lake took 20 days' rations. I furnished four mules for the expedition, as some had no animals. Joshua Whitney, son of N. K. Whitney, and I messed together. We

furnished ourselves and one another so as not to be chargeable upon the Church, for indeed it was every man's cause.

We started as before stated on the 17th of August, in the afternoon, and stayed that night at Ormus Bates' place in Tooele Valley.

On the 18th we found our captain and party from Provo, feasting upon their fifteen days' rations, which were

reduced by this time to eleven days' rations. They were camped at or near Luke Johnson's place and of him they partly replenished their rations.

It is a well known fact that men camping out and traveling eat much more than while at home, and so it proved, to our sorrow, upon this journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◁THE WORLD▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

SOME NOTABLE WOMEN AND THEIR DOINGS
—A WOMAN'S EXCHANGE IN ST. LOUIS—A
WOMAN'S HANDY INVENTION—IRELAND'S
DISTRESS—THE RUSSIAN CZAR—THE GER-
MAN SOCIALISTS.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Notable Women.—

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is nearly seventy years old and a confirmed invalid.

GAIL HAMILTON, who is sister-in-law of Secretary Blaine, conducts "a Bible talk" every Sunday afternoon at his residence.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE comes to 7 o'clock dinner in a gingham gown, and keeps the table in a roar of laughter.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA, daughter of the late Emperor Frederick and grand-daughter of Victoria, is about to marry a German prince, and will have a dowry of 10,000,000 marks.

MISS JANE GRAYDON, professor of Greek in Hastings College, of Hastings, Neb., is only twenty-four years

of age, and is said to be the youngest professor in the country. She was born in Indianapolis.

Death of Mrs. Booth.—

Dispatches from London say that Mrs. Booth, wife of General Booth, chief of the Salvation Army, died on the 4th instant. Mrs. Booth was the companion and assistant of her husband from the beginning of the Salvation Army movement, and did as much as any one except the general himself to help make it the great success it is. She was especially efficient in developing the female element of the organization.

Southern Women in Literature.—

It is related of Charles Dudley Warner that while he was in Chicago he was wined and dined at a prominent hotel and invited to give an after dinner speech. In the course of his little talk he made mention of the coming woman, who is to be, so he said "of the south." A recent writer on current literature states that "among ten southern writers who are winning

great fame, eight are women, and all from the upper or aristocratic classes.

MISS MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL, the brilliant young Virginian, is one whose stories, essays and novels are reckoned among the ablest literary productions of the day. She has recently given a sketch of her childhood, passed in a shabby old country house in Glencaster County, Va., of the polished yet antique society, and the quaint surroundings.

"My education," she says "was conducted upon Charles Lamb's plan, 'Turn a girl loose in a library of good books.'"

Miss Seawell's important works have been "Maid Marion," a short satire that appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, after which she was requested to write a complete novel, "Hale Weston," was the result. "The Berkleys, and Their Neighbors," followed the next year, and lastly, "The Throckmortons," now in its third edition. Last winter she won the prize offered by the *Youth's Companion*, by a story called "Little Jarvis." Miss Seawell now resides in Washington, and is a regular correspondent of the *New York Tribune*.

"Jerry."—

The attractive anonymous story, "Jerry," now running in *Scribner's*, has created much speculation concerning its authorship.

The author is Miss Sadie Elliot, who is also a southern woman, a daughter of an Episcopal Bishop, and sister of another. Like Miss Murfree she is a native of Tennessee, living up among the picturesque mountains of Sewanee, where she has taken her studies from life, in the characters so artistically drawn in her story. "Her first novel,

'The Filmers,'" says one of her critics, "was not a pronounced literary success," but it remained for her maturity to produce a story of the highest merit.

The Chaperone.—

A new magazine called the Chaperone has been started in St Louis with a capital of \$20,000 backing it. The first number is an attractive production, both inside and out. There is a department for art, music, society, little folks and housekeeping. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mairretta Holly are among the contributors to the first number. Its editor is Mrs. Annie T. Y. Swart, a bright little woman, who makes more than a living by her business talents and literary ability.

Being thrown suddenly on her own resources a few years ago, she began by canvassing for a railroad guide that is a little book corrected each month, containing a schedule of all the twenty-nine railroads that centre in St. Louis, together with some items of interest and a quantity of advertising matter. In a short time she bought the book and is publishing it still, and she also has an office for chaperones and guides to show strangers about the city.

Sex in Inventions.—

It has been said "there is no sex in invention," and many of the models of useful appliances—particularly those that simplify the household labor—seen in the Patent office, have women's names attached to them. There is one that has been recently exposed for sale by a leading dry goods house, that employs a laundress to show it off. This little article commends itself to the house-keeper and is called the Thermometer Sad Iron. It was

invented by Mrs. Sarah Waterman of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is constructed of iron nicked, and is hollow. The top is raised by means of hinges and coals of red hot charcoal are put inside.

Perforations keep a constant draught to keep the coals alive, the requisite heat being kept up by the indications of the thermometer, that is constructed for this article. At a cost of two cents a day for fuel the family ironing may be done, and that without running to and from the stove to change irons, or stopping to keep up the fire, and best of all the avoidance of the heat that makes ironing days to be dreaded by the house-keeper in hot weather.

A Woman's Exchange.—

The woman's exchange of St. Louis, one of the most flourishing in the country, gives some figures in its annual report that show the efficiency of these institutions to women who are trying to add to their support, and in many instances their only means of support, and to do so delicately and systematically, for many of those who come within the aim and purpose of the institution are educated women of gentle birth, with delicate taste and sensitive feelings.

The Exchange has paid \$7,672.80 to industrial women, \$4,197.25 to employes and \$3,495.55 to consigners in the past year. Of this sum one consigner alone received \$1,000, proving that in instances where women who by nature of their domestic environments are not able to acquire a business education, may use what skill and taste they have in beautifying homes, or making dishes for the patrons of the Exchange or the restaurant in connection with it.

Six years ago a little band of women who originated this movement "ventured tremblingly," says Mrs. W. B. Homer, the President, to purchase a three story brick building centrally located for the sum of \$6,000. In two years they had met all payments, besides paying \$2,500 for repairs and alterations, at the same time running the various branches of their industrial work.

One branch being the restaurant where excellent meals are served at a fair price to the general public. These meals consist of home made bread, made by some of the consigners, pies or cakes or any cold dish, that can be made at home, are bought of any one who makes them well.

Tea, coffee, chocolate, soup and hot dishes are made at the Exchange by employes. There is one dining room for industrial women, where comfortable meals are served at a small price, hardly over the cost of material. The other dining room is for the general public where meals are served at the regular price. The profits made in this department pay all the restaurant expenses.

The store for the sale of fancy articles is an attractive feature. The Exchange has established a free employment bureau within the last year, where women well recommended can obtain work for which they are qualified. It is also the design of the ladies having it in charge to establish a free library and reading room for industrial women.

Foreign.—

The failure of the potato crop in Ireland is said to menace the prospects of our labor system. The *Philadelphia Telegraph* says, "Mr. Balfour the chief secretary for tha

country, proposes to relieve the poor peasantry by an immense emigration scheme, which it is feared will flood the country with cheap labor."

The Russian Czar

is haunted by fear of death from the Nihilists. None except the cabinet ministers are admitted to an audience without the presence of an officer. The Eastern habit of tasting food before it is placed upon his table, has been revived after having been in dis-

use since the days of the Emperor Paul.

The Socialists in Germany

are raising the standard of agitation. Freed since September 30th from the operation of the iron laws which Bismarck had constructed for them, they are spreading broadcast the most advanced theories of socialism, combined with a demand for those political rights which are still denied the people of Germany.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

WORDS AND INCIDENTS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH'S LIFE.*

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

IN THIS department, some of the marvelous incidents connected with the Prophet will be related by a new contributor, Brother O. B. Huntington, of Springville, Utah. This wise man has kept a daily journal during his whole life, and has thus preserved many precious keys and words of our beloved prophet. He has consented to bring some of them forth to edify and bless the readers of this JOURNAL. To these incidents will be added some instances of modern healing and the effect of faith as it is now among the people. One scarcely realizes how common miraculous healings and divine testimonies are among the people, unless one sets about investigating the matter.

To the end that all may be blessed and benefitted, we warmly invite every reader of this page to send to the editor any manifestation of the power of God, she may have received.

*Never before published.

This will serve as a brief introduction to the following facts:

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH.

I promised some time ago to give you a copy of a statement in my possession with regard to the ordination of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery to the Melchisedek Priesthood.

ST. GEORGE, Feb. 17th, 1881.

Brother Oliver B. Huntington,

DEAR BROTHER:—In answer to your request, I will state that I heard the following conversation between Joseph and Hyrum Smith in the front of the "Mansion," (Nauvoo) a few days before they were martyred:

Hyrum was telling Joseph that William Law apostatized because Joseph believed in a plurality of Gods.

Joseph said, "Who told him I did? I did not."

Joseph went on and said, "Now, brethren, if you will prepare a good lot of seats on the stand, I will preach you a sermon on the plurality of Gods from the 5th and 6th verses of the 1st Chapter of Revelation." (He was murdered before he had a chance to preach the sermon.)

In the the conversation between Joseph and Hyrum, Oliver Cowdery was spoken of—Joseph said,

"Poor boy!" and went on and said that at Coleville, he and Oliver were under arrest on a

charge of deceiving the people. When they were at the justice's house for trial in the evening, all were waiting for Mr. Reid, Joseph's lawyer. And while waiting the justice asked Joseph some questions, among which was this:

"What was the first miracle Jesus performed?"

Joseph replied, "He made this world, and what followed we are not told."

Mr. Reid came in and said he wanted to speak to his clients in private and that the law allowed him that privilege, he believed. The judge pointed to a door to a room in the back part of the house and told them to step in there. As soon as they got into the room, the lawyer said there was a mob outside in front of the house, "and if they get hold of you they will perhaps do you bodily injury; and I think the best way for you to get out of this is to get right out there," pointing to the window and hoisting it. They got into the wood in going a few rods from the house—it was night and they traveled through brush and water and mud, fell over logs, etc., until Oliver was exhausted; then Joseph helped him along through the mud and water, almost carrying him.

They traveled all night, and just at the break of day Oliver gave out entirely and exclaimed, "O Lord! Brother Joseph, how long have we got to endure this thing?" They sat down on a log to rest and Joseph said that at that very time Peter, James and John came to them and ordained them to the Apostleship.

They had sixteen or seventeen miles to go to get back to Mr. Hales, his father-in-law's, but Oliver did not complain any more of fatigue.

Now, Brother Huntington, I have told you what I heard Brother Joseph tell, almost the only time I ever heard him talk. It is a source of satisfaction to have seen and heard the Prophet of God.

Yours truly,

ADDISON EVERETT.

I will write one more incident in the life of the Prophet as related by him to Brother James Bird, who died a few years since at St. George.

It was as follows: On the morning that Governor Boggs' exterminating army attempted to come into Far West, Joseph the Prophet stood with the brethren behind the breastworks that had so hastily been thrown up in the night, and were watching the army swarming down upon the city.

As they swept over the prairie towards the beloved city, Joseph said that "if they come beyond a certain place, we will open fire upon them."

The army came on almost to the spot designated by Joseph, and on a sudden they all turned and ran pell mell back to their camp, declaring that they saw too many thousands of soldiers to think of attacking the city.

Brother Joseph said that he saw, before he made the remark about opening fire upon them, between them and the army, one of the three Nephites with a drawn sword; and when the army turned and ran back he saw the three Nephites near the same place armed for battle. The hosts that the three had with them were undoubtedly exposed to the view of the army by the power of God, and were called "thousands of soldiers," from whom they fled.

It was in 1842 or 1843, at Nauvoo, that Joseph Smith the Prophet had such a time with his horse, when our Sunday meetings were held in a grove, back of the printing office on the river bank.

Meeting had closed and the people were standing around in groups, or leisurely strolling towards home, when the Prophet, driving his own team, with his wife Emma and Sister Dibble occupying the back seat, started from the grounds and had gone perhaps four rods when suddenly one of the horses became wild and frantic—rearing and plunging, squirming from side to side.

Emma said to Sister Dibble, "Let us jump out.""

Joseph said, "Sit still!"

Bystanders were attracted by the singular freaks of Joseph's most re-

liable team and hurried to render any assistance they could.

Sister Emma not wishing again to disturb Joseph with any remark, nudged Sister Dibble, and suggested by her looks and motions that she proposed to jump.

She obeyed and started to jump from the carriage, but received from the Prophet a short, quick reply,

"Keep still!"

Just then men were on both sides of the carriage, and out the ladies went into somebody's arms, leaving Joseph alone.

As soon as alone he turned the team this way and that way—right and left, gently touching them with the whip, to convince himself, bystanders and the horses, that he was master of the situation.

The ladies rode home in another carriage. When all were at home, the Prophet told them that he saw an animal about the size of a wildcat with terrible claws, light onto the horse that had acted so badly, and if they had done as he told them he could have managed all right, but he had no help, no one to unite with him, hence the power to disturb.

If they had confidingly done as he told them he would have had more power.

That freak reminds me of an incident I heard him relate just after he returned from the city of Washington, when President Martin VanBuren made his wonderful assertion that "Your cause is just but I can do nothing for you."

He said that he was one day riding with other gentlemen and some lady passengers in a stage coach, all closely packed inside, secure from the weather, and the driver pulled up

at a tavern, tied his lines to the boot (driver's seat) and went in.

Those coaches were great cumbersome things; high tops, decked over, with railing on, where mail sacks and trunks were carried sometimes, and sometimes passengers rode up there. The driver's seat was in front so high that the top of the coach formed a little support to his back.

Almost as soon as the driver was in the house, the horses struck out on a run—four high-spirited animals with no one to guide them—they fortunately kept the road. Ladies screamed and gentlemen attempted to jump out.

The Prophet quieted them and told them all to "keep still," and he would stop the team. So up he went onto the coach and down into the driver's seat—horses all the while making the best time they could—got hold of the lines and guiding the horses gently pulled them into a trot, turned around to hunt the driver, or wait for his coming.

The people in that coach *did as he told them*, and he soon had the team under control.

How many men among the sixty millions of inhabitants of these United States could perform such an act even if they had the courage to undertake it.

Springville, Utah, October 15, 1890.

IN THIS department, we desire to insert such testimonies of the power of faith and the healing of the sick, as may seem right and wise. We invite all to contribute to this, and we will, I am sure, be surprised to find there is so much faith and power among us as there is. It is customary

to look upon these things as belonging to the early days of the Church, but I can testify in all truth that there is as much efficacy in the laying on of hands for the recovery of the sick as ever existed in this gospel. Send along your little testimonies, and you will be happily surprised when you see them in cold print, to find the great resemblances between these latter healings and the early miraculous occurrences of the church.

I remember hearing our precious Aunt Zina tell how she had been afflicted with the toothache for many years, it remaining sometimes for months with no cessation. Finally, she was once worn out with it, and sent for the elders to come and rebuke it, saying she never wanted it to return. The administration was performed, and from that day to this she has never had the toothache again. And, too, she yet has most of her teeth remaining. At the time of her healing she was twenty-nine years old. Another lady heard her tell the same story. She thought she wished she only had such faith. Ever since she was a girl of ten years she had suffered off and on with the worst form of toothache. She did indeed try to exercise faith to be healed at various times, but with only temporary success. One day she was utterly discouraged and worn out, for she had done every thing, even to having a tooth extracted, to be relieved of the terrible pain, but all in vain. She sat in her room, in great pain and misery. Suddenly she remembered she, too, was just twenty-nine years old, and she resolved to send for some of the best elders she could get, and see if her faith would be as great as was Aunt Zina's. Her husband

called in two elders, and together they administered to the afflicted one. She was healed at once, and what is far better she received the same permanent gift that had been bestowed upon Sister Zina, and was never again so tormented.

Speaking of the toothache reminds me of a certain little boy whose grandma had been suffering for a day or so with this, and had tried several ineffectual remedies. Her little grandson, four years of age, went into her room where she lay suffering, and said softly,

"Gran'ma, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, pray for me, Joey."

The little fellow climbed up on the bed, and in baby words, asked the Lord to "bless gran'ma, and make her well."

Two or three times the prayer was repeated, and then bending down to the dear, soft cheek of his grandma, he whispered softly,

"Never mind, gran'ma, you'll be all well in the moghgin. Now just you see, you will be all well in the moghgin."

The next morning proved the truth of the little prophet's words. As soon as his hands were off her head, the cheek commenced to swell, and in an hour, the pain had become bearable, and by morning had entirely disappeared.

One other case comes to my mind :

"What do you do for the toothache?" asked one sister of another. "Oh," was the reply, "we are just old fashioned enough over here in our house, to use consecrated oil, and the administration of the priesthood for even the toothache."

The visiting sister asked her friend

if she and her mother would bless her and give her some oil to put on a cotton for her complaint. It was done, and the affliction disappeared and has not since returned.

These cases are not in any way very remarkable or unusual, but they have come to my hearing, and I cite them, that you may know what we desire of

you, my young friends and readers, to send here to fill up this department. We will all be not only interested in these recitals, but our faith will be strengthened and we will be incited to live nearer and nearer that great fountain of truth, perfect health and pure faith.

◁ OUR GIRLS ▷

All Communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

Y. L. M. I. A. OFFICERS' MEETING.

SALT LAKE CITY,

Oct. 5th, 4:30 p. m.

THE officers of the Y. L. M. I. A. convened at the residence of Counselor Maria Y. Dougal. Prayer by President M. E. Teasdale of Juab Stake. Roll call showed Box Elder, Davis, Juab, Cassia, Salt Lake, Tooele and Utah Stakes represented by their respective Stake Presidents; Cache and Parowan by Counselors; Bear Lake, Beaver, Sevier, St. Johns and Weber by delegates. The verbal reports were short and sweet.

The programmes formulated by stake boards were diversified and comprehensive, showing directive talent of a high order. These programmes should be in the hands of the general board.

Counselor M. Y. Dougal, in an impressive manner, called attention to the subject of testimonies, that these should be secured early. Many have not a testimony of the truth of this work, and without it they are not safe, with the temptations that surround us upon every hand. One association reported its members all young married women.

This is as it should be; they should become burning, shining lights in showing forth the holiness of the relations they sustain as daughters, sisters, wives and mothers in Israel.

Further remarks tended to the suppression of envy and jealousy, to the cultivation of that unity and oneness in which the strength of Israel consists.

Counselor M. H. Tingey spoke upon the subject of admitting girls under the age of fourteen as members of the Y. L. M. I. A. A suggestion that they might work in both associations was not approved, as the tendency was to make them careless in the Primary while the services of workers should be utilized by the President and Counselors of the Primary Associations, and their efficiency in the lower should be a badge of honor when they became members of the Y. L. M. I. A. What followed was to the purpose in advice and exhortation.

Editor S. Y. Gates expressed herself as heart-whole in regard to the work of the kingdom under the control of the Y. L. M. I. A. The Magazine is your own financially and spir-

itually. In it the thoughts of our young writers worth crystallization should be gathered. The best essays should be forwarded by the central Stake Boards to the President of the General Board. A brief outline of the rise, progress and future prospectus of the Magazine was given. Its continuance is a certainty if supported by the Y. L. M. I. A.

President E. S. Taylor stated that the JOURNAL was creditable, there is no disappointment when compared with any publication in the territory. Let us sustain the same. It has the sanction and approval of the First Presidency. Crude talent is to be brought to the front and encouraged. You should report the number of magazines taken in the various stakes. Also send in your programmes that they may be studied for suggestions. The Secretary Mary E. Cook is to prepare written instructions for keeping uniform accounts. Learn what is right and maintain it, for in union is strength.

Those who have been giving much attention to the Book of Mormon will do well to prove the same subjects from the Bible, learning the references and vice versa.

Benediction.

M. E. COOK,
Secretary of Central Board.

THE nose of a small boy had been put out of joint by the advent of a baby brother with tremendous lung power. "Did little brother come from heaven, ma?" he asked.

"Yes, dear."

He listened to little brother's yells and said, "I don't blame the angels for bouncing him, do you, ma?"

Y. L. M. I. CONFERENCE OF BOX ELDER STAKE.

THE quarterly conference of the Y. L. M. I. Association of Box Elder Stake of Zion convened in the Tabernacle September 10th, 1890, 10 a. m. After opening exercises the following programme was carried out. *The Fulfillment of Prophecy*. 1st "Prophecy fulfilled" by Ella Jensen. 2nd "Prophecy unfulfilled" by Mary Baird. An Essay by Maggie Rouehr on the subject of Sacrifice. The next exercise was a Vocal selection. All were interesting and excellent. Sister Mattie Tingey said: I am pleased to meet with the sisters of Brigham City. I feel that the M. I. Associations are accomplishing much good; I know that God lives; whatever we attempt to do, let us first call upon Him for His aid, and I know He will assist us; always choose our best language when we approach Him. Prayer should not be a form of speech; let it come from the heart. Referred to the Essay on Sacrifice; it is through sacrifice we are enabled to live our religion. Let each one try to find out what their mission is upon earth. Seek the Lord that He might show us where we can do the most good. How would we feel to leave this earth if we could not meet our God with a clear conscience. May the Lord bless you, and may you be stirred up to a realizing sense of your duties. President Elmina S. Taylor: I sometimes think I am too aged to labor among the Y. L. I feel you would prefer a younger person to preside over you. But as long as the authorities feel to keep me in this position I will do the best I can. I always love to come to Brigham City, there seems to be a peaceful influence here. The tempter is ever on our

track, particularly when we are trying to do good. We all form good resolutions and that is when he is on the alert. Spoke briefly upon sacrifice, We love ourselves and it is hard for us to make sacrifice, but for every one we make for duty we will be rewarded. Referred to the Y. W. JOURNAL. Strongly urged those who had literary talent to contribute to it, also try and sustain the JOURNAL by your subscriptions just as much as you can. Read the articles upon dress, cultivate cleanliness and manifest good taste in your dress, particularly at home. And above all be virtuous, your virtue should be dearer to you than life itself. Shun a man who would try to rob you of it, for he is debased. May God bless you all.

Sister Lillie Freeze: My dear sisters, I have been blessed by meeting with you. I appreciate your officers, your president and her counselors. I know your president manifests an interest in you. I feel to say God bless you, and may we have an enjoyable time this afternoon.

President M. J. Snow then said that the four wards had kindly prepared lunch for those who lived a long distance away.

Meeting adjourned until 2 p. m. Singing, "All is well," etc. Benediction by Bro. Crawford.

2 p. m. conference opened with usual exercises. The first exercise was a lecture on Woman's Influence, by Emma Vance. Maggie Widerborg favored the congregation with a very charming vocal selection. A well prepared essay on the subject of Sacrifice was next read by Hannah Olsen. An essay on Cheerfulness was the next by a sister from Bear River city, it was also an excellent article.

Sister Lillie Freeze: It makes me feel very weak when I know you are looking for me to instruct you; I suppose each one has offered up a prayer that they might hear such things that they needed most. We must gain knowledge: we cannot be saved in ignorance. It is an easy matter to float down the stream. We have our Church works before us. How necessary it is for us to read them! I am pleased with the subjects of your essays and lectures, there has not been an article written, but what is worthy to be copied in our JOURNAL. We should post ourselves regarding the prophecies that have been predicted. I will mention one in particular that was uttered by the Prophet Joseph Smith, he said the time would come when none but the women of the Latter-day Saints would be willing to bear children. I would advise those only to marry who would be willing to take the responsibility of raising a family. Be guarded in your conduct, it is by degrees that the ruin of a great many young girls has been accomplished; were it in an instant it might be obviated. Quoted from the Scriptures: "Be ye not unequally yoked together." Use your influence to try to convert the young men. I trust they are properly taught regarding their duties and warned against the great sin of adultery. Make marriage a matter of prayer; look for a man who is worthy to take you through the temple. I trust you will never marry outside of the holy covenant; it would be an injury to your posterity, you would rob them of a birth-right. May God bless you and inspire you to remember what you have heard.

A quartette was next rendered by

Minnie J. Snow, Emma Vance, Etta Madsen and Ray Evans.

Sister Mattie Tingey: I feel you are honored by having the Stake Presidency with you, it is something we do not often have. What a great thing it is to have the spirit of discernment, for we are surrounded by men who have no other desire than to ruin our daughters. I think it very necessary to seek for that gift. Spoke of a method of healing the afflicted called Christian science, where people can be healed by the force of will. You can rest assured it is the counterfeit for they do not give God the glory. Related two instances of healing, one by Christian science and the other by the faith of Latter-day Saints. Let mothers give their sons and daughters proper counsel at home. Woman's influence is greatly felt in every sphere of life, her highest ambition should be to become a wise mother. Advocated the preservation of health very strongly. Let us appreciate our bodies, keep them clean and pure. We ask you to assist us in occupying these positions, for we feel it a great duty.

President Clawson: The Spirit of God is here, and should be with us under all circumstances; we have heard nothing but words of encouragement and kindness. I feel that the counsel our visitors have given the Y. L. was what they most needed. Whatever you undertake to do, do it well; if you write an essay give it your best thoughts. Every Y. L. should try to be a thorough house-keeper, also try to become a thorough mother, teach your children obedience. Be a thorough L. D. S. Spoke on the spirit of discernment. Every one here brought an influence with her and I do not

think there is one that brought a bad influence. What a great thing it would be for the world to be better off for our being in it! He then presented the Stake officers of the Y. L. Emma Vance as 1st counselor and Ray Evans as recording secretary, were selected to fill the two vacancies; were unanimously sustained.

President M. J. Snow announced a meeting of the officers in the evening at 7 o'clock. Said she felt that President Clawson had spoken the feelings of all. We are very grateful to our brethren for visiting us. Conference adjourned for three months. Singing, "Ye ransomed of our God." Benediction by Counselor Kelly.

Wednesday evening Sept. 9th 1890. A special meeting of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Box Elder Stake, convened at the home of the president, M. J. Snow.

After the opening prayer and hymn, "O my Father, Thou that dwellest," etc., a calm, sweet influence prevailed bearing testimony that the noble and exalted spirit of our beloved Sister E. R. Snow was present.

Sister Elmina S. Taylor, our worthy president, was so pleased to meet with the young ladies. Desired to hear from all present. A willing obedience was cheerfully manifested. Each expressed a love for the cause of truth and a desire to do right.

Sister Lillie Freeze said by meeting together we learn the excellence of each other. In spiritual duties we learn to rely upon the Lord. Thought the young ladies present had "chosen the better part." If we live our religion we will escape great judgment. Our natural tendency is downward. We must put off our carnal natures. Quoted, "They that love the Lord,

meet together often." No women on earth are preparing for works of salvation as are the L. D. S. Sister Lillie broke forth in one of the gifts of the gospel. All kneeling, a prayer was offered, President E. S. Taylor being mouth.

Sister Lillie then for the first time exercised the gift of interpretation to the words and song she uttered. Through which great promises and choice blessings were pronounced upon all present.

Sister Mattie Tingey had always asked the Lord to assist her to perform the great duty of acting as counselor to so noble a president as Sister Taylor; felt she was the right woman in the right place. Never yield to temptation. Our calling is an exalted one. We have been strengthened by meeting together.

Sister Mattie won the esteem of our young ladies by her congeniality.

President Elmina S. Taylor: I tell you, young ladies, you are the nobility of the earth, not the scum. I have felt weak in striving to magnify my holy calling: you have strengthened me. The Lord is mindful of you, be not discouraged, seek Him for assistance. How gloriously He has blessed us! May we prize this day's divine favor. Strive to keep the commandments of our Heavenly Father and you will never falter by the way-side. I bless you all.

Sister Lillie Freeze, Sister Taylor and Amelia Graehl each testified that Sister Minnie Snow was a superior woman. Her mind is ever exercised for the welfare and advancement of the Y. L. She has been tried and proven—is the "right woman in the right place." Appreciate her faithful

labors and aid her, sisters, in fulfilling the duties of her onerous position.

After a few concluding remarks by President M. J. Snow all joined in singing "The spirit of God," etc. Sister Mattie Tingey pronounced the benediction, and all dispersed with hearts overflowing with love and gratitude for the blessings attending our sisters' visit and to disseminate the precious influence in their various fields of labor.

RAY EVANS Cor. Sec.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

CLARA ROGERS.

AS CHILDREN of our God, we know,
'Tis pleasing in His sight,
To honor, love and ever try
To treat the aged right.

Thy father and thy mother
Thou shouldst always try to please—
Make their declining years to them
Happy and full of ease.

O often do my childhood's days
Come flying back to me,
And in the visions of the past
My mother's face I see.

How often has she chided me
(I'm now ashamed to own,)
For faults that in me she could see,
In gentle, kindly tone!

If we could all as daughters true
Our mothers' goodness see,
Appreciate their priceless worth,
How pleasing it would be!

How often, as I sit alone
Beside my fireside bright,
And think of dear ones far away,
Tears come to dim my sight!

For I can see where many times
I've grieved my mother dear,
By being wilful, wayward, wild,
Advice I would not hear.

And often now I sit and think,
O could I but retake
A careless word that once I said !
But now, it is too late.

Remember, girls, your mother dear
Won't always be with you ;
So treat her kindly while you can,
Have nothing then to rue.

FIDELITY.

THE whole fabric of society is cemented together with the principle of faith. Mutual trust is the very life of nations and of men. Commerce can be carried on by consignor and consignee thousands of miles apart only by confidence, and the honesty and integrity of others. There is nothing more disastrous or deplorable than a fractured faith. If we lose material things, we may regain them by renewed energy; but in a moral sense it takes a long time to regain lost confidence. He who has lost the glory of fidelity cannot make amends for its absence by the acquisition of any other virtue, like he can in material things, substitute one kind of commodity for another. It is the faithful servant that is honored, rewarded and loved the best. Fidelity is real faithfulness; it is, also, a disposition to adhere to that faith that others repose in us. There are many testing seasons of fidelity, both in youth and old age. There are times when self-pleasure and self-aggrandizement strongly tempt to fickleness; it may be that some temporary advantage stares us in the face if we will give up our friends or change our pursuits; and at such times we are tempted to be unfaithful to our friendships or our responsibilities; but success gained by fickleness is really peace lost.

The lack of fidelity is one of the worst vices, for it is sly and not open. Examples may be seen in the betrayal of Christ by Judas, in the jealousy exhibited toward the Prophet Joseph Smith, the desire to precipitate bloodshed in Nauvoo by the Laws and Higbees and in the surrender of West Point to the English by the traitor Arnold.

Fidelity is beautiful, even when seen in the lower creation. Dumb animals have often proved faithful unto death. The bird has sickened and died at the loss of its mate, and the dog has been found brave enough to plunge into the wild surfs of the sea or to encounter the fiercest attacks of robber bands to save its master. How much more beautiful, however, is fidelity when manifested in moral or responsible beings, in the plighted troth which misfortune cannot weaken, in the constancy to principle which temptation cannot shake, and in the respect to the just claims of others which nothing can set aside. We find examples of this kind of fidelity in the cases of those who watched at the tomb of our Savior and in the soldiers during the Revolutionary War. The soldiers were offered plenty of food, clothes and money by the English agents if they would forsake their officers and refuse to fight against the English forces; but none of them would listen to the shameful proposal. Also in the bribery of the generals to betray their country. How noble the reply of General Joseph Reed of Philadelphia when offered fifty thousand dollars if he would forsake his country's cause: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me." In the case of the Prophet

Joseph and his brother Hyrum, after they had crossed the Mississippi River for the purpose of departing to the Rocky Mountains, they being accused of cowardice, returned to Nauvoo, Joseph remarked, "We are going back to be butchered." In reply Hyrum said, "If we live or die we will be reconciled to our fate." The lives of these two great men contain many examples of fidelity. Striking examples of this virtue are also seen in many of the present time, who have suffered imprisonment rather than deny their wives and children. Fidelity applies to manifold affairs, family confidence, commercial enterprise, religious principle, social affections and public duties. The secret of many disasters is often found in unfaithfulness.

Y. L. M. I. A. CONFERENCE OF UTAH STAKE.

A CONFERENCE of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Utah Stake convened in Provo, August 30, 1890, beginning at 2 p. m. After the usual opening exercises, the Stake President Mrs. Zina Lyons, called for reports. The First Ward, Provo, Spanish Fork, Lake Shore, Payson, Santaquin, Goshen, Pleasant Grove and Lehi, responded through proper representatives. Mrs. Lyons felt surprised to find no representation from the other four wards of Provo. She had just returned from a trip around the county, and was pleased to record the good and efficient work being done.

The resignations of Mrs. Lyons' two counsellors Mrs. H. B. Daniels and Mrs. G. S. Cheaver were read and accepted with an added vote of thanks for past, effective work. Miss Ida

Coombs, and Mrs. Ellen B. Jones were chosen and sustained to fill the two vacant places. President Elmira S. Taylor was pleased to see so many present, but gave the officers a forcible lecture on being alive to their duties and requirements. Advised all to seek and obtain that necessary and glorious testimony, without which we would do little permanent good to ourselves or to others. Seek such a character as will make you honored before God and men. Be careful whom you choose for husbands, for if they are not of your faith, your misery will only be increased as years fade into the great eternal day.

Sister Lillie Freeze spoke at length with all the eloquence and pathos so eminently characteristic of this truly lovely lady. After the close of this sister's remarks, the meeting was adjourned until 7 p. m. The benediction was pronounced by Evelyn Billings.

In the evening, the meeting was opened in the usual manner, and Sister Lillie Freeze was called to address the congregation, which she did by attesting to the girls the great value and power of prayer. Impressing upon them the beauty and grace of a life of love, sympathy, and charity. Urging the importance of humble prayer in the choice of a companion for life, quoting as an example, the selection of the wife of Isaac, by prayer and inspiration. If a girl were as reckless as to marry out of the Church, would not her defrauded children arise and curse the mother who brought them into the world out of the new and everlasting covenant. The speaker drew a vivid illustration of the similitude of the outside world and its pleasures to a frozen river, with its polished surface and undercurrent of

filth and dark corruption. She closed her remarks with one of the gifts of the gospel, which was interpreted by Sister Lucy B. Young. The sentiment was, that the day was not far distant when we would mingle together in the temples of God, and clothed in the bridal robe, go forth to meet our Savior and Redeemer. Sister Young added a few words, advising them to heed the counsel that had been given them, or they would be held responsible.

Sister Taylor testified to the presence of angels in the meeting, and said that God would hold each one of us responsible for the course taken in regard to the counsel thus given. Satan knew the time was short, and was exerting his whole influence to blind the daughters of Zion.

Sister Lyons added a few earnest, heartfelt remarks in her own simple, fervent manner, and adjourned the meeting for six months with the customary exercise. Benediction by Sister Stewart.

EVELYN BILLINGS, Sec.

BACKBITING.

MAY WEBB.

BACKBITING is one of the most unlady-like habits ever indulged in by the daughters of Zion. If a lady is a true lady this one evil habit she will avoid. There are other things that will tend to elevate you in the sight of God and man if you will employ your spare moments in that direction, in the study of good books and seeking after a knowledge of God's attributes; and the way in which he has marked out for our walk

while here on earth, and in seeking after all good things that will make ladies of you, and faithful followers of Christ.

Is there anything more admired and beloved by all than a young lady that always speaks well of her friends, and tries to please others as well as herself. Not the one that greets you with a smile and a kiss, then turns around to talk of and magnify your failings to all that will listen.

Let us compare these two young ladies, and while doing so, let us examine their dispositions. The first has kind, lovable and fascinating characteristics. Has a kind word of hope and encouragement for the poor and afflicted, soothes the sorrow of the sad heart, and has a word of praise for those that are ever doing their duty, and invariably speaks kindly of all whom she meets; hence, does good generally.

The second is very polite, addresses you in a very pleasant and agreeable manner. Yet her disposition is to talk and tell all she knows about her late neighbor and how very mean she is, etc. (and sorry to say, sometimes tells more than she knows). A person of this style is often in trouble and creating a disturbance among her companions and friends. Hence she is an enemy to herself and all with whom she may associate. Then, girls, remember it is better to keep quiet unless you can say something good about a person. All commence trying to avoid things that will do you no good. When tempted to sit down and talk and say evil things about one another, stop and think, Is that right? No, I must not do such things, it is not right. Then turn your back upon Satan, and commence the study of

something that will do you some good, enlighten your minds and help you through all difficulties relative to this life. You will then be enabled to gain for yourselves eternal life in the presence of God "the giver of all good and perfect gifts."

The members of the Y. L. M. I. A. anticipate a glorious resurrection where all may have the privilege of again meeting with those who have gone before and are worthy to dwell in the presence of their Maker. Then, young ladies, every one of you should try to gain all that is promised to the faithful.

You can do this by commencing with your little faults first; try to overcome them one at a time. With the assistance of the Lord you will accomplish your purpose, and He will help you if you ask Him in faith and simplicity of heart. Then keep trying every day of your lives to improve, and each day will bring you your reward.

Eventually success will crown your efforts and you will be permitted to return to the presence of Him who dwells on high and overrules all things for our good.

◁ DRESS. ▷

FALL DRESSES.

THE plaids and checks are as popular and more so than in the spring and summer. They are used in combination usually, with plain woolens, velvets and silks. There are so many pretty plaids as well as plain goods manufactured by our own home mills, and the quality is so superior that it seems very easy to keep this one unwritten law of our Church, viz. to wear our own manufacture whenever possible. I hear some mischievous and quick witted girl say, "why do you tell us to wear home-made, when our fathers and brothers never think of such a thing?" Well, my dears, you cannot tie up your faith even to your fathers, good as they may be, that which is right for you to do, is right, if no one else in this world does the same. And even if your quiet, persistent course in this direction should be the first thing to recall your good father's attention

to the fact that he was delinquent in one of the vital principles of our religion; well, in such a case you will know that it is not the first time that a woman has set a man thinking as to his neglected duties.

The other day I went into one of our stores and asked for some dress-goods. The obliging clerk showed me some very nice pieces, and I inquired, "Are these home-made?" "No, indeed, madam. They are directly from the east." On further inquiry I learned that it was little or no use for the stores to get the home-made articles, they are not wanted by the sisters who keep the stores alive. Indeed, this clerk told me that if a lady fancied a piece of goods and found out it was home-made, it generally happened that she would refuse to take it, preferring the imported.

It made me stop and think. What is our duty in these matters? Have we become exempt in some occult manner

from the covenants we made in the time of the United Order?

I resolved to think more about the matter than I had done, and to talk more about it. Now will you do the same? And let us see what is the right course for us to take in this thing? If any of you will send your thoughts on the subject, to this Journal, it will serve to make food for the minds of us all, and we can perhaps arrive at the proper conclusion.

To return to the fashions. At present they are generally very simple and pretty. Skirts are made with a plain back and some little draping across the front. When the material is a plaid, the cloth is laid bias across the front of the skirt, and the basque is arranged in a Frenchy bias manner that looks very smart and girlish.

When velvet is used to trim the basque, the two side forms will be of the velvet, as well as the sleeves. There is a decided tendency to so accentuate the sleeves that they seem the motif, or key to the whole of the costume. Puffs, and all sorts of puffy arrangements still elevate the sleeve of the fashionable gown to ridiculous heights, and sometimes when I see this particularly pronounced, I am reminded of the boy's salutation to the little man under the big hat, "Hat, where are you going with that man?"

Hats are as varied as faces. And one need only study one's own features and wear that which is becoming and she is all right. Even the high pointed crown of the English walking hat has been revived by some of our ultra fashionable ladies in Salt Lake City.

HOUSE AND HOME.

HOME MAKING.

HOSPITALITY.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

AMONG the household virtues there are none more admired (and therefore should be cultivated carefully,) than hospitality and benevolence, and we rarely find one unaccompanied by the other; they are like twin sisters, resembling each other in many particulars, yet distinct in their individuality. The one is seen, the other felt. The benevolent person has almost invariably a pleasant countenance, the hospitable one a pleasant manner and these combined under their possessor a lovable and respected person. Some countries are more proverbial than others for their hospitality to strangers, and justly so! It is generally among

the poorer classes that this noble trait of character is found in all its beautiful proportions. We hear the wealthy often spoken of as good entertainers, and that a numerous party are enjoying Mr. and Mrs. so and so's hospitality. This sounds well, but what does it amount to, simply that they know, and expect that their guests will invite them in return and repay the compliment in full. From such homes the poor are often driven away hungry.

Among the wealthy classes in some countries, England for one, the girls are taught, when mere children, how to arrange and decorate the guest chambers, and by these means hospitality and kindly feelings are cultivated and encouraged.

They are taught to place in the rooms designed for visitors, everything needful for comfort and convenience. In summer to place fresh flowers upon the toilet, and writing table, and in winter to see that fires are provided, and cozy chairs placed near them so that the guests on entering will see they were expected and their comfort studied. Only those who have visited such a home, after a long and tedious journey can tell how soothing and restful it is to be shown into such a room. This is one form of hospitality, and a very pleasant one it is, but it is doubtful if as much happiness has been given and received in those luxurious homes as in the cottage of a poor settler in a new country, when a wagon stops at the door and a family tired and weary, from jolting over a rough prairie, alight and ask if they can stay the night and are met by a cheery, yes, are bade to enter, room made for them near the fire, while the housewife hastens to place upon the table such food as their home affords. Or when some poor traveler with his bedding upon his back, asks for a meal, and is invited in and a meal given to him, without a question being asked as to his country or creed. This is true benevolence, perfect hospitality. Many people argue that this indiscriminate hospitality is unwise, and encourages tramps. This is to some extent true, but it is far better that twenty underserving people should be fed than that one who is in need should be sent away uncared for; and how can we judge, who knows but we may turn from our door an angel in disguise, some day. Another form of hospitality or inhospitality is often met with among a class who are neither so wealthy as the former or as poor as

the latter classes alluded to. Generally these people are quite willing to accept the hospitality of a settler or a farmer, when traveling but are careful never to return it. If they should chance to meet their entertainers in their neighborhood they will not recognize them.

We can readily understand which are the happiest people. We know a woman, who is said never to have turned a human being from the door unfed, and one night last winter a family consisting of a mother and several small children, accompanied by a youth, her brother, were overtaken by a storm some three miles from this person's house, the children were cold and hungry, the storm too severe for them to camp out, the poor mother was in despair, but the youth assured her they were but a short distance from a place where they would be sure of a welcome, and would be made to feel at home. They found his promise well fulfilled, he had been there and had no fear about the reception they would have. The family and their team were made comfortable, and their hostess said no thanks or pay could have been as welcome to her as the youth's remark, viz:

"When we get there we shall feel right at home," for it told her that she was what she tried to be, motherly and hospitable.

Another, and perhaps this is the worst form in which the lack of hospitable feeling shows itself, is when people invite others to visit them, when they neither wish or expect them to do so. And this is only too often met with among what are called well-to-do people. It is certainly the lowest and meanest form in which *inhospitality* can be displayed.

It is intended to deceive and mislead people as to their real character, but it soon becomes known, and they are treated accordingly.

These people who seldom receive or entertain visitors, are usually those who expect to be well treated when traveling or visiting acquaintances, for of friends they have few, that is true friends.

It is due to ourselves and our acquaintances that we never invite them, unless we mean what we say. No sensible person will feel hurt if not invited, for he will concede the right of every one to choose his own guests, but he will hold in contempt those who invite him, and then make it manifest by their demeanor, that they did not mean what they said. The example these people set before their children is of the very worst kind: it teaches them deception and insincerity, and above all distrust of their own parents, for they do not know when they mean what they say or when they do not.

COOKING RECIPES.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

TO COOK YOUNG PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

PRAIRIE chickens, when young, as well as partridge and grouse are best broiled, while the older birds are better roasted, or stewed.

Split the bird down through the back, lay it open upon the gridiron, sprinkle with pepper, salt and a little flour, and serve upon hot toast.

Another good and easy way is to steam them until tender then put them in a roasting pan, baste with butter and water, to which add a little salt and pepper, cook until of a delicate brown, and serve with melted butter.

FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN OR PARTRIDGE.

Cut up and thoroughly wash the birds, put in saucepan with sufficient hot water just to cover them, remove all scum as it rises, cook until tender, thicken the gravy with flour, and water, season with pepper and salt. Have ready, hot biscuits split and laid on a dish, pour the meat and gravy over them and send to the table very hot.

Young pigeons or squabs can be cooked and served in the same way as above.

Wild ducks may also be cooked as above but must be soaked in salt water for an hour before cooking and when ready to serve omit the bread crumbs and biscuits.

TO ROAST PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

Full grown birds are equally as good when roasted as either pheasants or partridges. Wipe the bird quite dry after washing, rub inside and out with salt, put in a roasting pan with a cup full of hot water and two ounces of butter, put a slice of fat pork on each bird, have a good fire when about forty minutes will cook them, though of course much depends on size of bird. Serve with a plain, brown gravy. Garnish with cress or parsley. If liked, fill the birds with dressing the same as we would chicken.

VENISON CHOPS.

Dip the chops in melted butter, and broil over a clear fire, turn often so that every portion is thoroughly cooked, season with pepper and salt. Put into a saucepan a cupful of hot water, a tablespoonful of currant jelly, half a dozen whole pepper corns, two cloves, heat well together until the jelly is dissolved, then place the chops in the saucepan on the side of the stove for ten minutes, serve with the sauce poured over them.

◁HYGIENE.▷

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG WOMEN
OF ZION.

FROM A GRADUATED OBSTETRICIAN.

My dear beloved Young Sisters in Zion:

A GAIN I have a few spare moments, to sit down and converse with you,—young women of Zion—upon the subject which must occupy my mind, “the welfare of this people, to whom, I am happy to say, that I belong, and where the interest of my whole soul is buried.” I realize that my letters are not interesting to the masses of the young women, because, the style in which they are written, is not in accordance with the spirit of our time—but I also realize—that we need more plain food than what we usually get, and that it takes one like me, a plain, simple, country woman to put it on the table; because, the higher educated, and more refined ladies would not have the nerve to appear; inviting the guests to sit down, and partake.

You have an abundance of noble, pure counsels and advices, and warnings given to you, for your guidance, as time passes along, and though, we can see what a struggle it is, even for the most earnest, to live accordingly, in the line marked out for us, and the thinking mind must exclaim: Oh! how can it be, that it is such a struggle to live a pure life? And we will answer one another, trying to soothe the weary mind. Oh! it is because we are all the time surrounded of all these evil spirits and power, which are trying to ensnare our minds and draw us away from the path of truth and righteousness.

That is true, sisters; but it is produc-

ed or accomplished on natural grounds, that we are subjects to these evil influences.

There is a different soil in the different individuals, and the seed sown, whether it is good or bad, does not always find the proper soil for its growth. We say, there is a difference in our spirits before we came here, some were more noble than others, that is also true, but I also believe, that there is a certain responsibility resting upon us, being the instruments in the hands of God, to prepare suitable dwelling places for these spirits, “whether it is before their earthly birth or after.” This is the part given us, and whether we will accept it, or not, the responsibility will be left with us. God has given us perfect laws whereby to be guided and if we will heed them we will be able to resist the evil spirits and powers which surround us, and be justified before our merciful Father, on a coming day, for the course we have taken.

We are liable to be very superficial—sweep lightly over the tops of subjects when we criticise. It was good to be a little more thoughtful, a little more slow to consider, examine always from the bottom, and we would see many things in a different light, from what we do today.

As I consider my letters addressed especially to the young married women of Zion, or those who in a near future will be counted among them, I would say to you, the reformation of the world, the millennium of purity to be ushered in is in your hand, you, who shall bear the souls of great men and women in the kingdom of our

God, will you make the proper preparation? Will you? Will you do your part, that it shall not be such a struggle for your sons and daughters to live a pure life, as it is for us?

Will you be the governor of the grandest gifts of property God ever blessed you with, "your body," that you can invite the noble spirits of God to a suitable dwelling-place in the nine months you shall carry them under your heart? "Will you, not only be the governor of your body in these nine months but in the following nine months 'when you nurse them,' that you may have the blessed privilege, to establish a pure and virtuous character in the new and blessed being?" Will you sacrifice your habits, passions and desires which would tend to establish a character to the contrary? Remember, young mothers, these last nine months we spoke about, are almost the last chance you have to form the character of your child, until then, they are in your care altogether, and you will be the responsible party.

As I said, the true reformation of mankind is in your hand, all the educational institutions in the world, all the benevolent, industrial and reform societies, all the temperance societies, and all the divines in the world, combined and working harmoniously together, cannot do as much in a lifetime of effort, in the elevation of mankind, as can a mother in nine months of "pre-natal" efforts. This is an important assertion, and yet is one that has law, right, and God on its side.

This is the period of time, according to my ideas, where the foundation for a pure, virtuous life should be laid down, and it would not be such a

struggle to rear the children to become virtuous and pure, as it is now.

Yes, says the earnest soul, I can see this must be true, but, how can it be accomplished, oh, how can it? I am a married woman how could I be the governor of my body? I have so much work to do, and so many heavy trials to endure, that my mind, soul and body almost crush to the ground in despair. My body, or physical health, is ruined, I am never well, and the burden and task connected with the carrying of these blessed children, creates in me a desire to escape, oh! what shall I do? This is the condition of the earnest soul.

Yes, what shall be done? There is only one way by which to escape, these, we now call such heavy ordeals, and by the escape, be justified in the sight of our holy Father,—and that is —"live, the laws of a strict continent life." This is the first step to be taken, and you will find out the unspeakable blessings connected with it. How few there are who realize the holiness of a continent life, and the necessity of obeying its laws, and what is the result of not obeying them? It is unlimited, and could not be expressed here in these lines, but the standard women occupy today (physically) is one of the evils it has brought about, and that one, creates a multitude of others.

That the misuse of the reproductive element in man is the underlying cause of much of the sickness, suffering, and premature death of mankind, is a fact, standing out sharply, as it does, on the record of the world's progress, can not well be controverted. That the misuse, and its sad consequences are due to ignorance of the laws of continence, is, I think without

doubt, for though there are many who knowingly break the laws that govern their organization, yet, I hope the majority need but know these laws to follow them. There is no other law connected with the directing and governing of the human body and soul, that so affects the individual's well-fare, happiness, and success in life, as do the laws of continence, and for this reason, it deserves all the thought and argument that can be brought to bear on it.

The reproductive element, or organs in man and woman were not placed there for the sake of gratification of their passions, but for another great and divine purpose, namely: "reproduction," and if that is so, how clear it must be to every thinking person, that there must be certain laws by which it should be governed.

Is it not so, that through a life of incontinence hundreds, yes, we can say thousands of times, pregnancy is forced upon a woman, against her desire, before she in reality was prepared for it, owing to ill health, and many other causes; what can we say then, if she give away to the beautiful illustrations, whispered into her ear, some little "innocent remedies" as they will call it, by which to escape, that so much dreaded condition, they try one little innocent remedy after another, at last they succeed, though not always, to bring about, what they will call: "The work of nature," but, sad to say, at the cost of their health, and what more? A crime is committed. For behold, it is a crime, and a great one, too. I fail to see why it should not be as great a crime, to kill our offspring, when one day, or one month old, as when nine months old. Some will claim, it is no sin, as long as they

have no life. Remember it has always life, or it would never develop into a living soul.

Let us imagine now, that the woman did not succeed in bringing about the desired result, but that the germ still exists, remains and develops under what condition does its development take place? We do not need to ask any further when we know, that the state of mind, thoughts, actions, of the mother while carrying her child, necessarily affects it, and is stamped in its character.

We may well ask with sadness in our heart why is there so much of the wrong in life, and so little of the right? These are important questions, and yet, easy of solution, for when it comes to be understood that not more than perhaps one child in a hundred is brought into this world with the consent and loving desire of the parents, and the ninety-nine have, we might say, come by chance, and more or less endowed with the accumulated sins of the parents, is it then a wonder that there is so much sin, sickness, drunkenness, suffering, licentiousness, murder, suicide, and premature death, and so little of purity, chastity, success, godliness, happiness, and long life in this world. The reformation of the world can never be accomplished, the millennium of purity, chastity, and intense happiness can never reach the earth, except through cheerful obedience to pre-natal laws.

Excuse me sisters, my letter gets too long, I am so interested in these matters, that it draws me away too far before I know of it.

Yours in the gospel of Christ,
HANNAH SORESENSEN.

MODESTY is a guard to virtue.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE old custom of setting apart a day at the close of the season for prayer and praise to Him who makes the grain to grow and the vine to yield is at once beautiful and healthful. It is good to pause in the midst of our manifold cares and take a day to come as families together, while we sing silent praise to the Giver of all that we enjoy. But there is a feature connected with this holiday, the Thanksgiving, as well as other holidays, which I do not think consistent with our great professions and anticipations. I am aware that in what I am about to say I shall meet much opposition and possibly some derision; but my opinions on this matter are not the result of haste nor of prejudice, and I am willing to confess that time, reading, prayerful reflection and conversation with those whose judgment we as a people place first and foremost, have settled my convictions and made me anxious to help others to see and accept the light.

The fact of an approaching holiday at once suggests to everybody's mind something good to eat. It is the subject of conversation, of thought, and, in some instances, of previous deprivation, in order to load the table with the dainties and delicacies of an abundant climate on that one day. Now, "there is wisdom in all things" was never more aptly quoted than in this instance. Let us gather our arguments together in proper sequence, both pro and con, and then decide which has the weight of truth to hold down the balance. First, such reasons as "my mother has always done so," "my

friends do so," and "everybody does so," are a class of argument that has great weight with the thoughtless and the weak-minded. Then a more potent and far more sophistical reason is that the production and preparation of so many supplies and luxuries give enjoyment to a vast army of people. Another cogent reason is, that it gives untold joy to everybody lucky enough to share in the day's festivities. It breaks the monotony of every-day life, and the old quotation that God gives the good things of this world for the benefit of His children, are two arguments that are not exactly applicable to this particular subject of discussion, but two things that would undoubtedly be used with telling force by one holding this side of the question.

On the other side, following the line of the first presentation, the poor, brainless creature who tries to mould his life and actions to match someone else's notions will find himself left behind in the great march of divine truth. Tradition has always been the biggest stumbling block to the onward progress of the people of this Church. As Saints, anxious to advance and to cast aside every error and embrace every truth, we must at once throw away these foolish ways of doing things, doing them not because they are right or necessary but because our mothers did them before us.

The great question of supply and demand is too ponderous to attack in the confines of this article. I wish to say, however, that as Latter-day Saints we have no desire to follow the example of the Christian nations, who

with their pomp, pride and luxury are on the verge of that precipice over which Babylon, Greece and Rome tumbled so precipitately. Simplicity and strength are the two foundation stones of a great person or a great nation. When pride and luxury creep in, the entering wedge of destruction has already been placed. As Saints, we know we have one grand object to occupy our time in this life and to employ our energies throughout the coming Millennium—the redemption of the dead. Whatever would hinder us from rightly performing this duty is a snare and a trap that draws us from the straight path. If it occupies one woman for six months to feed and raise twenty turkeys for Thanksgiving, will not her time and health be as good if she devote that strength to the making of necessary articles for temples or those who work therein? She should be paid for her labors, and then her own habits of eating and living be simplified if necessary, that she too may find a few days in the six months to work in the temples.

This great question of clothing and eating is one that has come so near to us in our present situation that it will very speedily demand a solution at the hands of the Saints. Of this I am the more convinced from the words of our leaders in private and in public. And I do believe that the women can and will take up this question when so directed and solve this problem. At present the time of most of the Saints is completely absorbed in getting something to eat and something to wear. Few can work in temples, or, being busy with money getting, can spare a few of their greedily-earned dollars to engage help to perform their temple work.

In a talk with President Young once on this subject, or, rather, speaking of the necessity of establishing the United Order and of adopting the so-called retrenchment movement for women, he said: "The great idea is, that these temples should increase as fast as possible all over the face of the land, and then should be worked night and day. In order to have this done, men must unite and simplify their work, each man devoting his talent to the best use, and each receiving a reserve of time to labor in the temple. Likewise, the woman must be relieved from many of her onerous cares by co-operation, and such modes of life and labor must be sought as will give us all the necessary comforts of life with as little time expenditure as is possible."

The last reason given for devoting so much means and labor in preparing holiday dinners, that "it gives so much happiness to all who share therein," is one that can be as fully met by a modest display of viands, a goodly supply of cheap and healthful fruit, as if the table were crowded with big colic-inducing dishes and nightmare-provoking delicacies. The merry game, the cheerful jest, the quiet exchange of sympathy and love are luckily not dependent on mince pie nor on roast turkey. The happy home gathering may be made, the day as gleefully celebrated with a simple meal of good and easily prepared food as in the bad, old-fashioned way.

Speaking of roast beef and turkey reminds me of an eccentric man who came to my mother's house one day just as she was wringing the necks of several chickens for dinner. "Ah," said he, "when will the time come that we shall not need to take life to

sustain life?" When, indeed! Happy day when the lion and the lamb can lie down together and neither need fear the knife or the bullet of the white man. I wonder if any of my sisters will think of this saying with a little shudder as they are beheading the turkey for the Thanksgiving dinner?

In conclusion let me say, have your holiday and its dinner, by all means, it is good for both body and soul, but let your body be clothed in modest simplicity, your house be arranged in

quiet taste and your board be spread with good but simply prepared and healthful food. You will all be happier at the time, and you will all certainly be far better off as to pocket and stomach after you have dispersed to your homes. Our motto, as wives and daughters in Zion, should be, Avoid excess! To be moderate in all things is to develop all that is best and noblest within us.

There is another phase of this subject, which I shall take up at another time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HOUSEKEEPING MELODY.

SING a song of cleaning house!
Pocketful of nails;
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
Scrubbing-broom and pails.
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing—

"Just help me move this bureau, here,
And hang this picture, won't you, dear?
And tack this carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail, and screw this screw;
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And, oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain; when you're done—
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a knob put right up there;
The bureau drawer must have a knob;
And there's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you fix a bracket here?"

And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more, too.

All in a merry jingle—
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he was single? (Almost.)

IN THE WRONG OFFICE.

PEDDLER—"My dear sir, do you know how much time you lose dipping a pen into the ink? Ten dips a minute means 600 dips an hour or 6,000 dips in 10 hours, and each dip consumes—"

Business Man—"Yes, I know; I have figured it all out."

Peddler—"And yet I find you still writing in the old way."

Business Man—"Yes, I am using the fountain pen you sold me about a month ago—using it in the old way because it won't write any other way."

Peddler—"Beg pardon; I'm in the wrong office. Good-day."

IF A box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

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◁ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▷

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No. 3.



MARIA YOUNG DOUGALL.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

MARIA YOUNG DOUGALL.

"I AM sure," laughed Sister Dougall, when I went to her, pencil in hand, "you will neither require

patience nor time to say all that can possibly be said of me."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Well after you have said that I was

born and married there is little more to say. My life has flown along like a swift, smoothly running river, with no immense boulders of special incident to ruffle the surface into eventful waves."

"That may all be true, and yet we may find much that is deeply interesting; for no one reaches the place in the hearts of the Latter-day Saints you have occupied so long without some undercurrent, strong and true, of daily sacrifice and constant effort. It shall be my duty to reach and touch some of those hidden springs of character and purpose."

Many of the older inhabitants of this territory remember the house built by Pres. Young for a portion of his family, called the "old log row," which stood a little north of the old school house inside the wall which enclosed the eastern portion of Pres. Young's city dwellings. The old school house still stands to call up vivid pictures of the happy days spent in its roomy walls. But the "log row" disappeared many years ago.

Here, in the month of December on the tenth day, 1849, Clara Chase Young, gave birth to a bright-haired little girl, who was duly christened with the sensible, good, old-fashioned name of Maria. Her oldest girl was called Mary, but so skillfully were the best characteristics of the ancient women blended in the two girls, that both were Marys and both were Marthas.

Always a quiet, sensible child, the little girl still had enough temper to furnish frequent employment to the wise mother and afterwards stepmother in grafting on the strong young soul the priceless lessons of self control and patience. Temper is to the human

soul what generated power is to the machine; of incalculable value when held down by the thumbscrews of reason and will, but of equally great power if allowed to burst through the slender confinement of policy and conventionality. Happy is the child who has the lessons of restraint so strongly impressed that neither passion nor pleasure can destroy the iron castings of early training.

In 1855 a part of the President's family moved into the White house on the hill, among which was Maria's mother. A couple of years were spent in this house, and then with the rest of the family Sister Clara Chase Young moved into the nearly completed Lion House.

When the child was about seven years old, and after having been the willing mother of three girls and one son, Sister Clara C., was delivered of a still born child, and soon followed the little one to the grave. The little children were tenderly cared for by Aunts Martha B. and Margaret P. Young, wives of the President, until the year 1858, when Pres. Young requested Sister Zina D. to take the motherless children and rear them as her own. How faithfully that trust has been fulfilled none but the loving children could ever tell. One little incident well illustrates this fact.

A visitor one day came to Aunt Zina's rooms and seeing so many children playing about inquired,

"Are all these children yours?"

"Well yes; that is," replied Aunt Zina, "three of them are my own and the other four are the children of my husband."

When the visitor was gone, the little Maria looked sorrowfully up into the face of her stepmother and said,

"What did you say that for, mother? About us. I love you just as well as if you had borned me."

The name of the eldest of these motherless children was Mary. And never a girl so well deserved the lovely name and its sweet associations as did this noble girl. She was a youthful mother in whom the busy stepmother could place implicit trust. Her many calls to the sick and suffering gave the young Mary many hours of care and loving service. She is long since dead, this sweet sister Mary, but in the minds of all of those who knew and loved her, her memory dwells like the everlasting perfume of a rose of Paradise. To her then, Maria looked as an elder sister and a patient friend.

Like other nice girls Maria had her quota of youthful admirers; but she was neither flippant nor vain enough to win the epithet of coquette, and so when her heart found a safe keeping in the person of the young telegraph operator, Wm. B. Dougall, she quietly passed the successive stages of courtship, engagement and marriage with all the womanly dignity that has since been so marked a feature of her life.

The wedding was to have occurred on the 8th of June, the birthday of Mary, but President Young's duties calling him south, he desired the young couple to be married on June 1st, his own birthday.

On June 1st, '68 Maria Young then changed her name to Maria Y. Dougall. Her husband's mother was Mrs. Catherine Harrocks, a Scotch lady of ancient lineage and high breeding. Into his mother's pretty little cottage the young husband took his bride, and

for twenty-two years the mother-in-law has formed a part of the household.

"I want," said Sister Dougall, in relating this fact, "to here bear my strong testimony to the happy associations I have ever enjoyed with my dear mother-in-law. She has helped me to learn many lessons of forbearance and patience. And even now in her old age, feeble as she is, no word of complaint as to her bodily afflictions ever passes her lips. She is one of earth's choicest ones."

Indeed, it is good to visit this home where the grandmother, beloved and revered by all, sits quietly awaiting her "summons" surrounded as she is by family ties—her son, the honored and wise head of the household, her daughter-in-law the prudent, thoughtful mother and wife, the beautiful children, the boys chivalrous and tender, the little girls loving and wise—all unite to form a domestic picture of purity the like of which I have seen but one other time in my life.

When a bride, an old friend of Sister Harrocks, a patriarch and a Saint, dear old Uncle Billy Perkins, came one day visiting. He desired to bless Maria. It was the first time he had ever blessed a child born under the new covenant of plural marriage, and he seemed visibly affected by that fact as well as by the nobility which he felt inhabited the tabernacle of the young wife. He gave her a glorious blessing, remarkable above all in that the words and terms used were like those addressed to men. The patriarch said she should perform a work in the world that should be a marvelous work and a wonder. He prophesied that she should "have a kingdom and sit upon a throne, and wear a crown

of celestial glory." Her "sons and daughters would be powerful in the Holy Priesthood, they will have power to raise the dead and to cast out devils. Your posterity will rise up and praise the Lord their God for giving them such a mother." "You will go to the center stake of Zion." "In that temple you shall see many of the Saints with their resurrected bodies. In that house you shall witness the return of your Savior with a great multitude of Saints with Him. The power of God will rest so abundantly upon you that the brightness of His appearing will not dazzle your eyes."

The young girl was astonished at the promises for she had been from childhood essentially a quiet, home-girl, domestic in the extreme.

Speaking of blessings reminds me of one given to her in a peculiar manner. While Maria was acting as counselor to Sister Mary Freeze, of the Salt Lake Stake Presidency, Sister Freeze was once in Draper, and there met Patriarch Charles Smith. She spoke kindly of Sister Dougall and her labors, when the patriarch said he felt like giving her a blessing and he would do so through Sister Freeze. Accordingly it was done. Sister Freeze came to Sister Maria's house and repeated the blessing word for word. Having a poor memory for words, yet anxious to retain the precious promises, Sister Dougall sat down that evening and after a few words of earnest prayer she wrote the blessing down almost word for word. One phrase of this blessing was singularly prophetic—she was to have power with the young and with the old. She was also to preach the gospel to the young, and her tongue was to be unloosed.

How this promise has been fulfilled, many can testify.

When her first child was about ten months old, her husband took them on a visit to Ogden. The cars were a very novel feature here at that time, and many strangers came here with curiosity to see our people. The baby was a remarkably beautiful, bright boy, already walking at ten months old, as well as lisping a number of words.

He attracted much attention in the car; especially was he admired by a party of gentlemen who sat across the aisle.

These gentlemen at last drifted into a discussion of the baneful effects of polygamy, especially to the offspring of such unions.

The talk became so bitter and was so altogether untrue that Sister Dougall's sense of justice could brook the implied insults no longer. Grasping her toddling babe, she held him up as she said,

"Gentlemen, this is a product of polygamy. He is also a grandson of Brigham Young."

The bombshell did its work thoroughly and peace and civility reigned supreme in that car.

Sister Dougall was first called to a public position in 1877, when she accepted the position of First Counselor to the President of the 17th Ward Y. L. M. I. A. Acting in that capacity for three years, she next became President of the Association. Three years she acted in that position and was then chosen to act as Counselor to the Stake Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A. Three years she spent in that capacity, and in the fall of 1887 was chosen as First Counselor to President Elmina S. Taylor, being set apart by President George Q. Cannon

to fill that office. All of her trusts were accepted and fulfilled in the humble, earnest manner that characterizes the true Saint.

Sister Dougall has made one trip to the coast in 1874, one trip, in company with her husband, east in 1883, on which trip they visited Washington, and were the recipients of many courtesies from both President Cannon, who was there, as well as from Delegate Caine. They visited congress and heard the arguments of Senators Edmunds, Logan, Call, of Florida, and Brown, of Georgia, on the Edmund's Bill, then before the Senate.

Her last visit east was made last winter when she went to Washington with Sister Sarah M. Kimball, as a delegate to the N. W. S. A. Her trip was highly successful as well as pleasureable, and was so considered by Miss Anthony, whose introduction of them to the assembly was brief but expressive. She said,

"Utah had the franchise for seventeen years, had lost it, but was now struggling to regain it. Utah is here today," concluded Miss Anthony, "with a magnificent delegation."

Miss Anthony was extremely kind in her attentions and secured a room in the Riggs' House for them on their arrival. When Brother George Q. Cannon called to see Sister Kimball and Sister Dougall he remarked to them that they were occupying the same room he had formerly occupied for eight months when delegate from Utah. The coincidence seemed quite singular. The visit east was somewhat remarkable in many ways and the sisters did an excellent work in removing prejudice and correcting erroneous ideas. Suggestions came to their minds in what they felt to be a

strongly inspirational manner even in small things all of which redounded to their influence among the ladies to whom they had been sent. Sister Dougall relates that on one occasion, when a grand banquet was given to Miss Anthony on her seventieth birthday, all the suffragists present appeared with yellow badges (the color of the association.) While preparing to attend the banquet she had incidentally chosen some beautiful yellow roses to wear during the evening not knowing anything, at the time, of the badges or color, of the association. On appearing among her friends in the banquet hall she was the recipient of many compliments on her taste and tact in choosing yellow roses instead of the ordinary badge. Small as it may seem even this added to the sisters' influence.

Sister Dougall is the mother of five children, two sons and three daughters, her oldest, a son, being twenty-one years of age. Last August she lost her youngest, a beautiful girl, a little over two years of age, the pet of the house and her father's darling. The blow was a most severe one but through the blessing of the Lord she has been able to bear up marvelously and bows in submission to His will. She has one own brother, Willard, a captain in the United States Engineer Corps; one sister, Phebe Y. Beatie, living, and her oldest sister, Mary Croxall, dead. These four constituted her mother's family. Sister Eliza R. Snow one day while Sister Dougall was visiting her in July, 1886, placed her hand on her shoulder and prophesied, saying she "should be mighty and powerful and should have the gifts of prophecy and wisdom and discernment and of mighty faith.

And many not yet born should rise up and call her blessed."

One prominent characteristic of our sister must certainly be mentioned; a strong, earnest, simple faith in the ordinances of the Priesthood. Her children have imbibed the same loving faith, and called first and always for the administration and consecrated oil.

I can well close this sketch with a remarkable blessing or message which she recently received from her father in the spirit world.

One day about three years ago she answered a knock at the door to find one of President Young's wives, Sister Margaret P. Young, who works in the Logan Temple, at the door.

"I have come, Maria, to deliver a message to you from your father. I haven't been down to the city for eighteen months and desired to come down this fall to conference. The night previous to my leaving Logan I dreamed I was in the temple, and opening the door of the room in which I work, I saw your father, as plain as I ever saw him in life, standing talking to Sister Richards, the lady who officiates with me. I retired for a few moments not wishing to interrupt them, then entered again. Your father had gone, and so Sister Richards said, 'Sister Margaret, President Young wishes you to deliver a message to his daughter, Maria, as you are going to conference in the morning, he says tell her to be a good girl, not to be lifted up in pride, but be humble and faithful in keeping the commandments of God and she shall be great for I desire her to be great.'"

Those who know Sister Dougall best love her deeply. She is so thoroughly governed by principle that one knows

that any line of action presented to her notice will be first questioned upon:

"Is this right?" not "Is this expedient?"

Her home is elegant and yet in such quiet taste that no one is dazzled, none overawed by outer magnificence. Her beautiful parlors have been used for several years for many of the business and semi-private meetings of the various associations of which she is an important part.

Her simple, earnest daily life in which the refinements of unselfish love and regard for duty form the all-perfading influence, is the best exponent of her character. Beloved by her husband, honored by her sons and daughters, and sought by the good in Zion, she may well exemplify Solomon's happy chaunt,

"Let the Lord be magnified. Which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant."

THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

"DO YOU think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defense?" a religiously inclined youth inquired of his pastor.

"Certainly not," answered the minister; "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

"Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither. I learned Solomon's system."

"Solomon's system?"

"Yes; you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I know."—*Home Companion*.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

REIGN OF THE RIGHT.

L. M. HEWLINGS.

Hail to the leaders of a cause that is just,
Who undoubtedly labor in faith, hope and trust,
Defying base calumny, ridicule, scorn,
While thro' ranks of dense prejudice they fear-
lessly press on!

Hail to the brave workers, who have joined in
the fray,
With strong, earnest endeavors to smooth the
rough way;
Removing high mountains of dark error from
sight,

Firmly planting the banner of God-given right!

Hail to the brothers and sisters who stand forth
as one,

All united in effort to overcome wrong,
The fogs of false custom cannot always enthrall,
Nay! "Let justice be done, tho' the heavens
should fall."

Hail! All hail humanity, falling in line,
Of progressive reasoning, inspiring divine,
Into one solid phalanx we'll march forth in our
might,

Till the whole world rejoice in the reign of the
right.

Atchison, Kansas.

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE morning after the ball Mrs. Lawson awoke with the glamor of it still clinging to her, as the perfume of flowers cling to the garments that have brushed them.

She lay in a delicious, half-dreamy state, perfectly conscious of the softness of the bed and the delicacy of the lights and shadows, tinted by the warm color of the curtains. She let the pleasant episodes of the evening before slip in rhythmic measure through her mind. It was so sweet to be approved, to find favor in the eyes of these superior mortals, for her eyes were not

experienced enough to see other than the veneering. Such bliss to feel the full sunshine of her husband's approval. This was indeed something like what she had been looking for when she left her home and those good, honest, conscientious friends, who were too serious and too deeply impressed with the importance of life to ever take one little sip at the delicious fountain of unrestrained pleasure.

But with the thoughts of her home came a dimming of the golden, hazy dream, so, springing out of bed, she began making her toilet.

It was really very late, and as she rolled up the blind a flood of sunshine greeted her. A bird outside on a long, slender spray burst into a rapture of song.

In a childish glee she began dressing, flitting hither and thither, blithe as a bird on the wing. At last she stood before the glass trying the effect of a clear, deep blue and then a delicate pink ribbon against the pale gray of her morning dress and then against the shining coils of her brown hair.

On the bureau in front of her lay a huge square of rock salt, clear as a crystal. She had brought it from Utah with her as a souvenir, and chancing to look down she saw her name staring up at her in huge, crooked letters through the almost crystal clearness of the salt. She was just a bit unnerved by her ball, albeit so debonair, and it seemed to her that the name had appeared as she looked.

The gay song she was singing suddenly ceased, a choking sensation clutched at her throat, and for a moment the room seemed unsteady and

she believed herself to be fainting, but she struggled against this feeling with all her strength, and rising from the chair into which her unnerved limbs had deposited her, she lifted the salt block in her hand to more closely scrutinize the curious phenomenon, and found a letter addressed to herself lying under it.

When she had time to fully comprehend the ridiculous side of her find, she laughed long and heartily and congratulated herself that there was no one present to witness the little tragedy she had made for herself out of such meager materials.

It was a very thick letter and the postmark was Utah, so that she knew that it was from home, but turning it with the address down and placing the block of salt upon it again, she twined the blue ribbon round the white column of her throat and pinned the tiny bow in her hair and went out into the front yard for a breath of fresh air and to welcome the first green of the leaves spring was placing upon the shrubs and plants there.

"Poor, neglected plants, trampled upon, unpruned and uncared for," she thought, "to what a state of beauty and perfection you might have come if only the cultivation needed had been given you."

A voice almost at her elbow made her start. "Please, madam, would you give a man who is out of work a few scraps, chicken and puddin' not objected to," with a sorry attempt to be funny.

Mrs. Lawson glanced nervously up and down the street, for she had grown to dread her husband's censure more than she would have owned to herself. She took her watch out of her pocket to look at the time. "No," was her

mental comment, "there is not time to give him anything before Mr. Lawson will be here. I will just give him a few dimes and let him go and buy some dinner."

With this benevolent intention she returned the watch to her pocket and, still without replying, took a few steps toward the house, paused and slipped her hand into her pocket, thinking she might find what she wished there.

The tramp was one evidently not gifted with keen perceptions. He thought her anxious glance up the street in search of a protector and her turning away as an indication that she did not intend to heed his petition.

The first thought emboldened him, the second enraged, and without further words he placed his hands on the low wall and jumped over.

Mrs. Lawson having found what she sought turned toward him just as he lit on the soft earth inside the fence. There was but three feet of space between them, but she who had nearly fainted over a name—and the name her own—when it had looked up at her through the distorted angles of her block of salt, faced this hideous specimen of human depravity as bold as a lioness.

"What do you mean by jumping over the wall?" she asked sternly; but there was no paling of the cheeks, no tremor in her voice, only a cloud of anger on her fair brow.

His thin hands worked convulsively, his features blanched to an ashen hue under the weather mark of dirt and tan, his eyes glowed like those of an insane person. Could he have seen one shadow of fear or weakness on the face of the woman before him, he would have believed her to be alone, and that would have sealed her fate.

Her eyes met his with a look that made him quail. His eyes sank, his hands relaxed, his body fell again into the inert, cringing angles of the habitual beggar.

"To see if you were goin' to give me something," he whined.

"You lie," she said, all the southern blood in her straightforward, honest heart burning with anger that he had dared to think of attacking her, and then lie about it. "I was going to give you something," she said, "but now I will not; go!" She stamped her foot on the ground, and the tramp slunk off toward the gate.

Mrs. Lawson's eyes fell upon the poor, neglected plants that had called forth her pity a few moments before, and there arose in her mind a curious parallel between them and the ragged, wicked wretch she had just ordered outside in so imperious a manner.

"Poor, neglected man, trampled upon, uneducated and uncared for, to what a state of beauty and perfection you might have come, if only the cultivation needed had been given you."

Swift as it came the anger vanished, and self-reproach took its place. She could feel a pathetic sadness over a few plants and shrubs who could neither know sorrow nor feel happiness, but to this creature made in the image of Almighty God, with a suffering body and a soul hurled to perdition, perhaps, for want of human sympathy and aid, she could be perfectly heartless. With a few hurried steps she reached the gate. "Here," she said to the tramp, who was but a few rods away, "here is money to buy your dinner. I forgive you the wicked thing you intended, and I hope you will never think of treating a woman so again."

She leaned over the gate and held the few, small, silver coins toward him, her face glowing with the divine spirit that prompted the act; her hair, from which the scarf had slipped, sparkling in the sunlight, relieved by the fleck of azure silk among its coils; her dress of woven gloom, or billowy cloud sweeping in graceful folds about the round, slender figure.

On the other side the time-stained figure of the tramp with its loathsome suggestions of crime and disease, the dark, repulsive feature, on which rested a surprised, unbelieving look; the skinny hand stretched out to receive the coins that dropped from between her pink fingers.

Unconsciously they made a picture of light and darkness, virtue and sin, heaven and hell.

Ineze, who had been looking out at the window, and who was better posted upon the tramp nature than her mistress, sallied out of the house with a kettle of boiling water in her hand, screaming at the top of her voice in her native tongue, although perfectly well aware that Mrs. Lawson did not understand her:

"*Teme V a ese hombre?*" (do you fear that man.)

"What are you going to do with that kettle of water?" asked Mrs. Lawson in some alarm.

"*Ahogar un perro en el agua,*" (to drown a dog), she replied, still speaking in Spanish, and making straight for the gate. But the tramp did not wait the onslaught, but fled up the street, pursued by the little pepper pod in pettycoats, who called him a goat and a devil, as often as breath would permit her to repeat the words.

Chancing to look up, Ineze saw

Mr. Lawson approaching and suddenly stopped, turned about and waved the teakettle triumphantly and screamed:

"*El ladrón se ha escapado*," (the thief has run away), and turning, retraced her steps, and as she reached the gate, she gave the teakettle a swing in the direction of Mrs. Lawson and remarked, "*Gracioso, Padre, ha llegado finalment*," (he has arrived at last), and went calmly back to the kitchen talking Spanish as she went.

Mrs. Lawson leaned over the gate and met her husband's rather excited questioning with a reassuring smile, and evasions as to what really had occurred. She did not wish to hold another conversation with him on a subject so likely to provoke a controversy.

Mr. Lawson was naturally of a suspicious nature, so while striving to conceal it, and accepting his wife's gentle banter, he was burning with curiosity to know why Ineze had chased him off the place with a kettle of hot water.

They sat down to their mid-day meal together, and for a time they conversed very pleasantly about the ball, and Mrs. Lawson sought to divert his mind from the tramp by telling him how she had been frightened by seeing her name on the back of the letter that lay under the lump of salt.

"Yes," said Mr. Lawson, laughing heartily, "I got that letter several days ago but thought I'd just keep it until after the party, because you are so easily upset, you know," the latter half of the sentence in an apologetic tone, for Mrs. Lawson's face showed displeasure.

"I do not think, William, that you have any right to withhold my letters even for an hour, for such a reason as

that, and I hardly think you would like me to take the same liberty with yours," said Mrs. Lawson, in helpless anger.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Lawson. "A husband may do many things with perfect propriety that would be very unbecoming in a wife." Then he went on eating with—to all outward appearances—perfect nonchalance, but in his heart, the look of disapproval mingled with scorn and helpless anger scorched him.

Mrs. Lawson relapsed into silence.

Ineze came in sleek, noiseless, alert, and Mr. Lawson, obeying an impulse born of the disagreeable feelings in his heart, turned and addressed her in Spanish, a thing he had never done before in his wife's presence.

"Why did you chase that tramp with the kettle of water, Ineze," he asked.

Mrs. Lawson arose from the table, and white with wounded pride, stood before them. She did not understand the words he had used, but an unerring instinct told her truly the purport of the question, and that in asking it he seemed to be questioning her varacity.

Ineze glanced from one to the other for a moment and then with a smile that for child-like simplicity could not be rivalled, replied,

"*Esse hombre se parece d' mi hermano señor*," (that man resembled my brother, sir), and she glided out of the room.

Mr. Lawson, whose impressions were seldom of a deep and lasting nature, laughed long and loud over this unique reason for trying to scald a man, and was very much surprised when his wife did not unbend and laugh too, when he translated it for her benefit.

She saw with a dreary consciousness of loneliness, and shrinking from the future, that her husband did not comprehend the dishonor involved in small points of this kind, and reflected with some trepidation that he seemed to consider her so absolutely his that he might treat her as a child, with impunity.

Again the haunting shadows of the past came up to reproach her. She remembered with some little pride of family, that her letters—Mr. Lawson's letters to her—had been brought to her day after day, by her father, mother, brothers and sisters, even when they knew they were from a man they did not approve, when they were cementing a friendship and love, which they would have saved her from by honorable means, but not by dishonorable ones.

In this frame of mind she went and got the letter and sat down to read it. A number of closely written sheets came out of the envelope, written in her mother's somewhat cramped and unaccustomed hand.

Mrs. Lawson knew that it had cost her many hours to write such a letter, and felt some twinges of conscience when she remembered how few and cold had been the missives she had sent back to those at home.

Selecting the first page she began to read :

————— UTAH ————— 188 ———

My Dear Daughter :

We hear from you so seldom, that your father is anxious lest you are ill, but I feel that you are well and only forget to write to us. When you can spare time drop the girls a few lines, and tell them all about your new home, and what your life is like, so they shall not think you *wish* to forget us. Of course I know you do not, and I know how absorbing and delightful a young wife finds her new duties and affec-

tions, but we love you : do not let us be utterly forgotten.

In your last, you said Mr. Lawson did not take a Utah paper, so I thought perhaps you would like to know how things were going on here with us and with our people.

The crusade against polygamy is being waged with great bitterness, and the misery and suffering that are being engendered in happy and comfortable homes is beyond computation. The venerable and noble men who are at the head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are in hiding, and the people are like sheep without a shepherd. Men and women who have lived together for forty years are torn asunder by the decree of an *ex post facto* law, and fine and imprisonment inflicted on the men, and the women left destitute and forlorn in their old age. I could look upon the conduct of these officials with more toleration, if they were morally clean themselves; if they really cared for morality I could believe them sincere in their professions that polygamy was unclean, and could say in all sincerity, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But you were born and bred here and know that while men and women are weak and full of faults, that the state is not immoral nor degraded.

Your Uncle John was arrested last week and your father and I were summoned to Provo as witnesses. What was said in the Grand Jury room to Elizabeth, was the most obscene language and inferences that were ever uttered in my presence. Nancy being his first wife was excused from testifying, but Elizabeth's fourteen-year-old daughter was put on the witness stand and asked such things as should never be referred to in the presence of children, and the prosecuting attorney was white with anger because the child could not answer the questions.

The tortures of the inquisition were hardly more unbearable. A mother obliged to sit by and hear the innocent lips of her child forced to condemn a beloved father and honored husband to prison.

I thought of the Bible forbidding the seething of a kid in its mother's milk, as so unnatural and loathsome an act as to be a sin, and I thought this was even worse. One is fain to exclaim,

"Is there no crime in the world, that these men should spend so much time and money in crushing out a virtue!"

There are eleven families of "orphans-by-law" in this place and the relief societies are kept very busy, for the "Law of the Lord" (Let there be no poor among you) must be kept. Many

young girls have taken quite an interest in our association lately, and to make it more interesting for them some of the young men have come in about the close of the working hour, and we have wound up with a little programme, singing, recitations, lectures, etc. Sometimes the ladies have brought a picnic; but bless you! it was a charitable contribution at best. I was one of those appointed to gather up the remains and send it to the poor, and there was cakes and pies, cheese, pickles, preserves, jellies and ten or twelve pounds of butter that had not been even looked at by those who brought it.

One of the young men, Charles Dayton, emptied the sugar bowl and I saw him with it in his hand, and when I got around to it there was eleven dollars in it, a contribution from the young men present. Last week these young men got up a ball, the bishop donated the hall, the Co-op. store furnished lights, the janitor did his work for nothing and Brother Smith who keeps the other store paid the license, and the tickets were sold only for wood or wood cutting. Cash was refused. The result was that thirty loads of wood was hauled and cut up for these "widows-of-the-law;" and the young ladies, not to be outdone, set a splendid supper for the entire party, and although there was nothing very grand, I never did see people enjoy themselves so much. It seemed like the blessing of God rested upon them. Several of the girls said they wished you had been there.

The quick tears sprang to Mrs. Lawson's eyes. The home recital of events in the old home touched a chord in her heart that vibrated with more tenderness than she had ever felt for them while at home.

She could see it all; the hall with its festoons of evergreen brought from the neighboring hills, the stars and stripes in their accustomed place of honor, the well known motto, "Holiness to the Lord," above the musicians' stand. All those dear, familiar faces of her girlhood's friends. A happy, hearty, sincere band of brothers and sisters. No fulsome flattery or highly ornamental conversation, but unfeigned approbation and guilelessness. Then she thought of the fluttering joy that had accompanied the pre-

paration of the supper. No French dishes with unpronounceable names, but cake and bread baked by the fair hands of the dancers; butter and jellies, cheese, all home-made, and custards, chickens, turkeys, tarts and numberless creams and combinations all home-made. The happy hearts and good appetites brought to complete the effort. Wine and cards there were not; nor envy nor hatred. She wished she had been there, if everything could have been as in those good old days that she was beginning already to regret. Yes, she was very glad they had remembered her.

Hastily recalling her thoughts from the dangerous subject, she once more began to read:

I inclose a newspaper scrap of the death of ——. I can remember so well the day that she and John were married. That was when there was a Mormon colony in San Bernardino. He wore a white shirt, and pants slashed and laced up and down the leg with a gold cord, and one of those red silk sashes like the Mexicans wear; I suppose you have seen a good many of them. She was one of the most lovable girls I ever knew, and one of the noblest and most unselfish women. Her husband was a good man, but we never thought him half good enough for her.

Of course you knew that at her earnest desire he married a young lady who esteemed them both very highly, but I almost think she was in love with his wife.

The deputy marshalls were in hot pursuit of him as soon as papers could be obtained, and for a long time before you went away he had been a refugee.

It is a remarkable fact that men who have been the most just and noble in their families have been the most hotly pursued by these blood-hounds of an unjust and unconstitutional law.

The lives of John —'s two wives during his enforced absence were a very poem. The first wife was an invalid and the second had a delicate baby. John's grown daughters treated their father's wife with the greatest tenderness, and she did all for their mother that the most loving daughter could have done. The second

wife was called away for a few days by the dangerous illness of her father, who lived in the next town; the girls were all teaching school and the invalid was left with a girl of ten to wait upon her. She was not confined to her bed but was subject to fainting fits. Imagine the horror of her daughters when they came home one evening to find her lying on the hearth in a dead faint, with her clothing charred to the flesh on the side next to the fire, and her body terribly burned. They put her in bed, and everything that could be done for her was done, but without avail. She revived enough to tell them that she was trying to sweep the hearth, to send her dying blessing to her husband and the absent wife, to bear a strong testimony to the truth of Mormonism to her sons and daughters, and died, as she had lived, noble and uncomplaining to the last breath.

There is a sequel to this story that I cannot understand. When she was dead her husband could come back and live at home in peace. If he had been guilty of crime how did the terrible death of that good woman remove sin from his door? I suppose if I was learned in the law I should understand it, but as it is I cannot.

There are many other things I should like to tell you, but this letter is already so long I shall have to put two stamps on it.

You, my daughter, were always a great favorite with your Uncle John. He is more downcast by the prospect of going to prison than is consistent with one persecuted for conscience's sake; if you could write to him I know he would appreciate it. He will be with us for three weeks yet, and after that your letter would have to be addressed to the *Utah Penitentiary*.

With a mother's love and blessing.

The girls and your father send love and best wishes.

For a few moments she sat with the letter in her hand, a miserable homesickness shuddering through every nerve. A longing desire to see them all once again.

Then she turned the letter over and looked at the date. It had been just a month on the road. Oh, what would they think of her! She would write, and immediately.

Seating herself at a little table with writing material before her, she wrote

good, homelike letters to her mother, and father, sending kind and loving messages to her brothers and sisters, and explaining the delay in receiving their letter; as the cause of her last long silence, and why she had not written to Uncle John.

Then she wrote a long affectionate letter to her imprisoned uncle, begging him to be of good cheer, and to write and tell her of his life, and if there was anything she could do to make his time less unbearable.

She selected a number of magazines and illustrated papers to send to him.

When all were properly addressed she donned her street wraps and started out to post them.

As she neared the postoffice she met Mr. Lawson.

She would have preferred not to meet him, for the remembrance of the noon affair was still painful, and in so public a place she was obliged to treat him with a hypocritical suavity, that was revolting to her.

He greeted her politely, and turning walked back along the street, the disagreeable incident evidently forgotten.

"Whither away? little woman," he said as they walked along.

"I am just going to the post office," she replied, "and it is not necessary for you to go with me if not convenient."

"Does that mean that you prefer to go alone?" he asked in a playful manner, for it had never crossed the mind of this young husband that it would ever be possible for her to really wish him absent."

"Oh, no," she answered in a cold absent-minded way, for she really was not thinking of him nor what he was saying."

They paused at the mailing place and the lady, took the two letters from her handbag and reached over to drop them into the open slot, but Mr. Lawson took them mechanically from her hand.

The letter that lay uppermost bore the painfully legible words:

John——
Utah Penitentiary.
Salt Lake City.
Box — Utah.

It was only by a great effort that he prevented the letters from going into the box.

The face of deep wrath which he turned upon his wife frightened her.

"What does this mean," he said in a hoarse whisper, holding out his hand for the package of papers, which she mechanically gave him.

He dropped the letter addressed to her mother into the office, the other letter he put into his pocket, and said to her, "Come home," turned and walked in that direction:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53.]

WILLIE HILLON was growing tall and strong as fast as he could; but he wished he could grow faster, when he stood on the ground and lifted the heavy forks of hay on to the rack, while his father evened it and trampled it down. Loading hay, he thought, was not so easy as some other work.

"Don't you want some help?" called out a horseman from the road, and Willie thought, "Yes, I do!"

"I don't know," answered Brother

Hillon, "come over, and let's have a talk."

Edward Grange was a young, strong man, in search of employment. He engaged to work for Brother Hillon one year, at thirty dollars a month; pay to be in stock and farm products. There were no papers drawn up to show proof at any future time, that such an agreement was entered into by the two brethren. No such precautionary means were considered necessary in those days of honesty and prosperity in Utah.

Young Grange proved to be quite an attraction among the youthful portion of the people of F—. Having had opportunities for better schooling than most of them, which he had carefully improved, and being a studious reader, it was not strange that he should be able to captivate both youths and maidens by his bright conversation and natural, pleasing wit. Willie Hillon thought his knowledge of the great, wide world and things belonging thereunto, was perfectly wonderful. He never tired of Edward's talk.

After the "String of Belles" was broken by the marriage of little Gwyn Lloyd, the belles dropped suddenly off, one after another, until—strange to say, the "belle beauty," Chloe Lee, alone remained single.

Younger girls were fast filling up the vacancies caused by the marriages of their older sisters and friends, but Chloe still held her position as the acknowledged beauty of the place.

When Edward Grange entered the circle of young people in F.—, none would have wondered at seeing an affinity quickly formed between him and Chloe. But for some reason, several weeks passed before signs of

such an event became apparant. And then, when tokens of that nature did appear, Chloe was cautioned by her wise and excellent parents, not to conclude too hastily that the young stranger was the one she had been waiting for. How could she possibly know, they questioned, that the ardent devotion he seemed determined to lavish upon her would prove to be real or lasting.

Chloe was certain, however, or thought and said she was, that there could be nothing untrue or unreliable about Edward Grange. He was everything that was good and noble, and how could there be anything bad in his character?

It was the 25th of August when Edward first rode into F.—; and exactly four months after, as he took Chloe home from the Christmas dance, with all the eloquence of his young, impetuous nature, he pleaded with her to promise that in the future she would be only his, favoring none else with the show of affectionate feelings, or any of the emotional influences she so well knew how to exert over all her admirers; and that, by and by, when he would have proven himself worthy of her, she would be his wife.

And Chloe, charmed with the vehemence of his declarations of love and truth, yielded to his importunities, and gave her pledge of constancy to him.

Happy! Yes, these young lovers were intensely, wildly happy in their extreme devotion to each other.

Does the young reader comprehend that in such wild, blind love and happiness, there is no wisdom, or consistency? It was well for Chloe that in many respects she had not over rated

the true nobility of her hero's character. He was, indeed, true to himself and consequently true to her.

But yet, the betrothal was inconsiderately formed between two young persons not at all suited to each other without even the consent or approval of her parents, to say nothing of their having over-looked the all important matter of laying the subject before their Eternal Father, and asking for His divine guidance, before deciding upon it.

The grave responsibility which they thus took wholly upon themselves, they sensed not, nor even paused to ponder upon.

Two days after the engagement was made, Chloe ran into Jacob Howe's new house, which was so far finished that Gwyn was moving her bed into one room, as some of the Howes had come over from the "other valley" to spend the holidays, and sister Howe's place was too small for all of them.

Gwyn simply greeted her friend with "Good morning, Chloe, sit down," and went on shaking up and evening her straw mattress.

Chloe said she hadn't time, had just come for a minute's romp with the baby, and to tell Gwyn the dearest little secret, if they were quite alone, and not in danger of being disturbed.

Then followed an animated confession from Chloe of the happy agreement she had made with Edward, to which Gwyn listened with pleased and loving interest. And after awhile Gwyn said, "Of course your father and mother like Edward, as everybody seems to do, and are gratified."

Chloe's bright face and sparkling eyes grew sober for a moment as she replied, "No, they are neither of them very well satisfied with my prospects,

but I don't see why they shouldn't be ; any how, I love Edward with my whole heart, and shall marry him, come what will ; I have promised to do so."

"Oh! Chloe," exclaimed Gwyn, surprised and pained at this part of her friend's confession, "don't speak so rashly! I don't know how you can, with such a father and mother as yours; they have always been so thoughtful and tender of you; how can you think of acting against their counsel in so important a matter as getting married?"

"I don't mean to marry without their consent," said Chloe, "but they *must* consent for me to marry Edward; why should they not?"

"You may be sure they have good and consistent reasons, or they certainly would not object, knowing as they probably do, how earnest you are in your desires to unite your fortune with Edward's. Remember what prayerful people your parents are, Chloe; and do not venture to follow your own youthful imaginations, in opposition to their mature and heaven directed judgment."

Thus reasoned Gwyn with her impulsive young friend, until finally, Chloe promised that she would pray about the grave matter herself, and try to be guided by the Holy Spirit.

She did pray often and fervently, after that, and her marriage with Edward was the constant burden of her thoughts and prayers for many days.

Not the humble, contrite prayer, however, which would have been expressed in words like these:

"Father in Heaven, enlighten my eyes that I may see the truth concerning this matter which disturbs my mind; give me strength to be submis-

sive to Thy will when I shall understand it; and oh! make manifest Thy will unto me, that I may know my duty. If, for any cause, it will not be best for Thy son Edward to become my husband, wilt thou, in Thy great mercy and loving kindness create a change in our hearts, that they may no longer be closely drawn to each other as they have been and still are; but may we henceforth cherish only a friendly interest for each other, realizing that we can never be anything more than friends. But, oh! if it can be good in Thy sight that we continue in the love which is so sweet to us, and become united as husband and wife, wilt Thou cause that my father and mother may, under the influence of Thy Holy Spirit, come to know that such is Thy divine will. Oh! grant, if it be wisdom in Thee, that this may come to pass. Nevertheless, Father, Thy will, not mine be done!"

Poor Chloe! Her heart and mind had not been trained to feel and say, "Thy will not mine be done." Her prayer was, "Heavenly Father, cause that my parents may give consent for Edward and me to be married; and let nothing stand in the way of our being married soon."

The first portion of her prayer was soon answered. Her parents finding that she was not to be dissuaded from the course she had set her heart upon pursuing, reluctantly and sorrowfully consented to that which they felt assured, by the inspiration which comes through earnest supplication before the throne of God, would not be for her welfare and happiness.

A few blissful weeks for the young lovers passed rapidly by, then came what Chloe considered the first great struggle of her life.

One Sabbath afternoon, in February, Bishop Smith arose in the meeting house and said to the people of the ward, who were there assembled,

"We are notified, by letter from the First Presidency, that the first ox train will leave Utah for the Bluffs, about the middle of April, to bring up the earliest company of emigrants for the season. We are requested to report as soon as convenient, whether our settlement will be able to furnish and equip two wagons, teams and teamsters. My counselors and myself have consulted together in regard to this matter, and have decided that we can. The teams and wagons have already been donated by the brethren of the ward; and now we wish to know if Brothers Jacob Howe and Edward Grange are willing to go as teamsters, and if their circumstances will justify their so doing."

A mingled moan and cry burst from the lips of Chloe Lee, so loud that it startled little Jacob Howe out of the happy sleep he was taking on his mother's lap beside her.

"Why Chloe! don't give way like that, be a woman—be brave!" whispered Gwyn, soothingly.

Then the young men whose names had been called, were requested to state their feelings and circumstances, in relation to the call which had been made.

And not only was the bishop gratified, but Gwyn and Chloe were both made to feel glad, almost proud, because of the happy manner in which their heroes accepted the little missions for which they had been selected.

The next two months were very busy ones for Gwyn and Chloe, making changes of clothing, and other necessary preparations for the comfort of

their dear ones while they would be making the two long and tedious trips "across the plains."

Edward Grange was motherless; and having determined to settle permanently in F——, he was recognized in all respects as belonging to the ward.

Sister Ellen Hillon had been like a mother to him since he had lived in their family; and now her interest seemed equally divided between her brother Jacob and Edward, and she was ever ready to help both Gwyn and Chloe in their work of preparation for the journey to be taken by the two young men.

Once Edward and Chloe concluded to be married before the time came for his departure; but through the persuasions of her parents, they finally decided to postpone the marriage until after his return.

At last the hour for parting came. Jacob and Gwyn in their quiet little bed-room, knelt and breathed together a fervent prayer, dedicating their all unto God, and consigning themselves and each other into His tender care.

"If I could only take my baby with me!" said Jacob, as the little darling clung to his whiskers and patted his face, while his mother held him up to papa for the goodbye kiss.

"Oh well!" responded Gwyn hopefully, "you know it is only for a little while; four or five months will soon pass, then what a good time we shall have when you get home again!"

And she did not break down, nor shed a tear, until Jacob was gone.

Then a flood of long pent up tears fell softly over baby Jacob's golden hair and lovely, innocent face, causing him to look up strangely amid turns of smiles and sober looks, and greatly relieving her tired heart and brain.

Chloe, strange mixture that she was of strength and weakness, clung to Edward even after he had gone into the street to his team, and with sobs and tears manifested her grief at parting with him. Her mother came to her, and with gentle remonstrances led her into the house, and the two teams from F—— were soon gone.

Occasional news came from the travelers, informing friends of their welfare and safety, until three weeks had passed; then came a sudden and sad announcement. Indians had surprised the train after nightfall; had run off some of the cattle, which, however, the brethren had succeeded in recapturing; in the skirmish, one young white man had been killed, name not given.

Oh! the anxiety, the anguish of the next few days for Gwyn and Chloe! They spent most of their time together; Gwyn endeavoring to console and reconcile Chloe, thereby gaining strength to bear whatever she might be called upon to pass through herself.

"It is Edward, I know it is my Edward!" Chloe would shriek hysterically, every little while.

"Don't Chloe—oh! don't give up in that manner; I can not believe that it is either Edward or Jacob," Gwyn would answer, even at the first. And after the third day of agonized suspense, she gained the blessed assurance from God, that all was well with her husband, and that he would be safely restored unto her. From that time on she answered Chloe's wild exclamations with the calm declaration, "I know it is not Jacob, and I do not believe it is Edward; try to have faith Chloe, and be comforted." Then the thought would come to her that some one must suffer; the young man who had been

killed was, doubtless, some woman's brother, lover or husband, and had, perhaps, a mother living. Then tears and prayers of sympathy would well up from her heart to her eyes and lips.

Jacob's father had been over from "the other valley," and taken his mother home with him; so Gwyn and Ellen knew not whether she would hear the sad account, and suffer the same anxiety they had felt or not. They prayed that until more particulars should be gained, the news might not reach Jacob's devoted parents.

There was but a weekly mail running to F——, and for seven long days and nights, the inhabitants of the settlement waited in almost breathless suspense before they were relieved by the second account of the troubles which had befallen the train in which Jacob and Edward traveled. Then facts were ascertained to the effect that the man who had lost his life was not one of the company, but a "Merican man" as the Indians styled him, who had offended some of the Red-skins in an affair with which one of their squaws was connected. It was the general opinion, too, that the unfortunate victim of the Red man's revenge was deserving of the fate he met.

Gwyn knelt in humble gratitude, and prayed and wept over her baby; while Chloe threw herself upon her bed and wept and laughed alternately, until, for the first time in many hours, she fell into a quiet, peaceful sleep.

The same mail which brought detailed news of the real circumstance of the murder on the plains, brought word also of threatening hostilities by Indians in the south, to some of the small settlements of the Saints.

Bishop Smith received an official

letter, enquiring if in his settlement, one or two of the brethren could be found, who would be willing to take their families, and in company with others who would be chosen from different wards, remove to those southern settlements as re-enforcements. An immediate reply was requested.

Walter Hillon was the first man called upon by the bishopric of the ward, to know if he and his family would be willing to go, in response to this call, to strengthen those of the people who were in danger, and assist in building up the southern portions of the territory.

Neither Brother Hillon nor his wife were of the class of people who would shrink from any known duty, whatever sacrifice might be called for. They immediately set about laying plans for the disposal of their present home, which was now quite a comfortable one, in order to obtain a fit-out for the journey, and supplies with which to begin anew in the southern home to which they felt they were called.

It seemed natural enough that they should think of Edward, and wish he were able to buy their home for himself and Chloe.

As it was important that the brethren who had been chosen for this mission should go immediately to the places appointed for them to occupy in the south, Walter started within a week after the summons was received, leaving Ellen and the children to attend to the farm and other affairs in their old home, while he went forward to make preparations for their beginning to live in the new one. And it was understood by all concerned, that in the latter part of the summer, or early in

autumn, Walter Hillon would return to F—— for his wife and children.

Gwyn felt doubly lonely at the first thought of Sister Ellen's going so far away from her, and hoped Jacob would get home before Walter should return for his family.

Yet how was it, Gwyn would often ask herself, that even in the lonely condition she seemed to occupy, she felt that summer, nearly all the time, such a quiet, grateful spirit, which filled her soul with love and praise to God.

She did not understand the Spirit then, she hardly wanted to; for its presence, though sweet and happifying, reminded her so frequently and forcibly of the same feelings, which had brooded over her for weeks and even months before the bursting of the first dread clouds of grief upon her, in the death of her beloved parents. She did not wish to admit, even to herself, that possibly the calm, trustful guide which directed her steps and influenced her being in those hours which to some persons would have seemed so lonely and wearisome, meant to warn her and prepare her for some impending stroke of sorrow.

It was not until she had lived longer and experienced more of the workings of the Spirit of Light, that Gwyn became sufficiently well acquainted with its laws to understand, and clearly define its meaning, and patiently accept of its gentle teachings.

In mid-summer, while Ellen and Gwyn were busy with their gardens, house-work, and all the extra duties which fell to their lot in the absence of both their husbands, they were requested to go to the bishop's one evening, and assist in preparations for the burial of one of his children, a

sweet little girl, who had died from the effects of a seemingly slight accident. The mother, though usually calm and well fortified, had been over-taxed with watching and anxiety, and was now quite overcome.

Gwyn knew how to sympathize truly and wisely, and also how to speak, by the power of One greater than man, words of heavenly consolation. Some things which she said to Sister Fanny that evening, surprised and startled herself; and yet they were elevating and comforting in their nature.

The next day was Sunday, and the funeral of the little one was held. Later in the day, Gwyn sat in her home alone, save the presence of her baby, who lay asleep in his cradle beside her. "Why was I led to talk to Sister Fanny as I did last night?" she questioned. "How could I say to her that in the future she would rejoice because her little one had died in infancy? How strange it sounds, can it be true?"

*She sat upright in her easy chair; her hand lay upon the side of the cradle; her eyes were wide open; it was broad daylight and the sun shone brightly; she sensed all this. And yet, with her spirit eyes she beheld many mothers extending their arms and clasping in them children who had died in baby innocence and loveliness—their own children, whom death had taken from them, but who were restored to them by the power of the resurrection. As she beheld the unspeakable joy and happiness with which those mothers were filled, she realized that only those who pass through the keen sorrow of parting

*This circumstance is true; the picture is not drawn from imagination.

with their little ones, can participate in that great joy at the First Resurrection; and while she rejoiced because of the goodness and condescension of God and His Son Jesus, yet a yearning, almost sorrowful sensation crept over her.

Should she be one of those happy, happy mothers? She would not be satisfied if she were not; and yet, the price of that happiness—could she ever bring her mind to face it?

Baby Jacob turned in the cradle, shaking it so that his mother felt the movement. He opened his eyes and looked smilingly up at her. Rising quickly, she clasped him to her bosom and for sometime paced the room to and fro, kissing and caressing him with unusual fervency.

A month passed, then came long delayed letters from Jacob and Edward, bringing the good news that all things were well with them.

And for a while, Gwyn forgot the strange sensations she had known, and felt only gladness, and hopeful, grateful impressions.

Notwithstanding the warnings which had come to her, of some dark shadow through which she must pass, Gwyn still stood in the sun-light, unwilling to allow herself to enter the shade. She would hope, and believe still, that the clouds might pass over, without bursting upon her; she knew they might, and would, if she could only have faith sufficient to ward them off.

She found, however, that faith, being a gift from God, can sometimes be readily claimed by His children, but not always.

Early in August, her little Jacob fell suddenly ill; and almost before she thought the sickness dangerous, he had fallen asleep in death.

And his father gone! This seemed almost too hard to bear; but others had borne like sorrows, and should she complain, or feel that her portion was not a favored one? Had she not been permitted to witness the rejoicing of those mothers who prove faithful, and who are called to give back their darlings for awhile, only that they may again receive them in their sweetness and purity?

These reflections helped poor little Gwyn wonderfully, to endure with patience, fortitude and calm resignation the heavy stroke which had fallen upon her. But although she could bear her own loss so bravely, she felt so keenly for Jacob the pain that he would suffer, it almost crushed her; especially when she recalled his parting words, "If I could only take my baby with me!"

Try all she could to look with faith's pure vision for light above, at times Gwyn almost felt as though she should sink amid the shades which hung about her. But she never murmured.

When the present seems to hold,
Only shadows, dark and cold,
Traces still of lights pass'd by,
Faintly gleam through memory's eye;
Shades, however deep and dread,
Must be pierced by lights ahead.
Sink not, broken heart, and sore,
Christ hath borne all this, and more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

AS STARS in their bed of violet sky
Gladden the midnight hours,
So earth as the summer moments fly
Is lit by the wayside flowers.

And like those myriad far off worlds
That shine when the moon is bright,
With their tiny banners of light unfurled
In the glare of her broader light.

So amid these gleaming stars of the earth
Some shine with the rising sun,
The glint of his first beam sees their birth—
They fade when the day is done.

But one there is, in lessening hours,
When the sun's strong pinions fail—
And tender lives of the day's own flowers
In the sunlight droop and pale.

That sheds the light of her moon-like face
Through hours of deepening glooms,
As a golden orb in earth's trackless space
The yellow primrose blooms!

EIGHTEEN DAYS ON THE DESERTS.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72.]

THE morning of the 19th was pleasant as August mornings generally are in a dry, desert country which this country then was, and Luke Johnson's house, made of scrubby logs, was the "last house," and we launched forth upon an ocean of deserts. We crossed the first divide from Rush valley west, near where the wagon road now crosses and then turned north-westerly the rest of that day until noon and then west.

If we got out of provisions there was to be no place for replenishing. If any were to be sick we could call no doctor but the Latter-day Saints' Doctor—Him who so wonderfully organized our bodies. If our horses should give out, die or be stolen, we could nowhere on the route expect to get more.

Upon us and the speed of our flight much depended—how much no mortal could tell.

How tempestuous would be our desert ocean journey, we little dreamed of as we started full of life and gaiety, zealous for God and His people.

The company was mostly composed of young men.

As we were passing down a very steep, rocky canyon just before emerging in sight of the big mud desert in the midst of which stood the grand, bold Granite mountains, one of the horses seriously injured one of his hind legs in jumping off a ledge of rocks in the bottom of the canyon, which all had to jump. The horse was taken along somehow, on three legs mostly, until we reached the spring at the north end of Granite mountain.

It was a pack-horse and the two men that packed him, sat up all night and boiled wild sage leaves and bathed his leg. They first got grass and made a sort of rope with which they wound his leg so as to exclude the air as much as possible and also to retain the heat of hot sage tea.

This tea they made in a little camp kettle and as often through the whole night as they could get a kettle of sage leaves steeped, they would pour the liquor or tea on to the upper end of this grass rope, as hot as the horse could bear.

In the morning the horse was allowed to eat grass a little while before starting and he went but little lame that day and there was no more trouble with him. I think there is no better remedy for bruises and sprains, on man and beast, than wild sage applied hot.

We continued our westerly course exactly as traveled on my first trip to Carson. Passed Redding Springs.

On the night of the 20th we camped on Deep Creek, near the north end of the valley, north-west from Redding Springs. The original name of that creek as we first learned it of the Indians was "Ibim-pah," which means

in their language "chalk creek," probably on account of the light colored hills, a long succession of which we crossed as we pursued our direct west course from this beautiful valley now owned and cultivated by white men, then the abode of one of the best bands of Indians I was ever acquainted with; and here I must digress a little from this journey and skip over a very few years to a time when I was hired by Indian agent, Armstrong, to accompany him on a visit to those Indians, for the purpose of distributing a quantity of presents to increase friendly relations.

Brother James Brown was in the company—a young, unmarried man, afterwards he had a wooden leg, and in our first meeting with that band of Indians, Brother Brown received the gift of their language from God, and talked with them as fluently as if it was his mother tongue. The agent had an interpreter hired, but on seeing and hearing Brother Brown talk, and the wonderful love manifested by the Indians towards him, said, "Mr. Brown, I shall pay you three dollars a day after this as my interpreter."

Brother Brown told no one then that that was the first time he ever heard the language spoken, but he afterwards told me that he was surprised at the very first, to understand every word they spoke, but soon understood the meaning of it and before we parted from them they had a considerable knowledge of the gospel and who they were descended from.

A number of years after that a person appeared among those Indians very mysteriously and disappeared more mysteriously, but during his stay he planted the spirit of peace and friendship in their hearts, and I believe that

they received the gospel not many years afterwards.

From "Ibim-pah" or Deep Creek we continued our course west until near "Steptoe Valley" where we turned north-west or W. N. W. and crossed Steptoe Creek, many miles north of where the "overland" wagon road runs, and indeed the main western wagon road is south of all our route after leaving Rush valley until a little distance after we left Ruby valley and then they run together but a short distance and only come together again a day or two before reaching Carson Sink.

The next water after leaving Steptoe was Antelope Spring, where I played the Indians a trick I shall never play those Indians again; namely, I ran away from them—ran all night, and have never seen one of them since.

Nearly all the valleys and watering places we first saw and named, when exploring this country three years before, while in government employ, are now, at the writing of this, settled by white people who annually produce from the then barren wastes, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of the necessities and comforts of life, but nearly all of the names we gave are changed, which I think is unfair to those who peril their lives to find places for others to live.

Now we are coming again to Ruby Valley, where I gained an experience with Indians that makes it to me, not a very desirable place to pass. We were undisturbed, however, in passing it this time, nor did we see a single Indian.

When we came to the place where the Indian ran off in the night, in 1855, and gave us so much uneasiness on my return from Carson, I now

found the little spring nearly dry and the company spent the whole night dipping water with a tin cup by which means we managed to give each horse four quarts of water. This was the night of the 25th of August, 1857.

On the 26th, we left the fastest horse in the company—those least used to work gave out first—a young horse that had a young rider and who had laughed at our captain and me for getting off our horses and walking up and down nearly all steep places and long hills, saying that he intended to ride through this world and there would be plenty of horses left when he was gone. Now he looked rather sorry and sad running along afoot in the middle of a real desert while his horse stood still as a statue away back miles behind—probably when he got rested sufficiently that he could travel, he wandered in any direction where he thought he could find water and until some Indian made a discovery, and not long afterwards, the same Indian had a fat feast of horse flesh, to which he invited all his neighbors, for they are not selfish and will divide with their friends to the very last.

The young man was frequently reminded of the way in which he could have traveled and still have a horse to ride. However, a pack horse was relieved of a light pack and loaded with a heavy young man, that *loved to ride*; so the horse was not benefitted as much as the young man, by the exchange.

When night came we were at the place where I once surprised Indians with a specimen of a very long and a very accurate shot, but now we found no water for man or beast, and after placing the guards as usual, which we never failed to do, and making down our beds we pacified ourselves into a

humor for sleep, by thinking of the good water we had the day before. However, we were better pleased a little before day when the guard or night watch aroused us to come and get a drink. They had industriously and persistently dug with sticks and butcher knives, where the spring ought to be until the spring sprang forth, and we all, both men and beasts were tolerably well watered.

August 28th, 1857, we came to warm, hot and cold springs with a number of little lakes the water of which was, in some parts, tintured with the smell of sulphur. One lake I noticed had a pole sticking up out of the water, showing that the Indians had used this lake for some purpose.

I am sure that no white man ever had seen these lakes before I saw them in 1854, and then we were full of speculative ideas as to the amount of money a man could make from the springs of cold, warm and hot water that were there if he only had them near some populous city.

We found water there strongly impregnated with minerals. One very large boiling hot spring affording water enough to run a flour mill, gushing furiously from under a little mound or hill, in the top of which cauldron or bowl-shaped body of just pleasantly warm water, the right temperature for bathing about fifteen feet across on top and perhaps ten feet deep, nice gravelly bottom and sides with a kind of white loose substance collected on the pebbly rocks. There was no visible inlet or outlet to it. About four or five rods from this natural bath tub, and up the hill was a nice little spring of cool drinking water, not tintured with sulphur. The whole water curi-

osity lay on a quiet, sloping benchland.

By the tenth day out our provisions were getting quite scant, and we were eating small rations. On the morning of the 29th, we came right down to nice, fine business, and allowed each man only one small pancake—about two spoonful of batter to a cake—and no one grumbled a word but all looked and talked as cheerfully as if we had had a warm breakfast of tripe, roast potatoes and butter-milk—all of which I am very fond of, but not mixed as mentioned.

The city of Austin now stands near what I called "Sardine Spring," about forty miles west of some warm springs where we stopped a little while to rest ourselves and horses on the 29th day of August, 1857.

We did not attempt to eat anything, I saw but two men drink, and no one filled a canteen. We lounged on the grass perhaps forty minutes and pushed on for Huntington spring, at the foot of an iron mountain, distant fifteen or twenty miles.

When we came to Huntington spring, there was not a drop of water in it nor a pinch of moist earth could be found. I can say that then I began to feel rather gloomy as all the real responsibility of the journey virtually rested upon me, and twice before I had promised plenty of water and found but little, and why these failures I did not understand until the next day.

Well, we all dismounted and counseled together. It was fifteen or twenty miles back to water and sixty miles or more to water ahead. What should we do? was the question of that evening just as the sun was setting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET.

ELLEN JAKEMAN.

Once, when the harmonies of my life
 Were jangling discords, wholly out of tune,
 You stepped with stately measure through the
 strife
 Unconscious of the *battle*, or the *boon*,
 Gave a cool hand unto my feverish clasp
 Lifted fair learning's laurel wreath for me.
 Long vistas of immortal truths new called
 From golden sheaves of garnered mystery—
 Propped my frail strength, till once again the
 glow
 Of God's deep promises lit hope anew.—
 What matter then, if thou art now my foe!
 If in an after time, I found thee one
 Heartless, and wrapped in thawless bars of ice,
 Shining by egotism's polar sun.
 What matter *now*, if 'twas a rayless glare
 That saved my soul from darkness and des-
 pair!

A BRIDAL BOUQUET.

LULA.

WITH loving thoughts I now
 A bridal bouquet pluck,
 Wishing for thee and thine, dear girl,
 All blessings and "good luck."

I'm pleased that you should choose
 This happy month of June,
 When nature wears her loveliest dress
 And sings her sweetest tune;

That for your bridal hour
 This joyous morn you claim,
 For sixteen years ago this month
 I did the very same.

Accept this token small,
 Of friendship, love and truth,
 With every wish for future weal,
 Through age as well as youth.

The pansy speaks of "peace,"
 Which ever should be thine;
 The honeysuckle of "hope's sweets,"
 Which happily combine.

The rose, red, pink and white,
 "Affections born above;"
 Sweet-scented, white carnation tells
 Of "pure and constant love."

Violet, "unlooked for good,"
 Which comes to thee by stealth;
 The mignonette speaks for thy house
 "Prosperity and health."

Dear "Ce'la," o'er thy life
 These joys from heaven I'd call,
 And honor, praise and glory give
 To Him who sendeth all.

Salt Lake City, June, 1889.

◁THE WORLD▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

NOTED WOMEN PHYSICIANS—MRS. JEN-
 NETTE MILLER—EX-PRESIDENT HAYS'
 DAUGHTER—THE FARMER'S ALLIANCE—
 ANNIE BESANT—ANOTHER WOMAN
 LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER—A PRETTY
 SCULPTRESS—AN AMERICAN WOMAN—
 THE PERFECTION MEAT CUTTER—MISS
 MINERVA PARKER—MISS ANNIE E.
 BAXTER.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Noted Women Physicians.—

DRS. SUSANNA and Mary Dodds,
 two of the most successful and widely
 known physicians of the south-west,
 are perhaps two of the busiest

women in St. Louis. Dr. Susanna W.
 Dodds, who was the pioneer of the
 hygienic method in the west, is of
 striking and distinguished appearance,
 and chiefly so on account of a pecul-
 iarity of dress, which in almost any
 other woman, I imagine, would be less
 pleasing, but to Dr. Dodds it is so en-
 tirely a matter of convenience and
 conviction, that it seems to be the
 most suitable fashion that could be de-
 vised for her professional life. It con-
 sists of pantaloons of a black fabric,
 softer than those worn by men. They

are met several inches below the knee by a long cassock-like garment of neatest black, with trimming of flat folds. This attire with a long, black, fur-lined cloak and walking hat for the street is the very epitome of dress reform and solid untrammelled comfort. The wearer is not a bit mannish in voice or manner, as you might suppose unless brought in contact with her.

There is an undeniable charm in the earnest, pleasant voice, the marked personality, and the modest retiring manner, with the magnetism that belongs to purpose and intellect. "If you care to know of my origin, I am of Quaker stock, and was born in Richmond, Indiana," she said to me when parting. This remark was evidence enough if any further was needed of the modesty and complete subjugation of self to the work that is the noble purpose of her life.

The hygienic method of treating disease, is the natural method. We are getting back to nature, after so many centuries of artifice. We read of the natural method of learning language, the natural method of speaking, singing, and so on. Is it not strange that we have gone such a round-about way to find it at last?

The theory of hygiene which Dr. Dodds formulates in her circular, is that "sooner or later *thinking men and women* will repudiate as an untruthful and essentially vicious dogma, the theory that poisons which could make a well man sick, can possibly aid a sick person to get well. Nature, reason and common sense, condemn such a healing art. When drugs are taken into the system, we tax unnecessarily the vital organs, which always do their best to expel them." The treatment is, therefore, the effort

to stimulate the latent forces of life by the elementary cures of diet, exercise, rubbing, massage and bathing.

Dr. Susanna Dodds and her sister-in-law, Dr. Mary Dodds, first introduced the hygienic method here, in a series of parlor talks. This was twelve or more years ago. From this small beginning they have built up an extensive and thriving practice. They have also a spacious home where patients are received and treated after their own system of dietetics, and other health-promoting appliances.

In May, 1887, a convention was called for the purpose of establishing a hygienic college here. The charter was obtained and in the following August a suitable building was secured, and a class entered in September, beginning its three years course. This class was graduated in June last.

This college has students from all over the United States, notably one from Utah, Canada and England.

We take some of our theories of life *cum granum salis*, as the Latins used to have it, but Dr. Dodds takes her dietary theory wholly without salt, believing that nature has provided the right proportion of mineral salt in articles of food. Cereals are used in abundance. Graham flour, no shortening; fruits of all kinds; no tea nor coffee; water is not taken with meals, an hour after or before; little if any sugar. Those who have taken Dr. Dodds' dietary can never go back to the "flesh pots of Egypt," so to speak, with a clear conscience or a genuine relish.

Their remarkable success in the treatment of the various diseases of women, have been frequently attested by the many who have availed themselves of their methods. And the

babies, the sweet, dimpled, chubby bits of healthy humanity that are the light of many homes in this city, bear (sometimes vociferous) witness to the entire success of hygiene as antenatal treatment.

Dr. Mary, the younger of the Dr. Dodds, has never adopted the dress used by Dr. Susanna. She is of Scotch origin, and her speech is tintured with the tonic accent which is always musical, and Dr. Mary shares equally with her gifted sister-in-law, the popular esteem in which both are held.

Mrs. Jennette Miller.—

It occurred to me while reading of Mrs. Jennette Miller, who is a graduate of the Westminster Cooking School of England, that her manner of turning her knowledge to account in this line, might be successfully tried by others who excel in the same art. It is said that she dons "a pretty cap and apron," and goes out to private houses to prepare company breakfasts, luncheons and dinners. She is an Irish lady of good family, has more engagements offered than she can possibly fill, and is well paid for her work.

Ex-President Hays' Daughter.—

The friends of ex-President Hays who saw him while he was in St. Louis last month, could not fail to note that since the death of his wife, he is aging rapidly. He had with him his daughter, Fannie, who attained her majority recently. She is a brunette of medium size, and resembles her father. In dress she is modest and not given to display of any kind. She wears little if any jewelry, and is devoted to her father. She is as much as possible with him, striving to fill,

as far as a daughter can, the sad void in his life.

The Farmers' Alliance

as the recent elections proved, are a strong party in the west. They have a woman champion, who as an organizer and worker is said to rank among their ablest politicians. She is Mrs. Mary A. Lease, a lawyer of Wichita, Kansas.

Annie Besant.—

Here is what the papers are saying of Annie Besant: "She is the most eloquent woman in all England. She is not young or pretty. She is without money or taste in dress. Yet she is stronger than the entire London police, or the House of Lords, when there is a mob to be controlled."

Another Woman Light-house Keeper.—

I reported in the October number of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL, that Ida Lewis was the only woman light-house keeper in America. I have since heard that Miss Harriet Colfax, a cousin of the late Vice-President, Schuyler Colfax, has for nearly thirty years been keeping the light-house at Michigan City.

A Pretty Sculptress.—

Miss Elizabeth Ney, living near Hempstead, Texas, who is young and pretty and a talented sculptress, is a grandniece of the famous Marshall Ney.

An American Woman.—

Miss Elinore Buckingham, a senior of the Harvard Annex, has been appointed as an instructor in the Royal Normal College for the blind in London.

The Perfection Meat-Cutter.—

I have seen still another invention, that was the thought of a woman, and

as a saver of time and labor is a creditable device. Every house-keeper knows how appetizing bits of cold meat may be made when chopped and combined with flavoring of some kind, made into croquets or other dishes. This little invention saves the time of chopping, and can in a few minutes convert the crackers and meat into the proper shape. It is a little hopper secured to the edge of the table, and turned with a crank. Can be readily taken apart for cleaning. The purchaser of this little machine, which costs from \$1.50 to \$3 00, is presented with a receipt book, by Mrs. Roser, Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School.

Miss Minerva Parker

who has been engaged by the Queen Isabella Association to design the Woman's Pavillion for the World's Fair, is a Chicago girl. She is about

twenty-two years of age. Was educated in the Payne school of architectural drawing. Her grandfather, Seth A. Doan, was a Marine architect of Boston, who went west and purchased land on the site occupied by Chicago. Her father fought bravely and was killed in the civil war. She lives with her mother and brothers in Philadelphia, and has been for two years successful in her profession.

Mrs. John A. Logan will be one of the woman managers of the World's Fair.

Miss Annie E. Baxter

was elected at Joplin, Mo., in the office of recorder. She is probably the first woman ever elected to a political position in Missouri, and obtained the election by a faithful discharge of the duties of assistant while in office before. She ran ahead of the male contestant by a majority of 680.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

WORDS AND INCIDENTS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH'S LIFE.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

JOSEPH SMITH the Prophet once undertook to plead law. I have the name of the man who was under arrest, in my journal somewhere, but it would be a *job* to find it, and the name matters but little—the story of the Prophet acting as a prosecuting attorney is impressed upon my mind never to be blotted out or dimmed by time, it will be fresh while reason lasts, not so much for the law he quoted, but for the great prophecy he uttered and the divine appearance of the man while he spoke the word of the Lord.

Soon after we left Nauvoo and settled in Commerce three of our brethren were kidnapped by Missourians, taken to Missouri and starved and whipped until they were hardly able to run at all, but they managed to get away and returned home.

One of the men who did that wicked, cruel deed was found years after in disguise parading the streets of Nauvoo, and was recognized by old Father James Allred as the very man who took him forcibly from Illinois back into Missouri and there treated him worse than a white man should treat his dog.

The Prophet was mayor, but the

kidnapper was brought before an alderman for trial and Joseph acted as prosecuting attorney. When he had just fairly started to set forth the crime that the defendant was arraigned for, he suddenly left the law and declared the word of God with regard to the state of Missouri and its inhabitants. He told what the Saints had suffered at the hands of Missouri and the injustice and cruelty of their sufferings, and he went on to tell what Missouri should be called to endure in order to pay the penalty of wrongs inflicted and for the blood of the Saints they had shed.

A portion of the words of the prophecy I will quote verbatim: "She shall drink out of the same cup, the same bitter dregs we have drunk, poured out, out, out! and that by the hand of an enemy—a race meaner than themselves."

All the time he was delivering the word of the Lord his face shone as if there was a light within him and his flesh was translucent.

The time thus occupied was considerable, for he pronounced two other very remarkable prophecies.

When he had done prophesying he stopped speaking entirely, while he wiped a flood of perspiration from his face and gave vent to his pent-up breath with a long blow, kind of a half-whistle, and after a minute or two he remarked, "Well, where that meaner race is coming from God only knows. It is not the 'niggers,' for they don't know enough, and are gentlemen by the side of their masters. It is not the Indians, for they are the chosen people of God and a noble race of men, but as sure as God ever spoke by me that shall come to pass."

I have lived to see that prophecy

literally fulfilled in the Rebellion, when every family in that part of the state that the Saints used to occupy was killed or compelled to leave their homes by the Bushwhackers or Guerillas under Quantrell—a generation of vipers raised mostly after that prophecy was uttered.

Springville, Utah, Oct. 16, 1890.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH,
Oct. 27th, 1890.

Sister Susa Gates:

I have just learned from Brother Peter W. Cownover another evidence of the certainty in the Prophet's mind that he was going to Carthage to be slain as a sacrifice for the Saints.

Brother Cownover had been to Carthage in charge of prisoners arrested by the county sheriff, and when he reached that place he and the prisoners were all thrown into jail together, without judge or jury, and after they were liberated he returned to Nauvoo, and arrived just as Joseph was starting for Carthage. After usual salutations, Brother Cownover asked Joseph where he was going.

"I am going to Carthage to give myself up," was his reply.

Brother Cownover said, "If you go there they will kill you."

"I know it," replied the Prophet, "but I am going. I am going to give myself for the people, to save them."

Your Brother in the gospel,

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

"SHORTLY after we had received the above revelations, (the ones here referred to are the ones given to Joseph Smith, Jr., Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer, in Harmony, Pa., July, 1830. Sec. 24, 25. D. John.)

Oliver Cowdery returned to Mr. Whitmer's and I began to arrange and copy the revelations which we had received from time to time, in which I was assisted by John Whitmer, who now resided with me. Whilst thus (and otherwise at intervals) employed in the work appointed me by my Heavenly Father I received a letter from Oliver Cowdery, the contents of which gave me both sorrow and uneasiness. Not having that letter now in my possession, I cannot, of course, give it here in full, but merely an extract of the most prominent parts, which I can get, and expect long to remember. He wrote to inform me that he had discovered an error in one of the commandments, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 2, page 7—"And truly manifested by their works that they have received of the Spirit of Christ unto the remission of their sins." The above quotation, he said, was erroneous, and added, 'I command you in the name of God to erase these words, that no priestcraft be amongst us!'

"I immediately wrote him in reply, in which I asked him by what authority he took upon him to command me to alter and erase, to add to or diminish from a revelation or commandment from Almighty God. In a few days afterwards I visited him and Mr. Whitmer's family, where I found the family in general of his opinion concerning the words above quoted, and it was not without both labor and perseverance that I could prevail with any of them to reason calmly on the subject. However, Christian Whitmer at length got convinced that it was reasonable and according to scripture, and, finally, with his assistance, I succeeded in bringing not only the Whitmer family, but also Oliver Cowdery

to acknowledge they had been in error and that the sentence in dispute was in accordance with the rest of the commandments.

"And thus their error was rooted out, which having its rise in presumption and rash judgment was the more particularly calculated, when once fairly understood, to teach each and all of us the necessity of humility and meekness before the Lord, that He might teach us of His ways, that we might walk in His paths and live by every word that proceedeth forth from His mouth.

"Early in the month of August, 1830, Newel Knight and his wife paid us a visit at my place, at Harmony, Penn., and as neither his wife nor himself had been as yet confirmed, it was proposed that we should confirm them and partake together of the sacrament before he and his wife should leave us. In order to prepare for this, I set out to go to procure some wine for the occasion, but had gone only a short distance when I was met by a heavenly messenger, and received the following revelation, the first paragraph of which was written at this time, and the remainder in the September following."

(Revelation given at Harmony, Pa., August, 1830: "Listen to the voice of Jesus Christ," etc. See Sec. 27, Doctrine and Covenants, page 138.)

The above is taken from the *Millennial Star*, Vol. 4, page 150.

Respectfully submitted,

D. JOHN.

THE influence of a noble woman is confined neither to rank nor age: the poor and the rich, the lowly and the exalted, the young and the old are alike moved by this magic power.

◁OUR GIRLS.▷

All Communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

Y. L. M. I. A. CONFERENCE OF
JUAB STAKE.

THE conference of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Juab Stake was held in the Nephi Tabernacle on September 20th, 1890; and as a good spirit prevailed during both sessions—of afternoon and evening—a synopsis of the meetings will probably not be out of place, and may serve to encourage or interest members of other like organizations. President Elmina S. Taylor and her assistant, Sister Lillie Freeze, of Salt Lake City were on the stand, as were also Pres. Paxman of the Stake, Sister M. E. Teasdale and counselors; besides the presidents of the Nephi, Mona and Levan wards, and a number of other leading sisters.

After the usual opening exercises, also reading of reports, a very nice programme was rendered consisting of a manuscript paper read by Katie Sorenson, a lecture on "The Life of Our Savior" by Lottie Roantree, a song by Miss Pemmie Jones, a very interesting and inspired address by Sister Freeze, a song by Miss Tettie Henriod, a recitation by Sarah A. Orm, an earnest appeal to the young ladies to seek for a testimony for themselves, by Sister E. S. Taylor, and closing remarks by Pres. M. E. Teasdale, after which the choir sang "Guide us, O thou Great Jehovah." Benediction was offered by Pres. Wm. Paxman when an adjournment was taken till 7 p. m.

In the evening, the programme was continued in a similar manner to that of the afternoon.

The conference throughout was largely attended, and was marked by unusually good order, a spirit of peace and quiet, and strict attention to all that was said and done. The Spirit of God was bestowed abundantly upon all of those who took part and especially upon Pres. E. S. Taylor and Sister Freeze and we feel sure that their good and inspired words went straight to the hearts and feelings of many of the young ladies who had the privilege of hearing them.

On Sunday evening following the conference the society met at the residence of Sister M. E. Teasdale, and there had another time of rejoicing long to be remembered. The gifts of tongues and interpretation were bestowed and fifteen or twenty of the girls stood up and testified of the Spirit of God which prevailed and His goodness to them. So greatly blessed were we that many were melted to tears of gratitude and thanksgiving. At a quarter to eleven the meeting was dismissed when all went home feeling that they had had a rich feast of good things. On Monday morning, Pres. E. S. Taylor, accompanied by Sister Lillie Freeze, M. E. Teasdale, Louie Hawkins, L. A. Schofield, Katie L. Paxman, and others went to Levan, and there met with the Y. L. Association and the Primary, both of which were well attended. On Tuesday, the Mona ward associations were visited where good instructions were given and a good spirit prevailed.

Prof. K. G. Maeser and Pres. Wm. Paxman were present and expressed

themselves as having enjoyed a rare treat. Gave wise and timely counsel to the young ladies, and prophesied of a great and glorious future for the Y. L. M. I. A. of Zion.

LIZZIE A. SCHOFIELD, Sec.

NEPHI, Sept. 17th, 1890.

WE AGAIN have the privilege of meeting one another in a Y. L. M. I. Association conference; do we esteem this a privilege? Just think a moment and see if we can comprehend its full meaning. We read in the newspapers from time to time of the Woman's Congress holding their sessions of several days duration. The delegates and representatives from the different States and Territories of the Union and from all parts of the world, meeting together to discuss the great questions of the day and uniting their best efforts to determine upon the best methods to improve the situation and condition of woman. We also read of organizations being formed in the cause of temperance; and many noble women are devoting their means, time and talents for the elevation and benefit of humanity. Why do they do this? Because they desire to do good, and they love their fellow creatures. And we here are all interested in every step gained and rejoice in the good accomplished, and we know their reward is sure, and will be according to their diligence. How much more will our Heavenly Father expect of us? He has inspired His prophets to organize by divine authority these associations, for the improvement of the daughters of Zion. Our officers are chosen and set apart to officiate in their several callings; and it is a divine call or mission to them, just as much as our young men called

to go abroad on missions. To be sure their field of labor is at home and their duties differ somewhat, but the call is just as binding on one as the other. Each individual member has her responsibilities, and if we all were only half as earnest as those benevolent women we read of, could we not accomplish wonders with the encouragement we have? Then let us make new resolves at this conference to do better, and by our example try to encourage others even as we have been encouraged by those who have realized the importance of continued efforts, and have labored diligently from the beginning. Let us sustain them by our faith and prayers and by our works, and prove by our sincerity our worthiness to labor with them in this great cause.

In spite of slander and mistrust,
Or burdens great, and hard to bear,
To that alone that's right and just
We'll put our hand and keep it there.

M. E. NEFF.

PATIENCE.

MARY J. HUGHES.

PATIENCE is one of the many noble attributes which we as the young daughters of Zion should possess and cultivate, for without it we cannot accomplish much. There are so many little grievances beset our path from day to day that it requires much courage and patience to withstand them.

The daughters of Zion have a great mission to perform, and if we prepare ourselves for the same, it will require all the knowledge and intelligence that we can give, both in regard to temporal as well as spiritual affairs.

O, what a grand and inspired

thought was conceived in the leaders of our Church, to organize the Mutual Improvement Associations, for the benefit and instruction of the young and rising generation, whereby we may learn and ascertain what our duties are on this earth to ourselves as well as our fellowman, and above all to become patient and noble mothers in Israel; as what is more beautiful than to see a patient, loving mother.

We have numerous examples set before us which are noble and exalting. We can refer to no one whose life was so complete as our Savior's. His path through life was continually strewn with thorns, and He suffered untold torture and tribulations. On one occasion He said, "The foxes have holes and the birds have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

We have a noble example of patience in His life; for He endured all His trials and difficulties without a murmur. And the act which has crowned Him King of Kings and Lord of Lords, was when He was nailed to the cross by cruel hands, for the redemption of mankind, and offered even His

life as a sacrifice to atone for the sins of the world.

We may also take the Apostle Stephen, for instance, when the wicked mob were stoning him to death for preaching the gospel of Christ, he said: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

How patient and long suffering Job was in all his trials, and when he was robbed of all his earthly possessions, even his sons and daughters were taken from him, yet he only said, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Lastly, but not least, we may take a glance at our noble pioneers, with what fortitude and patience they endured their many trials with which we are all so familiar, and by their industry and thrift and the blessings of God, have made the land of Zion blossom as the rose.

Then let us endeavor to the best of our ability to do what is right, and let the consequence follow, and ever be patient, humble and submissive, and learn to live and grow like the modest violet, in sweet humility.

Logan, Cache County.

◁ DRESS. ▷

CITY FASHIONS.

ELEANOR CROUCH YOUNG.

THE gowns seen on the streets these bright fall days are very attractive in their quiet simplicity. Their straight clinging draperies are becoming to almost every one and are especially attractive on young girls.

We are becoming decidedly English even in Salt Lake City. The better

classes have all adopted the plain cloth gown with its tailor finish. Then, with smoothly-brushed, softly-braided hair, coiled in a flat knob or twisted in a figure eight from the nape of the neck up to the rim of the hat, which is in most cases a little plain derby or a sailor, one would think if it were not for a sprightly something in her manner which an English girl never has, that the young ladies who

walk our streets had come over with the latest Cunard from London. After all we've learned much that is good from our grandmother country. We've learned that plushes and silks are in decidedly bad form on the streets, that broad-soled, low-heeled walking boots are the correct thing. That tight-fitting gloves are decidedly vulgar and that a quiet, composed manner is the first dividing line separating a well-bred from an ill-bred woman. We have learned all this from them, and in return our girls have shown them that *chic*, as the French would call it or animation as we would say, can be made quite harmonious with a dignified and lady-like bearing and that the combination produces something infinitely more interesting and lovable than the stiff-backed English girl. In short the English quietude and composure and the American vivacity bring about a result which a Bostonian would pronounce, "Very pretty manners." But—before we stray too far away from the subject of gloves—it was mentioned above you know—let me give you a little advice, the result of years of unhappy experiences. Do not get kid gloves for school or shopping wear. The most stylish ladies are now wearing dog skin and pig skin and they outwear at least three pairs of kid. Then, when you do get a calling, party or theater glove buy the Santa Marie. I cannot too strongly recommend this excellent glove. Ask your merchant to send for them. Try a pair and you will "stick to them" for the rest of your life.

Nothing since discovered gives equal satisfaction for "all around" appropriateness as that insignia of ladyhood the linen collar. No matter how shabby the dress, a white band

encircling the throat, neat gloves and boots and a fine handkerchief just out of the fold and no girl need be ashamed of herself.

Anent the subject of handkerchiefs, if girls would use some of the time used in making fancy work in hemstitching handkerchiefs for themselves it would be putting valuable time to a much better use.

I had a young friend, a dainty little morsel, who had luxurious tastes and very little money with which to satisfy them. "I must have fine handkerchiefs and plenty of them," she used to say. "Now I really cannot afford to buy them at the figures the storekeepers ask so I get linen lawn by the yard and hemstitch them myself, and, as for the lawn, I sometimes hemstitch a few for a friend and that helps me to buy it."

A day or two ago I walked behind a lady who had on, I thought, one of the neatest gowns I have seen this fall. It was a light-brown cloth trimmed in bias pieces of dark and golden-brown plaid.

After I had given the back a good survey I walked around to the side and discovered that it was one of my friends who was wearing it. "I am trying to unravel the intricacies of this very pretty gown," I said. "This!" was the exclamation. "Why this is an old dress made over, and as to its intricacies they are 'a delusion and a snare.' It is really just a plain skirt. The back is loose from the sham and trimmed all around with the fold lapping over the front and locked down here and there. The front part is made up of a front breadth and two side gores. Down the front of each of these is a bias piece of the same breadth sewed down on the side

nearest the back of the skirts and loose on the other side giving it the effect of two side panels. I got the whole suit out of what was originally in the skirt."

"Well," I exclaimed, "I have always said that made-over gowns are the most satisfactory." Necessity is indeed the mother of invention.

The basque belonging to this suit was made with a full vest of the plaid, the collar and cuffs were also of the plaid.

Another pretty fall suit is of blue, a little darker than the cadet. It is made a perfectly plain front and fitted to the form across the hips by darts. Then all the fullness is brought right to the middle of the back in pleats turning toward the center. It has a velvet vest in a dark shade and collar and cuffs of the same, and down the coat tail back are buttons covered with the velvet. The wrap that goes with this is a pinked cape coming just to the waist and pleated into a pointed yoke. With it is worn a toque in the same shade of velvet with a lighter blue bird perched on the top.

Pretty suits for misses from ten to fourteen are the bias plaid skirts and plain, pleated waists of one of the shade in the plaid.

Another pretty suit, which is equally suitable for wee tots of three or girls of ten, is made with a plaid or striped skirt of some dark goods. With it is worn a white flannel blouse and over that a zonore jacket of velvet or plush with sleeves coming only to the elbow, the loose white flannel sleeve coming below and confined at the waist with a plain, feather-stitched band, while over the jacket falls a large sailor collar of the flannel similarly finished.

No mother who tries this little suit

and meets with even moderate success in the putting together will regret making use of the style. It is simple and inexpensive, and very striking in effect.

In speaking of the blouse, I neglected to advise the use of home-made flannel. No other has that beautiful, creamy tint, and no other flannel washes as it does.

Said a Salt Lake girl who had gone to make her home in New York: "I always send to Utah for my white flannel. The people there do not half appreciate it. If the New York ladies had it they would make all their babies' cloaks and dresses of it. And they would make it up into sea-side costumes for themselves."

As a clever writer says, "Hats are either the size of a postage stamp or a wash-tub." It is either a big, wide-brimmed hat covered with plumes or a wee, little, flat toque perched on top of the hair.

The wraps are all short and very handsome in their trimmings of fur and lambs' wool.

A LOUD VOICED donkey occupied a lot adjoining Lil's. Lil's half-grown brother Harry was just young enough to be the butt of much of her girlish wit. He was likewise just old enough to thoroughly resent such treatment.

Late one evening while they were alone in the house, Harry slipped to the back door and opened it; just as the donkey set up his stentorian call.

"Oh, Harry," called out Lil, "there's your friend calling you."

"No it isn't," angrily retorted the lad, "it's your brother."

WISDOM comes by study and faith.

FANCY WORK.

LAMP SHADE.

AVIS.

A VERY pretty lamp shade—to put over a glass shade—is made of surah silk, of good quality and of any light color—excepting blue or green, as these cast a sickly, “uncanny” shade over everything. First measure the silk to your glass shade, the silk should be an inch longer and about one-fourth larger around than the glass shade. After it is sewed neatly together, and the seams pressed open with an iron that is scarcely more than warm, for too much heat fades the silk; fringe the lower end up about an inch—this is done more easily if the selvedge is cut off as far up as it is desirable to ravel out the “filling.” Turn down on the inside one quarter of an inch, to make a “heading,” and gather round the top to fit the glass shade. A cord and tassel made from floss silk adds much to the general effect.

LADIES' MITTENS,

SHELL AND ROPE PATTERN.

THEY are very pretty knitted with purse silk; but for common wear, saxony or split zephyr looks well and is far less expensive.

Explanation of terms used in knitting; *k*, knit; *s*, seam; *n*, narrow—(take off two stitches at the same time and knit them into one); *s*, and *b*, slip and bind—(take off a stitch without knitting it, knit one, then draw the first stitch back over the one just knitted); *m*, *s*, make a stitch (throw the thread up over the needle, as if you were going to seam, but do not

seam, just knit the next stitch plain); *t*, twist (take off four stitches on a hairpin, push them along to the bend of the hairpin; pass them by and knit the four next stitches; then push the stitches on the hairpin to the point of it, draw them back in front of the needle and knit them off, the same as plain knitting.)

For medium sized mittens, cast on 20 stitches on each needle; if it is desired larger, add 10 more to each needle, no less or more, for the pattern runs in ten stitches.

First round: *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *k*. 1, *s*. 2, *k*. 8, *s*. 2; next two needles are knit out just the same.

Second round: *s*. and *b*. 1, *k*. 10, *n*. 1, *s*. 2, *k*. 8, *s*. 2; next two needles are knit out just the same.

Third round: *s*. and *b*. 1, *k*. 8, *n*. 1, *s*. 2, *k*. 8, *s*. 2; next two needles, same.

Fourth round: *s*. and *b*. 1, *k*. 6, *n*. 1, *s*. 2, *k*. 8, *s*. 2; next two needles, same.

Fifth round: *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *k*. 1, *s*. 2, *k*. 8, *s*. 2; next two needles, same.

Sixth round: *s*. and *b*. 1, *k*. 10, *n*. 1, *s*. 2, *k*. 8, *s*. 2; next two needles, same.

Seventh round: *s*. and *b*. 1, *k*. 8, *n*. 1, *s*. 2, *k*. 8, *s*. 2; next two needles, same.

Eighth round: *s*. and *b*. 1, *k*. 6, *n*. 1, *s*. 2, *k*. 8, *s*. 2; next two needles, same.

Ninth round: *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*. 1, *m*. *s*. 1, *k*.

1, m. s. 1, k. 1, m. s. 1, k. 1, k. 1, s. 2, k. 8, s. 2; next two needles, same.

Tenth round: s. and b. 1, k. 10, n. 1, s. 2, k. 8, s. 2; next two needles, same.

Eleventh round: s. and b. 1, k. 8, n. 1, s. 2, k. 8, s. 2; next two needles, same.

Twelfth round: s. and b. 1, k. 6, n. 1, s. 2, k. 8, s. 2; next two needles, same.

Thirteenth round: k. 1, m. s. 1, k. 1, m. s. 1, k. 1, m. s. 1, k. 1, m. s. 1, k. 1, m. s. 1, k. 1, k. 1, s. 2, t. 8, s. 2; next two needles, same.

Fourteenth round: s. and b. 1, k. 10, n. 1, s. 2, k. 8, s. 2; next two needles, same.

Fifteenth round: same as third, seventh and eleventh round.

Sixteenth round: same as twelfth, etc. Continue this routine, which makes the "shell," until you have the desired length for the wrist, always remembering to twist the eight stitches every twelfth round, which makes the "rope" pattern.

When the wrist is long enough, commence and knit just half of it plain and continue the entire length of mitten, the above formula for the other half, (leaving two "shells" with the "rope" between) for the back of the hand. Knit around 4 times as just described and then commence "widening" for the thumb; for the right hand: k. 4, m. s. 1, k. 2, m. s. 1, k. 24; knit the back as described above, knit 6 times around, plain for the palm, the back same as before. Then again k. 4, m. s. 1, k. 4, m. s. 1, k. 24; k. back same as before, knit 5 times around plain as described above. Then k. 4, m. s. 1, k. 6, m. s. 1, k. 24; k. back same as before;

knit 4 times around plain as described above. Then k. 4, m. s. 1, k. 8, m. s. 1, k. 24; k. back, same as before; knit 3 times around plain as before. Then k. 4, m. s. 1, k. 10, m. s. 1, k. 24; k. back as before; knit twice around plain. Then, make two stitches in the same position as the others that have been added, and continue making two stitches every other time around, until you have about 24 stitches, (or more if it requires it, to fit the bulge of your thumb,) now take these 24 stitches off on to a short piece of yarn, making sure to tie the ends securely so that the stitches may not ravel out. Knit round again until you come to the first four plain stitches, knit them, and then make 12 stitches one after another; leave out the 24 stitches reserved for the thumb, and knit the rest, the same as before. Continue in the same way, until the mitten is long enough to "bind off." This is done by narrowing on one side and slip and binding on the other; do this at the outside of each shell, and at the outside of the plain knitting, which makes the ridge follow up neatly on the sides of the fingers.

To knit the thumb; take up the 24 stitches, also the 12 on the upper part, divide them equally on the three needles, knit to the required length and "bind off" by narrowing off the last stitch but one on each needle, until they are reduced to two, break the yarn, leaving 6 or 8 inches to fasten; draw it through the six remaining stitches and with a darning needle draw it through to the wrong side and fasten securely by running back and forth through the under loops of stitches any number of times.

The left hand mitten is made by commencing to widen at the other

side of the plain knitting ; as for example: k. 24, m. s. 1, k. 2, m. s. 1, k. 4. etc., etc.

Now, dear girls, as this is my first attempt to describe any thing in this line, whatsoever, I humbly ask your charity and patience in deciphering this long and I fear, hasty description of a pattern. It has been six years since I knitted a pair of mittens and may have forgotten some of the details,

as the number of stitches for the thumb etc. The shell and rope pattern is quite correct, for I knitted a pair of little socks for my baby a short time ago and feel sure I have made no mistake there. They looked so pretty made of pale pink berlin wool, that I do not hesitate to recommend the pattern as suitable for babies as well as ladies.

HOUSE AND HOME.

THE HOME DEMEANOR.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

THE first sign of a great and good nature is noticeable in the demeanor. A person of such a nature may be gentle, modest and unassuming, never pressing themselves into notice, and yet they are certain to be noticed, for those with whom they come in contact cannot help noticing them. There is about them a self-poise, a courteous hospitality to another's thoughts and comfort. A firm and decisive utterance, an individuality which surrounds them, protecting them from assault by enforcing respect. All of which combine to assure us of a power in reserve, that cannot fail to make itself felt, though in what direction we may not be able to foretell. Such people are usually possessed of great tact. They may have much talent, but they have more tact, and for all the practical purposes of life, tact is as ten to one against talent. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is fit for employment, tact is fitted for it. Talent knows what to

do, tact knows how to do it. Talent is sober, grave and respectable. Tact is all that and more, too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles; it is useful in solitude, for it will show its possessor how to make a way through the world. It is useful in society, for it teaches how to hold our own in the world. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast, and the secret is, that it makes no false steps, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, it takes all hints, and by keeping its eye open, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Talent is a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable. It is the talent of talents, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.

As there are two ways of managing

things, one by tact, the other by talent, it is necessary to cultivate both talent and tact, for both will make themselves seen in the demeanor. There are two ways of showing kindness, and in this particular case, more tact than talent is needed. There are some people who cannot see sorrow nor hear of it without pity, and probably not without some endeavor to mitigate it.

Misery is a painful sight, and they would fain have it removed. But they will not come into close contact with it, let others deal with it, not them. They will give of their means to help, but they will not let the even tenor of their lives be disturbed by personal dealings with misery or trouble. They have a kind word, and their demeanor is so sympathetic, their look so benignant that they are spoken of as the most kind hearted of mortals. This is tact. There are others whose kindness is of a different quality. They are in their element when searching out misery and relieving it. The cry of woe so repulsive to others is an attraction to them; they make it their own, they live to lessen it. How often do we hear of some good woman, a maiden, aunt or a widow it may be, so full of gentle, loving sympathy that they hasten to the scene the moment they hear of sickness or death in a family, whether they are acquainted with them or not!

How frequently do we find among the poor, some active, handy, warm-hearted neighbor, whom all that know her, instinctively send for her in time of distress; this is talent, and is portrayed in the demeanor:

"The world's a room of sickness, where each heart

Knows its own anguish, and unrest

The truest wisdom there, and noblest art
Is his who skills of comfort best,
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye
When like an angel's wing, they feel him
fleeting by."

Mark the great difference there is between these two ways of showing kindness. On the one hand placing another's distress outside yourself, pitying it, no doubt, but still giving it a wide berth, showing plainly by your demeanor, that you do not wish to have it come near you. On the other hand taking it inside your own heart, bearing some of the burden, and exerting yourself to mitigate it as if it were your own personal sorrow. How priceless are friends of this kind to those who are in trouble. How quickly they are recognized by their demeanor. How intensely they are loved. This kind of assistance in time of need is talent. The other, tact, hence while talent is beloved, tact is respected and honored. Talent sacrifices rest, comfort, health and all that tends to make life pleasant for the good of others. While tact makes no sacrifice, but gives of its abundance and by its calm demeanor and cold sympathy is looked up to and honored, but not beloved.

From a worldly point of view we should cultivate tact, for by the world, it is appreciated and honored. But for the standard of a Christian life we should cultivate talent. God gives us talent. To some he gives many, to others, perhaps, but one; and if that one should be the one of loving our neighbor, feeling his trouble as our own; that, indeed, should be cultivated, nourished with tender care, for it is the one which makes the possessor of it more like the Redeemer. To His standard

we do not expect to attain ; but we can take it for our guidance, keep it ever before us, never forget that He left us a work to do, a command to be obeyed. He taught us by His own life how to live, and He showed us by His death how to die. The countenance and the demeanor of the true follower of Christ is ever indicative of their character ; there is a charm about them which is irresistible, and let the cold-hearted and unsympathetic strive as they may, they can never acquire the calm, placid, sweet demeanor of those whose whole life has been one round of kindness. Ask yourself each night what good you have done through the day, and if your conscience tells you that you have done what you could, then go to the glass and you will see the reflex there.

COOKING RECIPES.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

GINGER BREAD.

ONE tablespoonful of butter, or beef dripping ; one cupful of sugar, rubbed to a cream ; add a cupful of molasses, mix well ; sift one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with three cups of flour ; add ginger and spice to taste ; make into a soft paste, and bake an hour, if made in one loaf, but this quantity is better in two cake tins, and baked half an hour. This is a very healthy bread for children.

SCONES.

One quart of flour ; one teaspoonful of sugar ; a little salt ; one large tablespoonful of lard or butter ; one cupful of cream ; one egg ; one pint of milk ; two teaspoonsful of baking

powder ; sift together flour, sugar, salt and powder ; rub in lard, cold ; add beaten egg, cream and milk ; mix to a smooth dough, just stiff enough to handle ; roll out to half an inch in thickness ; bake on a well greased griddle ; let the dough just fit the griddle, and cut it quite through twice across, making four three-cornered pieces ; bake about ten minutes ; brown on both sides ; split each scone in two ; butter and put together to serve. These scones are very good toasted after going cold.

POTATO CAKE.

Boil six large, mealy potatoes, mash very smooth and dry ; add a tablespoonful of butter ; a cup of cream and one of milk ; one egg well beaten ; mix one pint of flour, (graham if liked) with a small teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt ; make into a stiff dough ; roll out to half an inch in thickness and bake on hot griddle ; cut into any shape preferred. Any flavoring essence can be used, but cloves are good. If graham flour is used great care will be required in handling, for it is very short ; prick with a fork to prevent blistering ; eat with butter, hot. These cakes are very light and delicious.

CHERRY CAKE.

One cup of sugar ; one cup of butter ; four eggs ; one pint of flour ; one teaspoonful of baking powder ; one cupful of dried, stoned cherries ; one teaspoonful of vanilla essence ; rub butter and sugar together till they form a white cream ; add eggs slowly, beating well all the time ; after the eggs are added, heat for five minutes ; sift powder and flour together, add to the butter and eggs ; then add cream,

cherries and vanilla; mix into a rather stiff, smooth batter and bake in paper-lined cake tin for forty minutes; when partly done, protect the top with paper to prevent getting too brown.

MINCE MEAT.

Two pounds of currants; four pounds of peeled and cored apples; two pounds of lean boiled beef; one pound of beef suet; three-quarters of a pound of candied peel; three pounds of raisins, stoned; half an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon and mace; one teaspoonful of ginger and one and a half pounds of sugar; chop each ingredient separately, then mix thoroughly, adding the spice; wet with cider or raspberry vinegar; put in a stone jar and cook in a pot of water for four hours, the water should reach half way up the jar; a cupful of either plum or currant preserves added to the mince meat is a great improvement; a pickled beef tongue, well boiled, skinned and chopped fine, makes the nicest kind of mince meat.

TAPIOCA AND APPLE PUDDING.

Pare and core good cooking apples enough to fill baking dish; soak half a pint of tapioca in a quart of warm water for one hour; add a little salt; sprinkle apples with sugar; flavor with lemon, both apples and tapioca; pour the tapioca over the apples and bake until apples are tender. This is to be eaten with cream and sugar. It is best when cold.

SQUASH PIE.

One pint of stewed squash, strained dry; three eggs; one pint of milk; two teaspoonsful of ginger; one teaspoonful of nutmeg and cinnamon; a pinch of ground cloves and one of salt; boil the milk and add to the squash while hot; beat well together;

then add sugar and spices; mix thoroughly and bake upon a plain paste until pie is firm in center.

THREE WAYS TO SERVE POTATOES.

Boil some small potatoes in their jackets; the minute they are done take them out of the water, be careful not to let them be too soft or they will break; take off the skins; have some lard or dripping very hot; drop the potatoes in and fry brown; strain away the grease and serve very hot.

Heap mashed potatoes on a mound or dish, slope them like a pyramid, quite smooth; rub them over with well beaten eggs and set in the oven to brown.

Make little cakes of cold mashed potatoes; flour your hands well and put on as much flour as will stick to the cakes outside; fry them brown in butter.

Potatoes served in this way make excellent breakfast dishes.

WHAT MADE THE BOY MAD.

HARDLY closer their heads could be bent if 'twere tried;

"Pweep! Pweep! Pweep!"

The dickey bird sat in the window outside,

"Pweep! Pweep! Pweep!"

And the small boy in hiding the sofa beneath,
Clenched his fist in his anger and gritted his teeth,

For he couldn't determine if lovers or bird
Were making the comical sound that he heard,

"Pweep! Pweep! Pweep!"

WHAT MADE HIM MADDER.

Soon they snatched the young wretch from his cosy retreat;

"Swipe! Swash! Swank!"

He got about ten on his upholstered seat,

"Swipe! Swash! Swank!"

And the small boy learned to his infinite woe,
That his big sister had a most muscular beau,
And he felt quite assured 'twas a man, not a bird,

Was making the terrible sound that he heard,

"Swipe! Swash! Swank!"

◁HYGIENE.▷

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A
MEDICAL STUDENT.

HOME-LIFE AND AMUSEMENTS.

CACTUS.

JANUARY 22nd, 1889: Small-pox is quite prevalent in the adjoining counties, and there are one or two cases in town. An order has gone forth from the authorities that all students must be vaccinated. We, as a family, believing that obedience to law is one of the first requisites of good government, have carried our precepts into practice, and have all been vaccinated, and a delightful time we are having of it. The children cry, and the grown people are cross, or sick, or both.

Of course, as I am the "Medic" of the company, the job of vaccinating everybody fell to my lot. My hand shook a trifle at first, but I put on my most placid smile, and endeavored to look as unconcerned as though it were an every-day occurrence, for prospective M. D.s must get used to such things, you know. It was rather funny to see one of the boys, during the process, turn pale, and sit down suddenly on the foot of the bed, while another as suddenly remembered some duty outside, which must be attended to. At college, the main greeting for the last week has been, "Been vaccinated?" or "Look out for my sore arm!"

We have an addition, and a welcome one, to our family circle—a lady and her son from our own dear Utah, so now I am to have a chum! It's nice to have a good chum. It leaves one no earthly show for getting homesick, because all the spare moments are

filled in with sociability, and good feeling, as the little chinks are filled with saw-dust when packing dishes. Our home is now in truth, "a little house well filled."

And oh, what jolly times we do have, especially at meal-times! Mysterious original poems are dished up almost every morning for breakfast, some of which are fairly side-splitting; while jokes are as thick as butterflies in June.

The party upon whom the majority decide a joke has been successfully fastened is expected to treat the crowd to fruit, candy, or some such article, with the understanding that the "treat" need not exceed twenty-five cents in value. One of our standing jokes lately has been that "Winter has set in." (We have the promise of a sleigh-ride if that event ever occurs.)

Winter has been setting in regularly every Monday morning since the 2nd of October, according to some members of our family, but we haven't seen much of his hoary head yet. Two weeks ago, on the strength of his "setting in" in earnest our caterer indulged in half a beef for the use of the family. In two days, a balmy south wind had taken all the "starch" out of that beef, and it hung disconsolately upon the wall, with big, melancholy tears dripping from every angle. Something must be done, and that quickly, and only one thing suggests itself to our mind, somewhat unsophisticated as to things culinary. A large box, twenty-five pounds of salt, a meat-axe and saw, and two pairs of not very willing hands, amid screams of

laughter and cries of "Winter's set in with a vengeance!" soon changed the aspect of affairs, and now "corned beef" is the order of the hour, and is likely to be for the next six weeks. Already our stomachs rebel against such a sudden and persistent influx of sodium chloride, while the demand for "more water," has nearly drained our cistern.

Last night we had a reunion of all "our folks." I suggested that we have corned beef sandwiches for supper, in order to expedite the consumption of our surplus. This did not meet with the approval of the majority, and to my secret satisfaction, fresh ham was substituted. We had a nice supper, and a programme composed of recitations, readings, music, singing and a budget box. Oh, that budget box! We laughed until our sides ached, rested, and laughed again.

Everything funny that has happened during the year was rehearsed in the most original and ridiculous manner, and the literary talent displayed was stupendous for depth and variety.

For amusement we have also been attending a series of lectures given under the auspices of Student's Lecture Association. Tickets, for those taking the whole course, average twenty-five cents each. The most noted orators and lecturers of the country are engaged for these courses. We have already heard Mrs. Mary J. Livermore, in "The Coming Man, or A Dream of the Future," and Robert Nourse in "John and Jonathan." Mrs. Livermore sought to bring before us the ideal life of the future, say a hundred years hence. I thought it a very good beginning for Co-operation and the Order of Enoch.

Mr. Nourse discoursed upon the re-

lative merits of England and America, and their mutual dependence upon each other, socially, financially, politically and morally. Both were interesting, edifying and amusing.

There are also many concerts and various other entertainments given in the University Hall during the winter.

With all its intellectual advantages, there is one thing in which Ann Arbor is deficient, and that is a good theatre. The Opera House is a small, inconvenient affair, frequented only by small, third class troupes. There stands out distinctly in my remembrance now an occasion of not long ago, when, in payment of a "treat," myself and one of the other ladies of the company were allowed to go to the theatre. There was a red-faced buxom heroine with a nasal twang, a hero of diminutive size and weak voice, a clog dancer and a boy with a harmonica. A mother whose child was stolen from her bewailed her fate with a stony face and an attitude as though an iron rod were run through the cavity usually occupied by the spinal cord.

For three hours we endured their tirade and the hisses and cries of the students in the upper circles; then, weary and disgusted we wended our way homeward, to find all the children up, examining the family portraits, with their student papa as interpreter. Of course, they were delighted to see auntie and mama, and the surprise of finding the little eyes so wide open, and the little toes so cold at midnight, together with our unhappy experience, was sufficient guarantee that we wouldn't do so again, not for all the treats in the world.

Among the most pleasant of our

family gatherings are our Sunday meetings. How pleased we were to find that it was practicable for us to meet together, and talk to each other, and partake of the sacrament. I think there is not one of us but is willing to acknowledge the help it is to him to do so. We are studying the Bible and church history, two being appointed each Sunday to discuss the subject for the next week. Thus, while we are here in search of worldly knowledge and wisdom, and while we do not hesitate to get all the enjoyment possible out of our college life, we are still trying to go onward in that higher and more exalted pursuit, the acquisition of knowledge in relation to our spiritual welfare and progress.

Thus only can we develop and mold our characters so that they will be symmetrical fitting them to go onward to eternal perfection.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF ZION.

FROM A GRADUATED OBSTETRIGIAN.

My dear beloved Young Sisters in Zion:

ANOTHER month of the precious time allotted to us has passed away, and we may well ask: what did it bring forth? Are we a little nearer the hopeful point, the hopeful hour, that our hearts think and dream about? Or, are we standing just where we were a month ago? If so, I fear for the result.

We ask: What are the hopeful things for which we are so anxiously looking? Oh, the wishes and desires of the human short-sighted eye, and the narrow contracted heart, are so innumerable that we must fail to note them here; but, there is one point,

one hour, in which the hopes and longings of the souls created in the image of God are naturally centered, which are the perfection of human beings, and the hour when we will regain the presence of our eternal Father. This is, as I said, naturally the desire of every earnest and sincere son and daughter of God.

According to the different occupations and interest in life, so our minds must necessarily be drawn in various directions. You have learned by this time, my beloved sisters, that my interest is drawn more especially in one direction, in speaking to you, than in any other, namely: "The perfection of woman physically." I am eager to do my part, I can not help it, when I look forward and see how far ahead perfection stands calling and inviting us to its blissful embrace. Yes, blissful embrace! how sweet will be the day when that blessed physical state of perfection will be reached, when all that sickness and misery which is now preying upon women will cease, and she will stand healthy and strong, capable of all the events of life for which she was designed. This, many will say, can not be reached, it does not belong to this state of probation. It does, and it can be reached. We must, and we can reach perfection as human beings, not as Gods.

There is especially one affliction which more than any other fills the heart of woman with grief and fear of its approaching moment, the delivery of her children. And is it any wonder that it does, when we look around and behold what agony and suffering it creates, how many husbands are robbed of a beloved wife, how many dear innocent, helpless, little children are

left without a mother! She was taken away from the face of the earth, because she was called on to be mother. I say, is it any wonder that it fills women with fear and despair?

How is all this? Is there no way of escape? I say there is! It never was designed that woman should lose health nor life because of raising children. Some will say, it is natural, because of the curse pronounced upon Eve for the sake of transgression. It is true that God said: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children;" but oh, how blessed, that He also said, "But nevertheless, thou shalt be preserved in child-bearing."

Sisters! let these words and sayings of our Father be a comfort to you, knowing, that there is a way of escape. Show, through the influence and power of the Holy Spirit, that you are determined to find that road, and travel on it, that it may lead you onward, until you arrive at the state of human perfection.

One of the signs of woman's physical perfection, stands clear to my view. It will be when she is delivered of her children without pain, painless childbirth. "Oh," says one, "so far we have already reached." And I say, yes; and this, too, can be accomplished by the most "physically" degraded woman. She being ever so sickly, ever so miserable, the most nervous creature, nevertheless, she can be delivered of her children without pain. What a glorious invention! I will just ask you, sisters; what has been gained by that invention? Has it bettered the physical condition of women, through the many years in which it has been in operation? I say, no! I have lived long enough, had experience enough in watching its

influence from the earliest times when I started my profession thirty-one years ago; though I am thankful to say, that in over four thousand five hundred cases in which I have assisted woman in childbirth, I have never made any use of anæsthetics. But as I said, I have watched its effects, and I realize to my satisfaction, that it has in no way been a benefactor to woman. As a rule, she stands weaker today than ever before; and chloroform and ether are some of the causes. When there is the benefit of anæsthetics? I fail to see it; on the contrary it causes many calamities. It is said it is harmless. No, indeed, it is not harmless! The affected organs, under its operations, is injured for future life, relaxation and slackness causing many afflictions of the prominent organs; and certainly they perform their part in shortening life. I would advise you, sisters, to study these things a little deeper; do not run so fast, and sweep so lightly over it. What benefit is it giving you in the hours of delivery? Does not every organ, interested in the operation, suffer exactly the same, undergoing the same heavy ordeal as when there was no anæsthetic! Just the same, there is no suffering lessened. It is only the communication between the different organs and the brain, which is stopped at that moment, that is all. You have suffered just the same, only you didn't know it. The effects of the sufferings are just the same, and you have not gained anything in regard to physical strength. No sister, as long as no other course is taken, we will never reach physical perfection. These things must be brought about on natural principles. As long as you will give yourself up to be treated with poisonous medicines,

just that long, you need not expect anything but physical degradation. In the use of medicine, sickness, ruin, and death, has been brought to hundreds, thousands, yes millions of the daughters of God who would not have died otherwise. Sciences are truths found out. Some truths, in their nature bring life; other truths bring death. And what a confusion, when we for a moment stand still and look around, observing the use made of these truths, found out through the studying of medicine. What a confusion, I say. Consult one doctor; consult ten doctors, consult twenty doctors, and you will not find two of them who would give the same advice, even for the same sickness. What does all that mean, and which of them is the right one? If you will be satisfied with my answer, I will say: "they are all wrong." I can not be mistaken in that, because the result shows what it has brought about. There was never more sickness among women than there is today, and as long as that course is existing it will never be bettered. I will say as I have said before, medicine never has and never will cure a single person. But it is the proper care and treatment connected with the blessings of God, which will restore a person to health, and not the drugs administered. When it is asserted that they have done so, it will be found on close examination or argument that the person has recovered comparative health *in spite of the drugs*, and *not* through their influence. No, sisters, this is not the *proper* road that leadeth to "painless childbirth." It may lead you there, but be sure, it will be at the cost of health, and life.

I am very sorry to notice an increase

in a practice which is not very becoming for Latter-day Saints, namely: that *many* of our sisters are sending to the east for medicine, by which they are promised, through advertisements in papers and pamphlets, that they can obtain painless delivery. Oh, sisters, if you had as much experience as I have, of the sad results and evils, which the use of these medicines creates, you would close up your ears against such advertisements, I am almost afraid to wait on any woman who has been guilty of that practice, because of its, in many cases dangerous result, follow relaxation in the prominent organs, and consequently dangerous hemorrhages, not to speak of all the misery and trouble it brings upon woman in regard to future health.

My dear beloved sisters: be wise, be intelligent, do not be so excited in seeking for knowledge; seek for wisdom. We have *too much* knowledge among us and *too little* wisdom. Be sure, when you undertake such steps as these, that you are not working under wrong inspirations, if you were inspired by the Holy Spirit, you could never take such steps, try to be wise, plead for wisdom which God giveth to His daughters, and you will see how natural it will be to your searching mind, that there is another road sure and possible, which will not only lead you to painless delivery, but lead you there in safety, to a blessing for yourself and your beloved offspring. I know painless delivery can be gained, I have waited on women who have had no pain whatever in the hour of delivery, but it was obtained through natural means and not by the use of medicine, and I feel as though I could promise in the name of God, that

His daughters, who will submit to the laws which He has laid down for their guidance, and plead with Him for wisdom and inspiration through His Holy Spirit will be enabled to obtain

that so anxiously expected blessing: "painless child birth."

Will close, expect to tell you a few more things in regard to the subject, in my next letter. HANNAH SORESENSEN.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT an enormous school-room this life is. Whether, indeed, this be the Primary, or the Intermediate Grade, who can tell? One thing is sure, as we learn our lessons here, so at the close of the term, will our place be in the advanced grade, or will we be put back to learn over again the lessons we might have learned here.

Do some of my dear girl friends fancy when death ends a mortal career that the departed one goes at once either to heaven or hell? I am sure you are all too well instructed in the gospel to believe that sectarian error? What then may we say is the meaning of the words heaven, hell? Is it not heaven to lie down at night with the happy reflection—"Well I have done pretty well today, better than yesterday, for I have discharged all my duties, have occupied all my time, and besides in one instance at least, I have conquered an inclination to do evil, and thus gained one victory over self." On the other hand, is it not hell to think on retiring at night, "Ah me, today I have wasted hours in useless gossip, given way to a wicked temper, and have let down one more bar for Satan to crawl through." Just so will your heaven or hell be made when you finally lie down to the sleep of death. To be sure, the surroundings of those beings who are pure and true will be of that light, beautiful nature which be-

long to the realms of Almighty Power, while hellish beings will sink to their own level of darkness and gloom. But we know from revelation that the states between those extremes are as innumerable and as varied as are the stars of heaven. Your future home, its loveliness, its worth, its glory, depends upon your actions on this earth.

What girl is there, if told that for three years her conduct would be the test which should open to her, a palace, a cottage, or a hovel, who would not strive to comply with the first requirements, were they ever so severe, ever so exacting?

Has not Christ set before us, Latter-day Saints, the three glories, not to speak of the horrible possibilities of the apostate's doom? Now because your mortal eyes cannot see the three different, great glories, do not fancy they are not, as real, as tangible and twice as beautiful as our mortal minds can even faintly conceive.

One of the conditions which we accepted before coming here, was a complete forgetfulness of the other world, of the past and the future. This was the more firmly to plant our feet in the ground work of faith. If we could see these beautiful prospects ahead of us as we see the stately homes of the rich in Salt Lake City, we should not need to lean so heavily on the arm of

Christ. Our own selfish cupidity would lead us to make many sacrifices to reach the desired goal. But we stumble on in the twilight and perforce develop that implicit faith which is absolutely necessary to us in our future existence of glory. Faith is the great moving power of the whole universe, and each one of us must acquire, alone but for divine help, the gift and power of faith.

Faith and humility, power and unity, order and love, are the very materials within the great nature-work-shop; God's home of light! Do you think you and I can get anywhere near there, encumbered with the follies of vanity, the sin of uncharity or the elements of discord and strife? No, no! And just in proportion as we conquer those temptations of flesh and sin, just that much nearer are we to the seat of love, intelligence and life.

Pres. Young once said that this sphere was one of the lowest ever created by our Heavenly Father; and that if men of commonly decent lives could only realize the beautiful existence which would hereafter be theirs, they would scarcely have patience to wait till death released them. As for the glories in store for him, who had in part conquered sin and temptation, had been measurably faithful, these glories were beyond the mere conception of mortal man.

Dear girls, can we not resolve to do away with the vanities, the follies of the world and try to prepare ourselves for the best possible state hereafter?

THE Christmas tide suggests all happy thoughts, recalls all merry memories. Every one looks forward to the Christmas holidays with the gayest anticipations, and counts it a

period of rest and real holiday. There is one, however, to whom the prospect is not so agreeable, and that is the jaded, overworked mother. The great feasts, big washing and ironings, the confusion and clatter, only seem pleasant to her because she is so educated that her happiness is in seeing others happy, no matter how bitter the cost may be to her own weak body. She is the true emblem of Christ and His mission, sinking self in a regard for others. Some day, however, we as Saints hope to see the day when by co-operation and the United Order, the heavy labors and cares of the mother will be lessened and lifted.

Meanwhile, my kind girl-readers, just take a portion of the Christmas cares on your own strong, cheerful shoulders. Just see if the real beauty and meaning of the Christmas-time, the Christ-birth, is not made sweet and clear to you by helping mother to get comfortably over this feasting noisy time. Send her off for an hour's rest in the afternoon while you stone the raisins and beat the eggs. Remember with your choicest, most valuable present, the dear unselfish mother, while you encourage every child to do something towards preparing some little gift for mother!

PRES. ELMINA S. TAYLOR wishes me to give some instructions to those who send essays and other articles, as well as conference reports etc., to her department: always give name of writer or author, and place of residence, with the name of Y. L. M. I. A. to which the writer belongs. Page your sheets properly, and above all things, write only on one side of the paper.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◁ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▷

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MARTHA JANE HORNE TINGEY.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

MARTHA JANE HORNE TINGEY.

IT IS customary to begin biographical sketches with the time of birth of the individual represented and such

other data as pertains to the event ; but in this instance the writer will digress a little from the beaten track generally pursued and tell of the

parentage and condition thereof previous to the arrival upon the scene of action of this young woman, some of the events of whose life are to be given in a pen picture, accompanying the likeness, for the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

The father and mother of Mrs. Tingey were Joseph Horne and Mary Isabella (Hales) Horne, both of them of pure English extraction, and well descended; in fact the ancestry of the Hales were "men and women of renown," in the England of former days. Moreover, Mrs. Horne has inherited from her antecedents, those noble and lofty traits of character, that are found in the grand old types of the early periods of English history.

Mr. and Mrs. Horne became acquainted in Canada, whither they had gone from the mother country while quite young, and were there united in marriage. About a month afterwards they had the privilege of hearing Orson Pratt preach the everlasting gospel, subsequently Parley P. Pratt and then Orson Hyde, who baptized Mrs. Horne in July, 1836. In course of time they gathered with the Saints in Missouri, and passed through the persecutions and severe trials of that period of the history of the Church. From that time on they continued with the body of the Saints in their wanderings and pilgrimages, coming to Utah in the first company that followed the pioneers in 1847.

There is no doubt in the mind of the writer, but that the character and temperament of children are largely due to paternal and maternal influences. This fact is pretty well known and acknowledged in the present day by scientists and others. As I am not dealing with the subject

of heredity, I will only remark that the babe Martha was born at a time when the mother was earnestly beseeching the Lord in prayer and supplication for His divine assistance, under perhaps the greatest trial she had ever experienced. She had accepted with her husband the revelation upon plural marriage, not only in theory but in practice.

About the same time she was chosen as First Counselor to the President of the Relief Society, Mrs. Phebe W. Woodruff, in the 14th Ward where she resided. This was another channel of development in good works and deeds and brought into exercise those sweet and heavenly attributes of womanly character that wrought upon the condition of the unborn child, and have doubtless been a heritage to her of more worth than worldly wealth.

Martha Jane Horne was born in Salt Lake City, October 15th, 1857, at the Horne residence in the 14th Ward. She was the eighth daughter and fourteenth child of her parents. The home of the Horne family has always been celebrated for its hospitality; and many pleasant parties, family reunions, and social gatherings have been enjoyed in this old-time mansion. While little Mattie, as she is always called by the family and familiar friends, was yet a babe, her father was called on a mission to Southern Utah, leaving the mother in charge of a large family of small children. In the spring of 1858, Mrs. Horne (as well as many others) was obliged to leave her home and take up the line of march southward; this was the time that General Johnston's army was expected in Utah and the women and children vacated the city. Little Mattie, six months old, was taken in

her mother's arms, while she drove her own team, a span of horses, two hundred and fifty miles, and cared for three other children (one pair of twins included) under four years of age, besides the older ones who occupied another wagon. In September of the same year the mother and family returned to their home in this city, and late in the fall the father and husband returned from his mission to the bosom of his family.

Those early days in the valley, when the Territory was new were not the times of plenty and of luxury, such as our young people now enjoy; prudence and economy were necessary in every household, and Mrs. Tingey was reared in habits of industry and thrift for which she says she "has always been truly thankful." She early evinced an ardent love for learning, and was instructed by her sisters at home until she had mastered the alphabet and primer and was able to read in the first reader, when she was sent for the first time to school to Bartlett Tripp in their own ward. From that time she became an almost constant reader, her mother often taking the book from her and sending her out to play to get a little exercise; then she would enter into the games, etc., just as hard as anybody. Her only recollection almost of her first term at school is that of being placed on the stand on examination days to recite poems. She was a regular attendant at Sabbath School, and it was not unusual for her to recite from 30 to 40 verses from the Bible at once when quite young, thus she became conversant with Bible history and also with the Book of Doctrine and Covenants in the same way. She committed to memory

the ten commandments and the word of wisdom and recited them with a class when eight years of age; Mrs. Tingey adds "I read all the histories and everything else in the Sunday School library as well as all other books that came in my way. I used to read aloud to mother, and to visitors many times, which has been a great benefit to me, and is a practice I would recommend to mothers to encourage in their children".

When only eight years of age Mattie Horne was chosen by her teacher to read the manuscript paper on examination day when a part of two or three other schools were present by invitation. This reading was so creditably accomplished by what seemed such a tiny girl that it won laurels for the little maiden, and from the many visitors present she received fervent congratulations.

Mrs. Tingey has always made a confident of her mother and feels that it has been a great blessing to her and would be to girls in general, to be able to talk freely on all subjects with their mothers. A little anecdote of her childhood illustrates her training, and it may not be amiss to give it as she related it to me. Her mother had taught her not to borrow things at school; one day she came home from school with a repentant look and manner, and confessed to her mother that she had been disobedient, and had borrowed a ring from one of the girls, and had lost it; but she had felt so conscience stricken about the matter, that she went by herself at the back of the school house to pray, and asked the Lord in her prayer to show her where the ring was, "and the Lord showed me where it was and I went

and got it and gave it to the little girl," said the child in the most impressive manner. There are two important lessons to be learned from this anecdote; one is the remorse that follows disobedience in children whose consciences are properly cultivated; and the other the element of faith in the child when correctly instructed in its exercise.

Judging from my knowledge of Mattie's character I should think her young life was remarkably happy; she was fond of music, a very sweet singer, and had many young companions with whom she was a great favorite. She was rather an old-fashioned child, liked to listen to the conversation of people in years, and when her mother had visitors, she would often find Mattie curled up in a corner deeply interested in the conversation. Added to her love of music Mattie was also quite proficient in dancing a graceful petite figure with dainty feet, and Br. Martin Lenzi, her teacher, was fond of showing her off as his model pupil, whenever there was an opportunity at a concert or party in the ward, much to the child's annoyance, as she was modest to sensitiveness, when appearing thus before the public.

When about eight or nine years old Mattie had quite a remarkable dream, which she has always remembered and it was recently recalled more vividly to her mind while working in connection with her father, mother, brother and other relatives in the Manti Temple. I will give it in her own words as related to me:

"I dreamed one of my little school companions, just my own age died, and asked me to go to heaven with her; I told her I would, and we took hold of each other's hands and started

off; when we arrived at the large gates—they were open, and a personage stood there in beautiful white robes; my impression was that it was the Savior, and that He had opened the gates for us. He let my little friend in, but when I tried to go in, He told me I couldn't enter, and handed me a small silver lock and key, and told me I could go in when I was ready; I put out my hand to take hold of the lock, and He said no! no! no! quite distinctly, but firmly and kindly. I seemed to think then I must take hold of the key, which I did, and He nodded His head in assent. As I turned away to come down to earth again, and after going a little distance, I was surrounded with wolves, that in spite of everything seemed determined to destroy me, and for a long way I had to pass through these herds of wolves, that surrounded me on all sides, but I made my way along notwithstanding, and when nearly home my brother Richard met me and took me safe home."

This dream must have made a very forcible impression upon the child, for her to have remembered it so many years, and no doubt has a very significant meaning attached to it, though it may not be apparent just yet, in all its bearings.

One more little incident of Mattie's childhood and then leaving that portion of her life we will speak of her girlhood days and marriage, and her labors in the Mutual Improvement Associations and other important matters.

When the railroad reached Ogden in 1867 it was a novelty in Utah and many of the older people had never seen the cars, having kept ahead of them in the western country. Brother and Sister Horne and family, con-

cluded to go to Ogden, and pay their respects to the locomotive, consequently they rigged up a camping outfit, and took the whole family, a practice very common in those days, when going out for rest and recreation. Reaching Ogden it was thought to complete the pleasure of the journey one must have a ride on the train, so they decided to go to the Hot Springs a few miles distant for a trip; but some one must stay to watch the horses and wagon, and Brother Horne decided to stay, as he had seen cars before in the East. Mattie was so timid that she was bent on staying with her father, and could not be prevailed upon to go, so one of her big brothers bundled her up, took her in his arms and carried her aboard; her fears were all dispelled with the delight she experienced when once fairly started on the track. At the Hot Springs they alighted to await there the downcoming train, and to amuse the children, the section men took them up and down the track on the hand cars; the time flew quickly and Mrs. Tingey says this was one of the most entertaining incidents of her child life. This little girl quite distinguished herself in school and Sunday School receiving as rewards of merit many books and cards as prizes for excelling in reading, spelling, arithmetic, etc. In the year 1869 or '70 three graded prizes were offered by the superintendent of the Fourteenth Ward Sunday School to which Mattie belonged, for the best biographical sketch of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Miss Mattie took the second prize, the first one being awarded to Master Abraham H. Cannon then quite a little lad.

Mattie was taught fine sewing and embroidery as well as plainer needle

work in the home by her mother, who was a fine needle-woman; and she also instructed her in all the several branches and details of household occupations, so that when Miss Mattie entered upon other employment she was not ignorant of the duties and labor of housekeeping. When fourteen years of age she joined both the Sunday school and ward choirs and was always on hand regularly and in her place to assist when there were funerals in the ward whether of the rich or poor, as well as to sing at ward entertainments, concerts for charities or public benefits; and from the time she was old enough to be of service, whenever there was anything going on in the ward in the nature of a public entertainment, Miss Mattie Horne was sure to be chosen on one of the committees.

In the summer of 1873 half a dozen young girls by the suggestion of Pres. Brigham Young and Apostle George Q. Cannon volunteered to learn typesetting; it was a new departure in this city and much was said to discourage, as well as in its favor. I notice in the *Woman's Exponent* of August 15, 1873, the names of the young ladies who first commenced to learn typesetting and Miss Martha J. Horne's name heads the list. She continued this occupation for ten years, until nearly the time of her marriage; almost constantly, and became in course of time such an expert in the business that she earned as much, and her compensation was equal to that of the men, who worked in the same establishment, and even during the time she was thus employed she did much of her own sewing, dressmaking, etc.

Miss Mattie Horne may with all propriety be spoken of as a spiritual-

mindful girl, her tendencies were very strong in that direction, and as a natural consequence, she united herself with what was then known as the Young Ladies' Retrenchment Association when it was first organized in the ward where she lived and was always an active member. When the name of the Association was changed to the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association she still continued and was frequently the editor of the manuscript paper and in every place and calling acted efficiently. She was called upon to read the manuscript paper at a conjoint meeting of the Y. M. & Y. L. before a very large and critical audience and acquitted herself with great credit.

At a very large select party in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms given in honor of Sister Eliza R. Snow shortly after her return from the Holy Land, Miss Mattie Horne read in a very pleasing and graceful manner the poem written by Mrs. Woodmansee for the occasion and dedicated to Sister Eliza. On many other occasions she has given readings in public, and in several instances she has surprised her friends greatly by the tender sweetness of her tones and the music of her intonation.

Miss Mattie Horne was at an early date after its organization admitted a member of the Wasatch Literary Association, and in that as in all other societies with which she was connected she took a prominent part. She helped very much in contributing to the musical part of the evening entertainments and was usually on for a song or in a duet or quartette, always taking her part cheerfully.

In 1875 she was appointed a teacher

in the Sabbath school and was given a class of little girls, which class she continued to teach until she was married and left the school, at which time the little girls she commenced with were all marriageable young ladies. This duty she felt a pleasure and enjoyed the time devoted to the work very much indeed. She also held the position of Secretary in Sunday school for about two years previous to her marriage.

When the Primary Association was first organized in the ward Miss Mattie Horne was selected by Mrs. Clara C. Cannon, who was chosen President, to act as one of her counselors, which she did until her health became so poor that she was not able to attend to the duties of the office. A great deal of her leisure time, or what would be taken by many young girls for pleasurable recreation, Miss Mattie devoted to training the children of both the Primary and Sunday school in songs, recitations and dialogues for concerts, etc. On the 19th of January, 1877, Miss Mattie joined the Tabernacle choir and has been a member of it ever since, though for the past five years she has not been able to attend as regularly as she was previously in the habit of doing. A part of that time she has also filled the position of Assistant Secretary for the choir.

At a conference held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, June 19th, 1880, when Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor was elected to fill the office of General President of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, she chose Miss Martha J. Horne as her second counselor, and this choice was unanimously sustained by the conference; she still holds this position which she has filled with great credit and effi-

ciency and a quiet dignity ever since; she has traveled in the interest of the Associations in many of the Stakes of Zion and attended the conferences; and she has been diligent at home in her own Stake in attending meetings and in speaking and exhortation at all times and in all places when duty called her to do so, even though the responsibility sometimes seemed very great for one so young. Mrs. Tingey possesses sublime courage, and she depends upon the guidance and influence of the Holy Spirit, and she is really an inspirational and gifted public speaker. Her voice is clear and her articulation distinct and the practice she has had in reading and singing in public has been a fruitful source of cultivation, and she is therefore enabled to speak with dignity and confidence.

Mrs. Mattie Tingey is a firm believer and supporter of equal suffrage and equal rights, and while the women of Utah held the franchise, she voted regularly at all the elections from the time she was twenty-one years old until the privilege was taken away by the passage of the Edmunds Tucker law. The young lady is also a staunch supporter of the law of tithing and from the time she began to set type, working for wages, her tithing was paid regularly, the same as that of any older person. This is an example for the young ladies of Zion that should be strictly adhered to, and a blessing would certainly follow.

In speaking of herself Mrs. Tingey says, "I am naturally of a nervous, excitable temperament and the hardest battle I have had to fight has been with my own temper to learn self-control, for I have always considered that as much a religious duty as attending meetings."

My own experience in my intimate association with Mrs. Tingey was quite different to what she herself expresses, therefore I conclude that she must have been entire master of the strong feelings of which she speaks so plainly. I hope other young women will follow her example and learn the invaluable lessons of self-control that are so essential in every-day practical life, and especially so for Latter-day Saints.

Miss Mattie Horne's school life was principally passed in the schools taught in the wards, except a couple of years at the Deseret University. She is a clever writer and has furnished some articles, as well as verses, for the *Woman's Exponent*, which were very well written and pleasing, showing that she has considerable ability in this direction.

Of Miss Mattie's beaux and courtship, I know very little, except that she had many admirers, as it is a subject she never alluded to of her own accord and naturally I should imagine she had several offers of marriage, but she was very particular to whom she would pledge her hand and heart; in fact my own opinion is that she looked upon the responsibilities of wife and motherhood as so great, that only a true sense of the position of women in this Church would have influenced her to let her heart go out to any one. However she plighted her troth to a young man of good character and standing in the Church, one who had honorably filled a mission of two years in a foreign land. On the 30th of September, 1884, Joseph S. Tingey and Martha J. Horne were united in marriage, her husband is the son of Bishop J. Tingey, of the 17th ward of this city, and has been for many years both before and ever since his

marriage connected with the *Deseret News* Office; he is a worthy and estimable young man, and I believe fully appreciates the talents and ability of his wife, and I think they are happily mated for time and for all eternity according to the covenant.

A reception was held after the wedding at the residence of the bride's parents where heart-felt congratulations were extended to the bride and bridegroom, who with bright prospects before them had just entered into matrimonial relations. I need not tell you of the beautiful gifts bestowed, or the sumptuous repast prepared for the assembled guests who had been invited to participate in the enjoyments of the occasion. The bridegroom was a fine looking young man and the bride charming in her pure white apparel, her dress and ornaments were simple and neat, no ostentation or superfluous display, flowers in artistic style were the only adornments I remember; but I recollect distinctly that she looked as pure as an angel.

On the 28th of October, 1885, a son was born to Brother and Sister Tingey, and was called for his father Joseph S., Jr. The mother afterwards suffered very greatly, though she was nursed with the tenderest care and solicitude and frequently administered to by the Elders and good sisters, yet she was a long time in recovering, and her severe illness left her weak and lame. Her implicit faith that she would yet be entirely healed by the power of God continued as firm as ever, although it seemed as if the destroyer was determined to hinder her active usefulness both at home and among the young people of Zion. After a time, however, her health improved and she was able to travel

occasionally into other Stakes of Zion and wherever she went she bore a strong testimony to the power of healing manifested in her behalf through the ordinances of the holy Priesthood.

In October, 1888, in a conjoint conference of the Y. M. and Y. L. Associations in the large Tabernacle in this city, Mrs. Tingey made an eloquent speech that attracted the attention of the large congregation assembled there; in fact, she seemed fairly to outdo herself, and her earnest words thrilled the hearts of the audience and produced a telling if not a lasting effect.

Such young women as Mrs. Tingey are a great blessing in Zion, her quiet demeanor and noble example are an influence in themselves, potent for good wherever she is seen and known. She is in every sense of the word a lover of home, yet when duty calls her, she is more than willing to sacrifice ease and comfort to help in the great work of redemption by imparting to others those simple truths that have proved a lamp to her feet and a light to her path. Mrs. Tingey as one of the Central Board of the Y. L. M. I. A. fills a most important position, and her work will increase as Zion enlarges her borders. Many blessings have been pronounced upon her head by prophets, patriarchs and mothers in Israel. The words of Solomon, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness," might well be applied to this young woman.

That her life may be prolonged to fill the mission to which she has been appointed, is the wish and prayer of the many thousands of those who have the best interests of the young women of Zion at heart.

E. B. W.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

RUBY LAMONT.

WHEN the earth was fresh and new
 With its star-gemmed vault of blue,
 At the word of high command
 First sprang from its Maker's hand,
 Gazing on the bright new gem
 In His glorious diadem,
 Free of anguish, free of blood,
 God in rapture called it *good*.
 Good its grassy hills and dales,
 Grand its mountains, bright its vales,
 Fairer than bright fairy dreams
 Were its flow'ry banks and streams.
 Then had Eve's and Adam's prayer,
 In the wildness of despair,
 From the depths of sin and shame
 Ne'er appealed unto His name.

Bounding on the ethereal wave
 Sailed the world where no sad grave
 Had been laid, and groans and tears,
 Saddened thoughts of future years—
 There in all its glory clad,
 To the harps of spirits glad
 'Neath the beaming of His face
 Grandly good it rolled in space.

Since the music hath been jarred
 And its smiling beauty marred.
 Sin and death in royal state,
 Now preside o'er human fate,
 Human souls in darkness grope,
 Scarce with glimmering of hope.
 Darkness fills the heathen sky,
 For the poor, lone hearts that die.

So, a gleam! the night hath fled,
 Brightly beaming overhead,
 Shines the star of Judah's King;
 Hear ye not the angel's sing
 Peace on earth, good will to men?"
 Sing the heav'nly words again!
 Weary, lonely, struggling soul
 Find in Him a peaceful goal!

He hath struggled, He hath wept,
 Homeless roamed when others slept;
 He was tempted, He was tried,
 For our souls was crucified!
 Can we tread the path He trod,
 Can we follow Him to God?
 Will we show good will to men,
 Make the old earth *good* again?

Richfield, Dec. 8, 1890.

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106.]

CHAPTER IX.

WITH a mind filled with conflict-
 ing emotions, Mrs. Lawson en-
 deavored to keep pace with the agi-
 tated steps of her husband. She would
 have preferred to go in any other
 direction, or with almost any other
 person. Conscious that she had of-
 fended him, and unconscious of the
 manner or cause of the offence, brought
 bewildering dread to her sensitive and
 loving heart.

Mr. Lawson walked so fast that it
 was with great difficulty that she could
 keep near him. Only a regard for the
 decencies of life prevented her from
 turning around and going in an oppo-
 site direction, or, simply taking a com-
 fortable gait, let him leave her in the
 rear. Her mind was too full of con-
 fused battling impressions to admit of
 connected thought; so with a mental
 consigning of the whole matter to
 futurity, she entered the gate to the
 house which circumstances had in-
 vested for her with the sacred name of
 home.

As she passed up the walk she
 glanced up at the melancholy, time
 stained boards that encased the out-
 side, with their partial covering of
 chrome yellow paint.

With all her nervous being on the
 edge and unoccupied, the scene, as
 never before, was photographed upon
 her mind. In after life when in hours
 of sadness or weariness this picture
 came up before her it served to deepen
 all dreary impressions.

The small dark handmaid opened

the door, and her keen eyes took in the situation. As the two silent figures passed into the parlor, she shook her little dusky head and muttered some very uncomplimentary things about Mr. Lawson.

The parlor door closed with ominous sound. Mrs. Lawson dropped into a chair without removing her hat and jacket. Her husband with brows bent into an angry frown, leaned against one corner of the low mantelpiece, regarding her.

As she did not speak, or even look at him, he was forced to begin the conversation himself.

"Mrs. Lawson," he said in an angry voice, "which one of your interesting friends, of an interesting church, resides in the place to which these articles are addressed?"

It was the first time he had ever called her *Mrs. Lawson*, and the name sounded so strange that her sense of hearing took it up and repeated it over and over. That, more than what he asked her, found lodgment in her mind.

She sat for some minutes looking out at the window, but really seeing nothing. The bird on its bough sang gleefully; the sunshine fell in broad, unobstructed waves on the leafless earth, which drank it in gratefully; while over and over in her mind ran the strange question, who am I that am thus arraigned? and who is it that so angrily dares to question me?

As may be supposed her silence did not improve the temper of her spouse. Taking her muteness for defiance and contempt, he did not wait many moments before he said in a voice which he vainly tried to render calm and dignified: "Then, if you will not tell me,

there is no alternative but for me to inform myself." Suiting the action to the remark, he deliberately tore the end of the envelope off and extracting the letter, glanced hastily over it.

She sat regarding him with dim eyes, and a terrible weight upon the faculty of reason, benumbing and scattering her thoughts; bringing from out the past a curious medley of things long forgotten. Moved by an insane impulse she opened her lips to sing, but a sense of its impropriety checked her and almost made her laugh. All this time she had not spoken a word, in fact she hardly comprehended either his cause of anger or what he expected of her.

If there is one thing more than another that stirs the depths of a shallow nature, and makes a perfect beast of the unfortunate possessor, it is to meet their anger, accusation and injustice with dignified silence.

After reading the letter through Mr. Lawson said with the bitterest scorn: "So we have an uncle in jail, have we?"

This stinging question did not yet reach the conscious and vital center of the woman's feelings. Knowing the cause of his imprisonment, the honor and nobility of his character, the esteem in which he was held by the community in which he lived, it had never occurred to her that her husband would look upon him in any other light than a political prisoner, as, indeed, most of the honorable men outside of the Mormon Church, and acquainted with surrounding conditions did. *He* had lived among them, *he* had partaken of their hospitality, *he* had participated in their devotions upon the Sabbath day, and their innocent and homely recreations. *William*,

her husband, knew. He was the soul of honor!

How slow her heart was beating, and how dull and inert her faculties were. She had lost the power to compute time. It seemed to her that her husband had been angry with her, or the men who were persecuting the people of Utah—she was not quite clear which—for endless ages. Yes, she must say something to William, of course. Still looking out of the window, still silent.

This was just a little more than Mr. Lawson was prepared to endure. In a perfect whirlwind of passion he strode over to her and seized her inert wrist in a grip like iron. "Woman, how dare you treat me with such contempt! How dare you write letters to a Mormon jail bird and dishonor the name I have given you, by placing it at the bottom of such a communication?"

Then he flung down the blue bruised wrist, and taking another tone, continued:

"Fool that I was to trust the happiness of my life to the keeping of a Mormon woman! What could I expect of one reared in a hotbed of vice and disloyalty, but clandestine letters to jail birds? My happiness is a wreck; but you shall not disgrace me! Remember, I *forbid* you to ever mail another letter with this address upon it!"

Roused at last from the unnatural calm, Mrs. Lawson arose and drawing her cold hands one through the other, strove to speak; but could not articulate. Throwing her head back she gave way to an irresistible impulse to laugh, and long, loud and ringing came the unnatural sound from the white agonized lips, and Mrs. Lawson fell full length on the floor like one dead. The coils of brown hair so care-

fully dressed to please her husband, with its shred of azure silk, lay not three inches from his feet. The form he had caressed so tenderly had fallen in a faint like death, stricken down by his injustice, scorn and anger. Poor little woman, scarcely more than a child! And she had given up father, mother, brothers and sisters, country and religion for him. In all the wide world she had nothing else but him, and if his love failed her, what then? Surely her guardian angel wept in pity for her.

Mr. Lawson was thoroughly frightened, and his anger fled at this semblance of death. Lifting the unconscious woman in his arms he laid her on the bed. Scarcely knowing what he did he opened the door and called Inez; then he rushed to the bed and emptied the water pitcher over her, thoroughly wetting her and the bed under her.

Inez came to the door, and he sent her in wild haste for the nearest doctor, and raved around like a madman until the arrival of that individual.

Noting the drenched condition of patient and bed, while feeling her pulse and administering restoratives, Dr. Wilberforce asked sarcastically if the lady had been trying to drown herself.

Mr. Lawson replied very humbly that he had put a little water on her to try to revive her, when the faint first came on.

"Is the lady accustomed to having these spells of unconsciousness?" asked the doctor, watching the white set features with a very grave face.

"No—that is—I have never known her to faint before," the repentant and conscious stricken husband confessed.

"No," said the doctor, "Hum, very critical case."

"You do not mean to tell me," said Mr. Lawson in a beseeching tone, "that her life is in danger?"

"That is exactly what I do mean, sir," said the doctor, a shrewd, young practitioner, not yet old enough to have acquired pomposity or hypocrisy.

Mr. Lawson's face expressed his helpless misery.

"Send immediately for a trained nurse, this lady must be got out of these wet clothes and be put to bed," said the doctor, as he noted with great gratification the signs of returning consciousness.

Inez popped her head in at the door, "A lady wishes to see Mrs. Lawson."

"Mr. Lawson started angrily toward the door, to tell Inez (who had disappeared the moment the words were out of her mouth) that the visitor must be dismissed, but at the door he met the pleasant, smiling face of Mary Gray.

"A propitious fate surely sent you here, Miss Gray," said the doctor familiarly, "come in and assist me to get this lady put to bed."

"What is the matter?" said the new comer, laying aside hat and mantle, and acknowledging Mr. Lawson's presence with the lack of ceremony which the circumstances made proper. She approached the bed and bent over the woman who had not yet opened her eyes, but whose breath, under the restoratives administered by the doctor, came and went regularly.

"This lady has sustained a very severe mental shock or a prolonged anxiety," said the doctor, looking straight at Mr. Lawson as though he expected him to explain.

Receiving no answer, however, he continued, "She must be got into dry clothing, a dry bed, and some one whom I can trust must nurse her, for she will come out of this to fall into a state of nervous prostration. A recurrence of the cause, sight of the person who caused it"—and again he looked Mr. Lawson over as attentively as though piercing his suit of clothes—"might induce a recurrence of the symptoms, that in her present state of health would prove fatal. Some dry clothes please," he said to Mr. Lawson directly.

If it had been his own death sentence that had been pronounced Mr. Lawson would hardly have been so miserable. He did not know where to find the clothes, but he opened a bureau drawer and began tumbling things about.

Miss Gray came over and with a pleasant "permit me," selected the needed articles, and in a few moments she and the doctor had made the patient comfortable.

While replacing the things something caught his eyes that made him gasp for breath, and stabbed his heart like a dagger.

His back was toward the doctor and Miss Gray. They were paying no attention to him, but giving their undivided care to the invalid. He stealthily slipped the little piece of softest flannel and silk floss out of the drawer and secreted it in his breast pocket.

The doctor's voice startled him. "Mr. Lawson, a word with you."

He followed the doctor into the dining room. "Your wife," said the doctor, with impressive gravity, has had a very severe mental shock; "you best know what has caused the alarm-

ing condition. I warn you solemnly that a recurrence of the cause, or a sight of the person connected with it might place her life in great jeopardy. The best course, probably, would be to exclude every person, yourself included, from the house, except the nurse and physician."

Mr. Lawson bent his head in mute acquiescence.

"If Miss Gray could be prevailed upon to remain and nurse her I would feel that she was in safe hands. Is she an intimate friend of your wife's?"

"No, just a ball room acquaintance, but they seemed to take to each other;" said Mr. Lawson in a dejected manner, for his fierce anger had melted into miserable self-reproach and clammy dread.

"I will speak to her if you like, and see if it is possible for her to remain even a fortnight," said the doctor in a slow, thoughtful manner. "As much depends on careful nursing and cheerful, quiet company as medical skill."

Who will not say that he was an exceptionally frank and honest man after making an admission so damaging to the medical fraternity?"

"Do, doctor," Mr. Lawson replied in beseeching tones. "I will pay her any amount she will name if only she will stay."

"Mr. Lawson, if Mary Gray is fond of your wife, if she can believe that her presence is necessary to her recovery, and can stay without neglecting some other duty, she will stay; but do not say anything about *pay* to her until her labors are at an end; then be as generous as you please."

"As you like, doctor," and Mr. Lawson's hand sought a tiny warm spot over his heart, and rested there.

The doctor returned to the room

where he had left the two women together. The patient was breathing heavily, and the face of Mary Gray was a shade paler than was its wont.

"Any change?" inquired the doctor in a whisper.

"She opened her eyes a moment ago and whispered in a frightened voice: 'A Mormon jail bird,' but she is delirious, Dr. Wilberforce."

The doctor and Mary Gray stood by the bed a few moments in silence.

What was there in this acquaintance of a day that stirred the deepest and tenderest feelings of the strong-souled Mary Gray?

"If I might be trusted to nurse her doctor, I would esteem it a favor."

"The very thing I was about to propose," the doctor replied, giving her a bright questioning look.

"A Mormon jail bird," slowly reiterated the doctor. "Hum! if I knew exactly what had caused this I would know a great deal better how to deal with the case. Now I've an idea, Miss Gray, that that husband of hers is to blame for the state his wife is in. He is one of those kind of men who never learns that a woman is a finely tuned instrument, and that they can't be played with a sledge hammer. He's all broke up, and I think his conscience hurts him. I have endeavored to give him a few little stabs myself. Very strange world this," said the doctor meditatively, "a man can be punished for everything under the sun, but torturing, abusing, and finally killing his wife."

The bright eyes of the doctor were taking in the details of the room, whenever they were removed from the face of his patient. He saw the hat that had fallen from her head and rolled to the sofa when she fell, and

the envelope with the end torn off lying on the floor.

"She had her hat on when she fainted," was his mental comment when he recalled the fact that her jacket was still on when he was summoned.

The letter that Mr. Lawson had read, crushed in his hand and thrown upon the floor was peeping out from under the edge of the draperies of the table in the center of the floor.

The noble "spirit of investigation" took possession of the worthy doctor.

Of course he could handle the case better if he knew exactly what had caused the faint. So making some plausible errand to get Miss Gray out of the room, he possessed himself of both letter and envelope for further reference.

Mrs. Lawson came back to consciousness to find her hand in the clasp of Mary Gray, to see the face of Dr. Wilberforce bending over her, and felt comforted and protected, though unable to definitely understand what had happened.

She tried to arise, to speak, but the doctor gently forced her back. "Do not try to talk or get up, just go to sleep and Miss Gray will take care of you, when you wake again you will be better."

The same gentle authority compelled her to swallow the sedative which the doctor deemed it wise for her to have.

Quietly and swiftly the patient relapsed into unconsciousness—not that oblivion that had seemed like death, but its twin brother sleep.

With a few whispered instructions the doctor took his leave, promising to come early in the morning. The truth was Dr. Wilberforce was more than anxious to read the letter in his pocket.

The haste with which he sought his office for the purpose might almost be termed vulgar curiosity.

Miss Gray sat by the bed for an hour, perhaps, after the doctor's departure, and as the patient slept peacefully, she thought it would be as well to go before dark and acquaint her guardian, Mr. Force, of her whereabouts and find a friend to take charge of her music pupils during her stay with Mrs. Lawson.

Accordingly she passed into the hall, looked into the dining room and failing to find Mr. Lawson peeped into the kitchen.

Inez was the sole occupant. Nodding to her pleasantly Miss Gray said: "Please tell Mr. Lawson that I will be back in an hour, and that he had better remain with her until I return," and was about to pass out when a significant gesture from Inez caused her to pause.

"Do not leave her, *Senorita*! He is a brute; he will murder her!"

"What do you mean," Mary asked, looking at the girl in perplexity and alarm.

"I listened at the door; I heard him talk to her just like a Spaniard," said the girl, "because she gave a tramp a few nickels this morning. Lucky for him she is not a Spanish woman, or"—and she seized one of the table knives and first thrusting it down the back of her neck, withdrew it with an agile flourish and a magnificent thrust at Miss Gray, that made her start back involuntarily.

"Men are cowards, brutes, hypocrites, deceivers, goats!" said the excited Inez, who with great difficulty had restrained her desire to relieve overcharged feelings by shrieking out in her native tongue.

Miss Gray left the house determined to be back in half the time named, and, taking a cab, was driven swiftly home.

Mr. Lawson sat in the chamber where death had been the last occupant—the empty room on the other side of the house.

Through the cobwebbed and uncurtained window poured the last rays of the setting sun. They fell upon the bowed head of a man who was nearer to unselfish tenderness than he had ever been before in his whole life.

Oh! the love that men have for women is, in spite of its fervid strength, often deadly in its selfishness. Not only do the unenlightened men of the world—but those who have drunk at the fountain of righteousness, taught in the simple, pure and progressive doctrines of Christ—demand that a woman yield her name and person to the marriage vow; but often, that following this, her habits of life, taste in dress and society, principles, religion, and the very teachings that she received at her mother's knee. Before marriage he is a humble slave, afterward, too often, a heartless and unconscious tyrant.

The sunbeams rested more tenderly, it seemed, upon a small white object that lay spread out upon his knees, and into the tiny sleeves of which he had thrust his fingers.

"I never dreamed of this," he said to himself, rubbing the soft little garment against his cheek. "My God! I'd rather cut my tongue out than hurt her feelings, if I'd have known this. If she ever gets able to speak to me again, I'll go down on my knees to her! No trouble shall ever come near her again if she only gets over this."

He did not mean to admit that he

had surprised her secret, but to wait for the sweet confession from her own lips, told in her own way, and at a time of her own choosing.

A great longing to see her caused him to suddenly return to the house and softly open the door of the room that served for bedroom and parlor.

He expected to find Miss Gray there, but the room was empty.

Softly entering he stood by the bed, looking down upon the face of his sleeping wife.

How slender and delicate and sensitive she was, and he had dealt with her more like she had been a hardened criminal than an innocent child.

The doctor's grave looks and ominous words came back to him. "If she should die!" and a dim realization of what his life would be without her forced itself upon him.

She stirred uneasily in her sleep and a faint moan escaped her. Unable to bear the sight of her suffering, he seized his hat and left the house, just as Mary Gray alighted from a vehicle at the gate.

After reading Mrs. Lawson's letter to her uncle, Dr. Wilberforce addressed a new envelope and mailed it to its destination.

Drawing his own conclusions from it, he did not permit Mr. Lawson to see his wife again for a week.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN IDEAL.

LU.

I saw a fair ship one morning,
Sail out over smooth glassy seas,
I marked the soft zephyrs moving
Her white sails, spread out the breeze.
Long have we watched this ship's sailing,
Far over life's treacherous tide,
Our prayers have been constant unailing,
That dangers it safely outride,

Clearing the isles of temptation,
 Escaping its wild rocky reefs,
 Shunning its straits of delusion,
 That only bring sorrow and grief.
 Wild winds have beaten against it,
 And false lights have oft allured on,
 Whirlpools have almost engulfed it,
 In passion's mad fury of storm;
 Yet true signal lights are gleaming,
 They brighten the waves near the shore,
 We'll watch the ship making the harbor,
 Rejoice when the long voyage is o'er.

EIGHTEEN DAYS ON THE DESERTS.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120.]

ALL were tired, hungry and thirsty but none could eat without water to prepare food.

Joshua Whitney was sick with disease of the kidneys and in great pain but made no complaints, for that was of no use, as we had to keep on going.

Indeed there was no complaining heard from any one although none could help but feel concerned at the waters being dried up so often.

We decided to travel on to the next water and never go back.

We were now on a real desert running north and south over 200 miles without a creek or tree at that time. We kept a due south course by the stars until near morning when we halted and rested until daylight and then on again, crowding the poor jaded animals as hard as our judgments would allow us, and much harder than our sympathies would let us, if we only had plenty of water for ourselves; but I had learned on that very desert that a mule could carry a man, and both do without water, until the man could ride no longer.

That day was a terrible day to me

more than any other one of that company.

At home, that day my oldest and only son then, was kicked by a horse, and his skull so crushed, my sister Zina told me afterwards she could feel the pieces move under her hands with a little pressure.

My two sisters Presendia and Zina and another sister in the Church, I think it was Sister Whitney, got together and under a promise, fasted and prayed for his recovery until the next Tuesday when the boy came to his senses enough to call for water. He now lives over Jordan near Salt Lake City.

During the forenoon of that day which was no day of rest to us although Sunday, I was frequently interrogated as to the anticipated water—how much there was and what kind of a place it was—if there was any possibility of missing it, etc.

I explained to the men that it was a nice little running brook about the size of one of our water ditches in Salt Lake streets, without tree or bush to mark the place before we came to it; that when I found it, we were on the bank, and there could be no fears for water this time.

The day was excessively hot on that sandy desert, and it seemed as if we would all dry up to mummies. Indeed some began to look a little like it, Brother Simon C. Dolten in a particular manner, who, two days before was a fleshy man of about 175 pounds weight,—now he was dark colored, hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and if the whole Territory was to be saved by one drop of moisture from his mouth, it could not have been saved—indeed that was the same con-

dition of every man in the company before night.

A little after noon a pack animal gave out, or nearly so, and being assured by me that we were but a few miles from the water, Brother George Bean stopped back with it, and Captain Cowover stopped with Bro. Bean to keep him company, but kept slowly coming.

Soon we came to the place of the creek, but there was no water.

It seemed as though every heart went out and every face took on an expression it never wore before.

Every eye was turned on me—and several asked—"Is this your creek?" "Are you sure this is the place?"

Looking about I discovered men's and horses' tracks that were made three years before, and called the attention of all to the sight, which was proof to me positive that there I drank and there my animals drank three years before. All appeared satisfied that I had told them the truth and they could see that there had not been snow nor rain in three years to blot out the foot prints.

Well now what was to be done? It was eighty miles to water either ahead or back;—and with this disappointment every man became more thirsty.

Our whole bodies suddenly became dried up, our eyes became dim, our mouths were dark colored, and we were in an awful suspense.

Two men were back out of sight behind a broken or elevated section of country, and one of them the captain.

I must direct what should be done and I asked myself what shall I say or do? Something must be done. O!

Lord what shall we do? I trembled all over.

The only thing we could do came to my mind, and I said to Stephen B. Moore and Joseph Dudley—"You two are the strongest men in the company and on the best horses; follow this water course into the mountains away up yonder and you will find the spring that used to feed this creek—and when you find it, go out into an open place and make a smoke."

All the canteens were collected and given them—with instructions to fill and return to our relief if we failed to see the smoke.

Off they went like desperate men in a desperate cause and were soon lost to our view among the foot hills.

There we lay upon the burning sand hour after hour watching for the smoke.

We looked also back upon our trail for our captain but saw nothing but mountains away beyond, and at times we could hardly see them—then we would try to wipe the tears, or fog, or smoke or something out of our eyes—something that hindered us from seeing.

Poor souls—we did not know what obscured our sight—we did not realize what was "stealing our senses away."

Away across the valley to the west we could see something green and the more we looked at it the nearer it appeared until finally two men said they were going there. They knew there was water there. Others were going to follow the two that followed up the creek-bed to the east—others wanted to go back to water, and thus they wanted to scatter.

Then came President Young's promise

"that not a man should be lost if we would stick together and keep the commandments of God."

Then I talked—and promised them in the name of the Lord God, if they would listen to me and keep together they should all return home.

There was no more talking about going across the valley.

We did not fail to look for the smoke all the time, occasionally looking backwards for the two men left behind.

The tongues of some were getting very thick as they talked. Some said nothing—among them was Joshua Whitney.

He had more to think of than any other man with his disease besides thirst, but he was cured.

The sun was very slowly creeping towards the western mountains and I reasoned that the two men sent, had time enough to go clear over the mountain and back and perhaps they had perished by some means,—and if they came back, they could see our trail and follow; we would pick up the two men left behind.

Whatever they had done we must do something, and advised that we return upon our own trail. Every one was ready and in a minute we were on the march back.

We had proceeded not over half a mile when I was suddenly stricken with numbness and my sight left me entirely.

I fell from my mule, but with the shock recovered a little and after a short but solemn pause asked to be put on my mule again—it was done with some solemnity, and we took up the line of march again.

Not a quarter of a mile had been passed when I felt the same sensation again

coming and to avoid a fall that might injure me, I rolled off—I pawed away the hot sand and curled up in the place made.

In a moment I was asleep—and the most pleasant, heavenly sleep I ever enjoyed, but my sleep was short, for the walls of my throat closed together and stuck like glue. I awoke struggling and pulling at my throat for breath.

I knew that my minutes were numbered if I did not get relief soon, and I said to the men "lead up the poorest horse and bleed it—give me the blood"—and I fell asleep again without seeing the horse brought.

Several times I slept and dreamed of gardens, flowers, pleasant walks and beautiful streams of water, and such pleasant smiling people.

I awoke each time as at first. The horse was brought by my side—I remember of seeing the rope around his neck and a man feeling for the vein—I heard some one say "where shall I stick him?" and I am told that I stuck my finger down in the sand and said: "Stick him right there."

My anxiety of mind perhaps had much to do with my prostration as the first one, others would soon have followed.

When all was ready "for blood," a man pulled off his shoe to strike the knife—another held the pan, and the shoe was lifted to strike—when some one called out, "there is a smoke."

The words were like a shock of electricity to every one. It knocked the shoe out of the man's hand—it lifted me to a sitting posture and threw every man in the saddle except two who stayed with me.

I was a little refreshed with sleep and could see the smoke very plainly

about half a mile off—some one said “that is Steve Moore on his mare, just see how she jumps the sage brush.”

Stephen B. Moore rode a bright bay mare and wore a red shirt—it was he who had made the smoke but he was on foot, and if he had been on his mare, the brush was lacking size to jump.

I sat calmly awaiting the coming man, who ran like the wind—he stopped just a moment when he met the men and then sped on until he stood by my side and handed me a small canteen partly full of water—he handed a full canteen to the two men sitting on the sand by my side.

I took the canteen thoughtfully, shook it and smelled of it—I looked at it and at the brother who brought it, as he wiped the sweat from his face.

During this time I was pondering over my once drinking a too heavy draught when I had been three days with but a very little strong alkali water, and had fallen from my mule as I had today.

Then I gave thanks to my Heavenly Father who had so kindly provided for our deliverance and for the water I was about to drink, and asked Him to bless it. I resolved to not hurt myself this time as I took just one swallow and waited a moment. But I do not think that swallow ever reached my stomach—it was absorbed by my mouth and throat—there was no taste in it like water.

I took two swallows and waited a little—then a little more and waited until I had swallowed perhaps a pint and a half but without any particular pleasure in the taste. I drank all that was given me—the other two drank all that was given them.

I sat and watched the effects of the water feeling that I must get strength before I could ride. I soon discovered a crawling, creeping sensation in my flesh, as of some living thing or substance—it passed through my whole system and as it passed I could have marked its course with my finger on the surface.

When it had gone off the end of my fingers and toes I soon began to feel life and strength returning. Then I told them to help me on my mule and I would go.

As we rode along towards the mountain Brother Moore related his movements since he left us, a little after noon, say one or two o'clock.

He said that they found the spring in about 6 miles after they left us—that the captain and Brother Bean behind watched them and followed as soon as the smoke was made—that they made a big fire and then put on a lot of green cedar boughs and made a tremendous smoke—could see us from the fire and wondered why we stayed so long.

When they saw us turn back they felt sure that something was wrong, filled four canteens and he started on the run and did not stop the run except once when he came to a large bunch of dry greasewood he stopped, struck a match and touched it to the bunch of brush which was all on fire in an instant—never had seen a match do work so quickly.

When I had got about half way to the water we met the captain with a large canteen of water which he handed to me first.

I was then more thirsty than I had been for the last eight hours and drank, I suppose, voraciously, for the captain called out to “hold on and not

kill myself." As he said this, a tinge of childish anger sprang up, just for one second, then reason dictated, that he had his full powers of mind and knew best—and I handed him the canteen, for the others to empty, with a jocular remark as I did so.

Before the captain left the water, the men that sprang into their saddles so quickly at the word "smoke," had all got there, and he fearing that their judgments were not strong enough to control their thirst, placed himself by the water with a cup and poured water on them as they lay down to drink, in order to prevent their injuring themselves by drinking too much.

He wet them all but one, David Canfield, who pulled out his revolver and said he would shoot any man that poured water on him.

Captain Conover (commonly spoken "Conover") not wanting to be shot just then let him drink without molestation. When he had drank all he wanted to, he attempted to rise, but could not—he lay a minute or two and commenced to scream and yell with pain.

The captain spoke to another standing by him—"take hold of that leg"—and they very slowly pulled him by the legs up the little steep bank perhaps ten feet, and while they did that, the water ran out the man's mouth—and back into its original channel—for here it was a small brook that sank among the gravel and rocks a few rods below.

Before I got to the water I met Joseph Dudley with another canteen of water out of which I took my fill without doing myself any injury.

Now we were all together again and as happy as ever, that we had plenty of water.

The sun was just setting—wood was gathered for the night—the animals were well provided for with water and grass.

The subject of supper was very modestly and feelingly touched upon. We were full of water a little while before, but now our natures called for something more substantial.

There was no meat in camp, no bread, no coffee, tea, butter, yeast powders nor anything but about three quarts of flour.

Well flour would do—and a pint of flour was stirred into water and cooked.

SILVER LAKE.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

OH, spot entwined with memories
Of long past, joyful summer days,
Of peaceful thoughts and placid glees,
And sound of sweet-sung lays.

I love thy sloping, emerald hills,
And paths that narrow in their shade;
Thy moss-browed rocks, and firm-lashed rills,
And strips of sunlit glade.

Thy stately columned forest dells,
Where oft our pine-heaped fires roared,
And still night shadows felt the spells
Our happy hearts outpoured.

The quiet lake's hill-shadowed shore
Our boats oft circled, loth to leave,
Whose echoes happy songs oft bore
From morn till purple eve.

The strip of meadow in the vale,
Where in the twilight's pensive light
We watched the changing colors fail
From sunset painted height.

Nooks where in drowsy afternoon
We heard the forest silence stirred
By insects' droning tap or tune
And call of far-off bird;

Or watched the trail, slow winding, make
A white line on the hillside view,
Where sounded high o'er breathless lake
The traveler's faint halloo.

All these are framed within my heart—
A picture that a dream oft lays
With scenes whose visioned grace took part
In old Arcadian days.

THE BASKET WAIF.

AMELIA GRAEHL.

THE new year dawned brightly; during the night Jack Frost had done his work faithfully, covering the windows with a beautiful network, fringing the house with large icicles, which gleamed and sparkled in the sun. It was Mrs. Parsons' birthday, so she was not at all surprised when Bertha, the parlor maid, entered, carrying a large basket completely covered with beautiful flowers.

"Why, Bertha!" exclaimed Mrs. Parsons, "who has sent me that beautiful present?"

"I do not know, ma'am. I heard the door bell ring, and upon opening the door I found this on the step."

"And was no one there?" asked Mrs. Parsons.

"No, ma'am. No one."

Mrs. Parsons removed the flowers one by one, wondering as she did so what she would find beneath them. You cannot imagine her surprise when she discovered under its flowery covering the face of a lovely baby sleeping quietly. Her countenance, which had been expressive of so much joy, fell at once. "A baby!" she cried, "who could have sent me this?" and tears of vexation stood in her eyes. Mrs. Parsons was a middle-aged woman, and having had no family, thought all children a nuisance, and she did not want her well-regulated household disturbed by the presence of this one. But good-natured Mr. Parsons gave a hearty laugh, and rubbing his chubby hands

together, said, "Oh, how nice a thing to have a baby in the house," and again he laughed heartily.

"But what shall we do with the child?" asked Mrs. Parsons. "I do wish you would stop laughing and tell me."

"Well," said Mr. Parsons, "we *must* keep it. The Lord sent it for your birthday gift—let us keep it, by all means."

Just then Mrs. Lennox was shown into the parlor, greeting her friends with "A Happy New Year," and shaking the hand of each warmly, her face the picture of benevolence and a mischievous and happy smile playing round her lovely mouth. She was going to inquire about their health and so on, but Mrs. Parsons cut the conversation short and showed her the pretty baby still sleeping in the basket. "See," she said, "what we found behind the door a few moments ago."

Motherly Mrs. Lennox took the babe in her arms, saying as she did so, "Poor little love. And what are you going to do with the little stranger?"

"We are going to keep it," said Mr. Parsons.

"Well, I am glad of it," said Mrs. Lennox, "and I hope you will not be angry with me when I tell you that I brought it myself, knowing the little baby girl can grow up to be a great blessing and comfort to you in your old age. I will tell you the little one's story, and I hope with all my heart you will keep her as your own dear child."

"We will keep her," said Mrs. Parsons, "but not as our own child. What would my proud brother say? I vexed him once."

"That was when you married me," put in Mr. Parsons.

"Yes, I know it," said Mrs. Parsons; "but he will never let this child associate with his."

The consequence was the child was given a fictitious name and put in the care of a trusty nurse for two years, and the basket was hung up in the kitchen as a souvenir. Little Sophia, as they called her, was a lovely child, with large, wondering blue eyes and golden hair.

Three years had passed since she came home to live with her friends. It was New Year's Eve, and little Sophia had made her way into the hall. She was sitting in a corner talking quietly to herself. "Oh," she said, "I am so unhappy. When I move 'tis, 'Sophia, don't make such a noise, madam has a headache,' or something else, and if I cry cook shows me a big basket and tells me she'll put me in it and send me where I came from. Oh, how I wish I had a papa and a mamma all my own, like other little girls."

Mr. Parsons was just passing through the hall and he heard the little one's soliloquy. He was a kind man and felt very bad when he heard little Sophia. After all, they may not have done right by the child whom they had already learned to love. That evening Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, after considering the matter, decided that the morrow, which was New Year's day, should see her installed into the family as their own daughter.

It was a pleasant surprise for little Sophia that New Year's morning, when, after family prayers, Mr. Parsons took her in his arms, and holding her up to the assembled household, presented her as his own, dear little daughter. "Now call me papa and Mrs. Parsons mamma," said he, kiss-

ing her fondly, "for you are indeed our little daughter."

"Can I call you papa and mamma in truth?" said the little one, "and can I love you ever so much? And cook won't put me in the basket?" And she went from one to the other, throwing her plump arms around their necks in turn, till every eye in the room was moist.

Fifteen years have come and gone, and Sophia has become a beautiful and accomplished young lady. She is very dear to her adopted parents, and with her sweet disposition and caressing ways cheers them as they grow old.

Again the bells ring out the old and usher in the new year, and in the little chapel of the parish there is a quiet wedding. Mr. Parsons giving away the lovely and happy bride. There are tears in the eyes of the old couple, but Sophia kisses them away, saying, "You will now have two to cherish you instead of one."

January 19th, 1890.

KITTEN has reasoned out to the bitter end the theory of the generous gifts of Santa Claus being the result of good behavior on the part of children.

Tetchie and she were comparing notes and Christmas dolls. Tetchie said Santa must have known her wishes, for she had written her letter on the very biggest piece of paper she could find as a measure for her doll, yet he had brought her a doll twice as large.

"I think," says Kitten, "all children get what they write for."

"I know they do; all good ones. But bad ones don't."

"Yes, they do," averred Kitten solemnly, "for Haven kicked his grandma and he got more than anybody."

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117.]

MANY annoyances and some delays occurred to the company of emigrating Saints, in which Jacob Howe and Edward Grange were teamsters, while traveling across the plains from "the Bluffs" to Utah. Autumn winds and cold storms were in operation when the young men reached their homes in F., but they found warm hearts awaiting them, and appreciated the good, substantial hot meal which had been prepared for their reception at Sister Ellen's house.

Chloe was there, and first to greet the tired travelers, with her brightly beaming face and with cheery, restful words of welcome. But Gwyn's heart was too full, because of her empty arms, to admit of her meeting the father of her departed lamb in the presence of others. As soon as Jacob had received his mother's welcome, and he and his sister had warmly embraced and kissed each other, she led him to her bedroom door, which he entered and found himself alone with Gwyn.

Ellen softly closed the door, and we will not intrude upon the young husband and wife in their reclusion. Such interviews are too sacred for public criticism or observation.

The fact that other people have suffered, or that others do suffer, does not render the pangs of a wounded, sorrowing heart less severe. The shades which gathered now over the blended lives of Jacob and Gwyn seemed to them as dark as if the death of their child had been the first ever chronicled in the world's great history, or in angel records. But they were both brave and hopeful; and after the first

hour which they spent together, after their long, sad separation, others were not made gloomy by their lack of cheerfulness, or burdened with their grief. They wisely sought the sunny side, rather than the shade in their way of life.

"It looks like you were going to whitewash, Ellen," Jacob remarked, glancing about the room as they sat at dinner.

"Not this fall," answered Mrs. Hillon. "It is not for that purpose that all our things are taken down and the house so empty."

"Don't you know, boys," asked Brother Hillon, "that this reception of yours is our farewell dinner in F—?"

Both Jacob and Edward expressed surprise at this announcement from Walter, although they had heard of his being called to remove south; they had no thought that the removal was to take place so soon.

Two days later found Walter Hillon and his family bidding adieu to their old home and friends, and starting on their southern journey. It was late in the season for such a move, but through the blessings of God and their own frugal industry they were well prepared for the trip, and were not likely to suffer any great inconvenience from it.

"If you were only going with me, mother," Ellen said, at the last staying to kiss her mother yet again.

"Yes, my daughter," Mrs. Howe answered, "if we could always have our loved ones near us we should not find many trials in life worth naming."

And Willie, who had now grown such a large, manly boy, that he was going to drive team for his mother and the little ones, while some of the older

children would ride in the other wagon with their father, put his head out at the front, and quoted to his mother and grandmother a rhyme he had learned :

"If the way of life were only,
Always bright and never lonely,
Always light, without a shade,
Who would ever be afraid?
Ah! who then could write his name,
In the hero's book of fame?"

"Come, mother," he continued, "father is getting away ahead of us. Good bye, grandma; I'll come and take you to our new home for a visit, when we get it made comfortable."

Mr. Lee, Chloe's father, being a large-hearted man, had aided the Hillons materially in getting their comfortable fit out, by purchasing the home they were leaving for his daughter. For although both he and his wife still felt dissatisfied with the marriage which would soon take place between their daughter and Edward Grange, they had given consent to it, and had wisely concluded to do all they could for Chloe's happiness, the same as they did for their other children.

Christmas found the young couple newly wedded and cosily settled in the home which Walter and Ellen had vacated, and which would be their own when Edward should have paid his father-in-law for it. And that would not apparently be long, for the young man was a strong and able workman, and a careful financier; and Chloe was as willing and ambitious to do her part as he could wish her to be.

It was Saturday evening; the following Monday would be Christmas. Gwyn and Chloe stood together in one of the public buildings of F—, a combined store and postoffice.

"What are you going to get for Christ-

mas, Gwyn?" Chloe asked, as they watched several other ladies who were making purchases of toys and sweetmeats, such as were to be had in those times, and chattering gaily over the strange, bright sayings which would be heard from their children, when this and that article would be discovered in the early Christmas morning.

"Not anything," Gwyn answered sorrowfully. "I don't know why I came down here, only Jacob thought I should be interested in the new goods. I have knitted him a pair of gloves and made a case for him to lay them in, so they need not be tossed on to the mantelpiece or down in the corner when he comes in, and he is the only one I have to make a present to."

There was such a touch of sadness in Gwyn's voice, that Chloe's sympathetic heart was moved, and in spite of the gaiety around them, she put her arm around her little friend and drew her close to her side, whispering gently some soothing, comforting words.

"Maybe this is what you came for, Sister Gwyn," said Ikey Smith, the bishop's brother, who was sorting over the mail, holding up a letter addressed to Jacob Howe.

"Yes, it must be so," said Gwyn, brightening up a little as the letter was passed to her. "It is from Walter and Ellen. I'll go right home with it and learn how they are."

How much real good a letter sometimes does one whose heart is overburdened with a sorrow it cannot forget nor get away from! Why is it that so small a matter as writing a letter is so often deferred by friends who would not hesitate to undertake the most arduous task for the sake of the dear one who watches longingly and anxiously for that small token of

remembrance which, perhaps, never comes?

Gwyn was sweetly rewarded for hastening home to Jacob with the letter from their friends in the south, for a portion of it was from the children, and for her.

"My dear Aunt Gwyn," wrote Willie, in a firm, bold hand, "father is writing to uncle on business, mother is writing to grandma, and so we children write to you.

"We have a good place here, and all the people are kind and sociable.

"There is a funny old lady here that tells fortunes from coffee-cups. She says I shall have trouble with a dark-eyed woman and a fair-haired woman. That I will never marry and will die young. Not a very cheerful fortune, but I told her to begin with, that if she told me good things I would believe them, but if she told bad ones I wouldn't believe them.

"There is a pleasant little English girl, named Mary Evans, who lives here with her aunt; her mother is in England yet. She lent Linie a paper the other day which had some poems in. I will copy one for you, for it makes us think about you, now that Christmas is near.

"NO LITTLE STOCKING TO FILL.

"They are going home to their darlings,
These women, with full supplies;
And they laugh and talk of Christmas morn,
And the children's glad surprise.
But I go empty handed,
To a home that is lone and chill;
No baby to greet my coming,
And no little stocking to fill.

"The stocking I filled last Christmas,
Is folded away, out of sight,
And the dimpled foot it was knitted for
Is stiffened and cold tonight.

'Tis to keep back the gushing tear-drops,
I linger thus calm and still;
My baby is safe in heaven,
I've no little stocking to fill.

"I know that the gracious Father
Will bless her with all good things;
That her angel spirit is glad with gifts
More bright than our Christmas brings.
But I also know the sorrow,
Which baffles a mother's will
When others are filling stockings,
And she has none to fill."

Willie's letter concluded with loving, hopeful sentiments, and tender holiday wishes for his Uncle Jacob and Aunt Gwyn.

When she had finished reading it, Gwyn rested her head on her husband's shoulder and gave way to a passionate fit of weeping, which greatly relieved her over-burdened heart.

"It is just like us, that little poem, Jacob," she said after awhile. "It expresses the very thoughts that came to me while I was in the store."

Jacob gently pressed her to his heart, and soothingly stroked her hair as he murmured,

"Yes, my love, our treasure is in heaven; but let us believe it is in God's kind providence that it was taken, to draw our hearts to Him. Let us remember what He has done for us in connection with the rest of Adam's posterity, in sending His own beloved Son to earth to suffer and die for our sake."

"Oh! Jacob," Gwyn exclaimed, with a fresh burst of tears, "I feel that I have not been grateful for that wondrous sacrifice as I should have been; have never realized, even as I can now, the vast importance which belongs to it. I have been too thoughtless and light-minded to reflect upon it as I should have done. Only think; if the Lord and our

Savior had not brought about the resurrection, and our redemption, through that greatest of all sacrifices, we might never hope to behold again that beauteous form of our buried baby, the dear faces of my parents or any of our loved ones who have passed away ; and you and I would be nothing to each other after we are dead."

Jacob's reply was interrupted by a knock at the door.

He arose and opened it, and one of Bishop Smith's little girls stood on the step.

"She was shy and declined the invitation to walk in and sit down ; but glancing past Jacob to Gwyn, she said very softly,

"Please, Sister Gwyn, if you and Brother Howe are not going away from home on Christmas, nor expecting company, mother would be glad to have you spend the day and evening at our house."

This pleasant invitation was gratefully accepted by the childless, young parents, who felt it was in consideration of their lonely condition that it came.

The little girl received their thanks with a smile and darted away.

"Before we go about the chores, Gwyn," Jacob remarked as he closed the door, "I want to tell you how much I feel to thank you and the Bishop for leading me to do right on that first day of our love and betrothal. Had you tamely yielded to my persuasions, we would have been married by the Bishop, and we know not what circumstances might have transpired to prevent our going to the city and being properly united afterwards. And unless we had been sealed by one holding the authority 'to seal on earth and it shall be sealed in heaven,' we could not now feel that through faithfulness

we can again claim our little dead darling when we go where he is."

Then Gwyn prepared supper while Jacob chopped and brought in wood and kindling to last over Sunday and Christmas. And after supper she cleared off the table and washed the dishes, while he fed and milked the cow.

"What are you doing now, Gwyn ? What do you want nails pounded there for ?" Jacob asked, good naturedly, as he came in with the milk and found his wife driving a nail into the wall under the little kitchen shelf where they kept their clothes-brush and box for toilet soap.

"I'm going to hang my kitchen apron here," answered the little wife.

"Don't you like the small rack I made you for such articles ?" Jacob inquired, taking the hammer from Gwyn to finish driving the nail.

"Yes," answered Gwyn, "I like it very much ; it's as handy as anything can be ; but I thought I would have a nail here and hang my apron on it, just to see how it would be."

"All right," said Jacob, striking the nail gently but steadily, and giving it a firm fastening in the log ; but although he said nothing more aloud, he reasoned mentally,

"What strange notions women do have ! You couldn't provide one with shelves and racks and cupboards and brackets enough, so but that she would want nails driven into the house somewhere for some purpose."

Gwyn hung her apron on the nail and it remained there, as far as Jacob noticed, until Christmas morning, without being touched.

At the breakfast table Gwyn found a new hymn book slipped under her plate ; and as it was the very thing she

wanted, she arose to kiss and thank her husband; but before doing so, while she knew he was watching her, she removed the apron from the nail, disclosing something hanging there, which Jacob immediately stepped forward to examine.

He found it to be a wall-case, made of a paste-board box, cut in a neat shape, and covered with a piece of home-made, red flannel, upon the front of which was worked in plain, print letters, with white woolen yarn,

"To hold the glove
For the hand I love."

Inside the case he found a pair of warm, nicely-fitting woolen gloves which Gwyn had knitted for him.

Then followed a genuine, lover-like episode of kissing and embracing, of thanks and explanations and tender expressions. It did not require much to make hearts glad and grateful in Utah, then.

Two hours later, Jacob and Gwyn entered the Bishop's house where they were kindly greeted, not only by members of the family, but by other invited guests, who were there before them.

Bishop Smith was explaining to some of the brethren that Apostle Orson Pratt had very clearly demonstrated the fact that our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, was born on the 6th of April, instead of the 25th of December. And that the Book of Doctrine and Covenants also made such a statement, which appeared very clear to him, though it might not seem so to others.

Edward Grange, who was seated near a hanging book-shelf, reached the book referred to, and said he would like to see the paragraph on the

subject. The Bishop told him to find Section Twenty, and read the fore-part of the first paragraph.

Edward opened the book and read aloud as follows:

"The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeably to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month and on the sixth day of the month which is called April."

"There," said the Bishop, "you see it gives positively the year of our Savior's birth; and although it does not say, decisively, that this Church was organized on the very day of His birth, I think as Brother Pratt does, it points to that."

Gwyn was much interested, and felt a little sorry that Sister Fanny sent word just then by one of the children that she would like to see her in the kitchen. But she went, nevertheless, and Sister Fanny met her with a warm, bright smile and presented her with a new plaid cape, which was off from a piece of flannel made by some of the Bishop's relatives in "the other valley."

"Sister Ida cut it by her circular, and made it for you, so it is partly her present," explained Sister Fanny when Gwyn thanked her and kissed her. So Ida, who was chopping up cabbage, was duly thanked and kissed.

"Now you may go back to the company," said Fanny. But Gwyn begged to stay in the kitchen and help with the dinner.

"Let her stay if she wants to," said Ida. "There's nothing for her to do,

but she can stay here with us if she likes."

So Gwyn sat down in one of the kitchen chairs, and for a while quietly watched the two ladies who were so cheerfully working together to prepare a good Christmas dinner for a considerable number of the members of the ward. And while she silently watched them beautiful thoughts flitted through her mind, inspired by the holy influence which surrounded the two noble women before her, who were united in the most sacred and heavenly bonds that can exist on earth.

Ida filled the position of second companion and helpmate to Bishop Smith, helpmate and sister to Fanny in the truest, highest sense.

The wonder arose in Gwyn's mind, whether, if she had taken the goodly place which Ida occupied, as she might have done, she should have been as well beloved by Fanny, or as worthy as Ida. She felt that she would like to inquire, and be told by these two trusty sisters the secret of the success they were making in a life which she knew by observation, though not by any experience of her own, was difficult to live.

"Aunt Ida, oor baby is wake up and tying fo-oo," called out one of the little Smiths, peeping through the kitchen door.

"Oh! Fanny, you go to him, won't you, and let me finish this sauce for the pudding, or it will not be good," said Ida.

"As though I could not finish it," answered Fanny playfully; "that's just an excuse to send me in where the company is, instead of going yourself; it's your baby, so go on and take care of it."

"But Fanny, you know," began

Ida archly, at the same time, essaying to take a spoon out of Fannie's hand.

"No I don't know either, only that you must go to that baby," laughed Fanny, holding to the spoon and turning Ida around, her face toward the door of the next room.

Gwyn would have gone to the baby, but she wanted to be left alone with one of the "two mothers" who were having a sham quarrel over it, she cared not which. The fact that either one would make a more candid statement to her than the two together could do, impressed itself upon her, and she was glad when the bishop himself came to the door and called Fanny, saying that some of the sisters were enquiring for her.

"There, there!" Ida exclaimed triumphantly, "I knew it was you who ought to go."

"Never mind," returned Fanny, as she obeyed the summons from her husband, looking back at Ida, shaking her fist, and still laughing. "I'll get even with you bye and bye."

Ida now addressed herself to Gwyn saying,

"Fanny always enjoys a meal so much better if she has but little to do with preparing it, I did not want to go away and leave her over the dinner."

"Yes, I understood your motive, or thought I did; and I would have gone and brought your baby to you here, only I wanted to talk with you alone," answered Gwyn.

"Talk on then, I'm all attention," said Ida.

"I want you to talk too; I want to ask questions and have you answer them," Gwyn replied, moving her

chair nearer to the table by which Ida was at work.

"Ask on, I'll answer you if I can," said Ida.

"I want to know how it is that you folks are always so happy together, never being disturbed and annoyed, as so many are. Not that I wish to pry into family affairs; but for my own benefit, I would like to learn something about living just right in plurality. Jacob is a model husband, and if any man in the world is worthy of more than one wife, he is. We have both received a testimony that plurality of wives is a correct principle, revealed from God; and when the Lord opens up the way, and shows us that we should enter into it, we intend to do so."

Gwyn spoke with earnestness, although she smiled, and Ida answered her in the same honest, pleasant way.

"Gwyn," she said, "if you have a model husband, and I believe you have, for Jacob always seems like it, there is no danger that you will have trouble in plurality. Your husband and you are both prayerful, and have much faith in the providences of God. You understand the importance which is attached to marriage in any form, too well to take such a matter into your own hands. You know that if Jacob were to take another wife, you would want her to be like yourselves, prayerful, truthful and humble; willing to make sacrifices for the welfare of others, anxious to learn more and more of the things of God, in order to accomplish more and more good in life. Pray for such a companion, also that you and your husband may be worthy, and fully prepared for entering into the new life, and when it comes you will be all right."

"And is that all, then?" asked Gwyn. "Can't you give me some little incidents that will show me how to act and how not to act?"

"Yes, be like Fanny; she is the nearest perfect of any woman I know. You knew her before I did; you know her disposition, that all she thinks of is to overcome her own weaknesses, which she sees though others do not, and to help others along to the highest and best works of which they are capable. So patient, so faithful, so pure. If I could only be as good as Fanny is, I believe we should be good enough; for no man could be better than our husband is."

Gwyn reflected, "Can I learn to live so nobly that at some future time, as dear and lovely a girl as Ida is, can speak of me as she does of Fanny?"

Then they were interrupted by some children at the outside door, knocking and calling out "Christmas gift, Sister Smith; happy, merry Christmas to you, and lots of 'em!"

Ida gave them some doughnuts and mince-pie, together with a kindly reproof for shouting so roughly, and being careless about disturbing their neighbors.

The youngsters thanked her, and went away promising to be more careful and less rude in future.

"Is that sauce ready, 'Mamma Ida'," inquired Fanny reappearing in the kitchen. "Here's some-body that isn't going to be put off by you any longer," and she brought Ida's baby, and placed him in his mother's arms. "Now take him in there where the company is, and sit down for a while, and I'll look after things here."

Ida tossed her six-months-old baby gently, cuddled and kissed him, and

then yielded to his loving importunities, and went away to nurse him.

This pleased Gwyn; she wanted Fannie's side of the "plurality story," and believed she could and would tell her things that would do her good in after life. She told Fanny she wanted to learn how to behave when Jacob should take another wife, so that the pure, true affection which was manifested in the bishop's household might be repeated in Jacob's.

"I see no reason why it should not be," said Fanny, "only get as true and good a woman as Ida to go in with you, and by being careful to live near the Lord, and keep His Spirit with you, there can be no difficulty in living in plurality, any more than there is out of it."

"And did you never feel the least pang of jealousy, Sister Fanny; have you really never known sorrow on account of plurality?" Gwyn asked eagerly.

"Oh! yes, just a little," Fanny answered. "Well, I do not know,

either, whether I should say I have never actually felt jealous," she continued, "I know I can truly say I have never had any just cause for jealousy. No reasonable woman could help loving and trusting such a man as my husband, and such a woman as Ida, in a way that would make suspicion and jealousy ashamed to come near. And as for sorrow, I don't believe I ever felt a pang sharp enough to be justly called by that name, because of Ida's coming into our family, either before she was married or after. There were two or three little mistakes made, very natural ones, two or three little lessons we had to learn, not very difficult ones, then we moved right along, as though we were all children together, being trained in a high school in which the Master was so kind and patient the lessons were pleasures rather than tasks."

"Tell me the two or three little lessons, please," said Gwyn, coaxingly, "I know they will do me good."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◁ THE WORLD ▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

WOMEN ABROAD—PARNELL—THE SALVATION ARMY—WOMEN IN ART—IN GENERAL—WOMEN'S FIRE BRIGADE—WIDOWS—A FEMALE SEER—MODERN WOMEN.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Women Abroad.—

QUEEN VICTORIA returned to Windsor Castle from Scotland in November much improved in health. Strange to say, although the castle has been renovated and repaired to suit her wishes, electric light has not yet been introduced.

QUEEN NATALIE is engaged in writing her memoirs, a work which is nearly completed.

QUEEN NAGARHERITA, of Italy, has grown stout, and her hair is entirely gray.

The Czar.—

It is said that the Czar of Russia is deeply hurt by the recent reports of the infidelities of the king of Wurtemberg, the Queen Olga being an aunt

of the Russian emperor, and he has intimated his displeasure to the German ambassador.

Lady Roseberry

died in November at Dalmeny, the family seat in Scotland of Lord Roseberry. She was the only child of the late Baron Rothschild, and inherited immense wealth, a large share of which will pass, under British law, to her husband. She leaves four children, the eldest son being Albert Edward Archibald Lord Dalmeny.

Parnell.—

Concerning the recent scandal created by the intimacy of Charles Stewart Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea, *United Ireland*, of Dublin, says that Ireland has no mission to judge of his private life. "We will leave that," says the journal, "to his conscience and to his God, who weighs the temptation with the offence. He yielded to a temptation to which many great and wise men have succumbed since the days of King David."

Lady Dilke,

it is said, is taking active interest in labor organizations in England. She has recently addressed crowded meetings of women.

The Salvation Army

in Berlin has found a new and unique member in the Baroness Margarethe von Liliencrutz. She is beautiful and only thirty years old.

In Art.—

ROSA BONHEUR. A correspondent of one of the New York papers who has recently visited this distinguished woman in her home, the Chateau of By, near the forest of Fontainebleau, gives a charming picture of the artist

at home. Of the forest where the golden autumnal sun shifts through the russet leaves and the straggling little streets of By that are bordered with quaint and half-timbered cottages covered with vines. The avenue leading into a great paved court yard, around which is built the chateau and its dependencies.

Rosa Bonheur is described as a little woman of sixty-five, who shrinks from too close contact with humanity.

The studio is said to resemble a man's working place in all save the flowers that are placed around in jars and vases of curious ware. There are tiger skin rugs upon the polished floors, with newspapers and books upon the tables, and there stretching a small brown hand to the blazing wood fire was obtained the first glimpse of Mlle. Bonheur, who wears clothes that are masculine and picturesque. Her face in youth was boyish; at sixty-five it is almost stern, but becomes clear, gentle and benign when she speaks. She has been all her life a most indefatigable worker, rising at six and painting until sundown. In the afternoon of her life she has relaxed this regime a little. In the afternoon she walks in the park or rides behind the horses that are her pets. In the evening when lights are brought, she talks charmingly and lovingly of animals. Her companion, a dark-eyed French girl, reads to her or plays upon the piano, and the evenings at the chateau are delightful.

In Literature.—

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE, one of the most striking figures of literary London, has fitted her oldest son for his Brittanican examination, which he passed. He was the first student who was ever prepared by a woman.

She is vindicating her novel *Gloriana*, which excited so much comment for its intensity and utter lack of balances, by saying it was meant as an extravagant satire.

THE author of "*Bootles Baby*," Mrs. Arthur Stannard, (John Strange Winter) is not a beautiful woman, though a pleasant-faced one. Her knowledge of military life came to her through her father, the late Rev. H. V. Palmer, who was in the army before his entrance into the church. Mr. Stannard was a civil engineer. His time now is at the disposal of his wife, acting as secretary and conducting all negotiations with her publishers. She is the mother of three chubby babies, the oldest of whom is five years of age.

THE new mission in Garden Square that has been instituted in London by the admirers of Robert Elsmere, although manifestly the result of that novel, is not situated like the imaginary Elgood street settlement in dingy East London, near the docks, but is comfortably housed in the west central district, within a stone's throw of the British Museum, and not far from his wards and residence.

In General.—

MISS PHOEBE COUZINS, of St. Louis, has been elected as secretary of the women's department of the World's Fair. The other women commissioners from Missouri are Mrs. Annie L. Y. Snart, Mrs. Patti Moore and Miss Lilian M. Brown.

THE organization of the Wimodaughsis, of which I spoke in one of my last summer's letters, is now comfortably housed in a building on G street, in Washington, near fourteenth. It

bears the same relation to women and girls that Y. M. C. A. bears to men and boys, and is steadily growing in membership. Classes have been formed in art, needlework, French, shorthand, German, English, painting and drawing. Classes will be formed in Spanish, Latin and type-writing.

It is intended that this organization shall be national, and is raising an amount of money to erect an auditorium for women's conventions. Women all over the country are interested in its purposes, and more persons outside of Washington have subscribed for stock than those in the city. The rooms of their new home are all handsomely carpeted and curtained. The second floor rooms are rented to the W. C. T. U., and two of the large rooms on the first floor are rented to Miss Susan B. Anthony, who will occupy them in behalf of the suffragists the first of the year, when she will be in Washington as usual to prepare for the National Convention of that Association in February. A handsome desk was presented by Mrs. Mary Wright Sewell to be used by Miss Anthony as a receptacle for her reference books and other papers. On Sunday afternoons prayer and praise meetings are to be held in the Wimodaughsis parlors. These will be Bible readings, short talks and sacred music, and these meetings will be of an hour's duration. Both men and women will be invited to attend.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE has been elected president of the Town and Country Club at Newport.

Women's Fire Brigade.—

Several of the large institutions for women in England have organized fire brigades composed entirely of women.

Widows.—

There are four widows of Supreme Court Justices living in Washington, Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Stanley Mathews and Mrs. Miller.

A Female Seer.—

Early in November a seer, signing herself S. E. H., wrote a prediction based upon the Indian troubles in which she says the country will be aroused and the Indians exterminated, and that great and marked changes will be seen everywhere. S. E. H. is known to the scientists and theosophists of Washington.

As it draws to a close, the voting now going on among the members of the Methodist Church throughout the country in regard to the admission of women to seats in the Methodist general conference, indicates that the mind of the church while not fully aroused to the importance of the question, favors the election of women as delegates wherever such an election may be desired. The question has called out a very light vote, which shows that a large proportion of the members are either indifferent to it or have no decided opinion upon the matter; but a summary of the returns thus far indicates a majority of about 1,500 churches in favor of the admission of women.

Modern Women.—

I sometimes think we can attribute the development of women in our own days to the strictures found against them in print. Almost every style of writing that belonged to the past has gone out of vogue except that which inveighs against the faults of women. They are carped at by male writers and lectured by those of their own sex

until it would seem that they have a special lease upon the unfortunate traits that make the aggregate evils that mar man's daily life.

Not long ago I came across this paragraph in the *Ladies' Home Journal*: "I never see a pampered, petted girl who is yielded to in every whim by servants and parents, that I do not sigh with pity for the man who will some day be her husband. It is the worshiped girl, who has been taught that her whims and wishes are supreme in a household who makes marriage a failure all her life. She has had her way in things great and small, and when she desires dresses, pleasures or journeys which were beyond the family purse, she carries the day with tears or sulks or posing as a martyr. The parents sacrificed and suffered for her sake, hoping finally to see her well married. They carefully hide her faults from her suitors who seek her hand, and she is ever ready with smiles and allurements to win the hearts of men, and the average man is as blind to the faults of a pretty girl as the newly-hatched bird is blind to the worms on the tree about him. She thinks her little pettish ways are mere girlish moods; but when she becomes his wife and reveals her selfish and cruel nature he is grieved and hurt to think fate has been so unkind to him."

This is all very true, and we should without doubt train our daughters to make good wives, but now that we are doing it with all our might will not somebody promulgate the doctrine of training up good husbands for those who have attained the qualifications necessary for good wives? Few parents seem to think it necessary to give a boy any special training, except what

he gets at school or in his contact with the world to fit him for the sacred duties of fatherhood or the office of a

priest in his own household, to which his sons may look to for an example of rectitude and exalted manhood.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

INSTANCES OF MODERN HEALING BY THE POWER OF FAITH.

A QUESTION that is most frequently addressed to those few humble believers in the complete power of faith and the power of the Priesthood to cure all diseases, is the oft-recurring query, "What would you do if you got your arm broken? I guess you'd have to get a doctor then." This is oftentimes what it is designed to be—a silencer. The poor struggler after the old-fashioned faith, pure and simple, is at a loss what to say. As, nowadays, when any one gets a dislocated or broken limb, off they set for a doctor, even if they have to travel two or three hundred miles. "Well," some one says, "don't you believe in doctors of our own Church?" Yes, if we have not faith strong enough, we are told in the Doctrine and Covenants to be nursed (not doctored) with herbs and mild food and that too not by the hand of an enemy. Our merciful Father knows we have all the weaknesses of the flesh, traditions and prejudices to combat and so provides a way out of the cloud of difficulties which sometimes nearly overwhelms us. But if you see some strong soul struggling to build under his feet a rock of knowledge upon God and His promises, don't, let me beg of you, don't try to undermine his support with your sharp edged picks of sarcasm, worldly wisdom, quoted sayings

alleged to have been heard from the lips of the Prophet or President Young! Nay, rather stand aside, and while perforce acknowledging your faith is of weaker stuff, watch for the swift coming day of gloom and woe when your own feet will slip on the sands of worldly trust and fleshly arms while you will look longingly at your old time friend entrenched on his house of rock which neither the storms of strange diseases nor the winds of loathsome plagues can shake nor destroy.

To be a light on these now infrequently trodden paths of implicit faith and belief in Father and His appointed methods for healing the sick, these facts are gathered and presented to the readers of this journal.

A lady friend who has been earnestly but not altogether successfully striving to bring herself to depend upon faith had a severe illness some time ago, for which she would take no medicine but consecrated oil. Her conduct inspired some of her friends with alarm for her ultimate recovery. "Don't you think it criminal to lie here like this without any one to tell you even what ails you?" "Don't you think God knows as much as a doctor? Can't He heal me as well as a doctor? Perhaps if I knew what ailed me I would be frightened," would be the lady's answer. Others were sarcastic. "If you are so pious, and if faith can cure every disease without medicine,

why is it you lie sick here so many months?" "Perhaps my dear Father has some lesson to teach me which I can learn in no other way," would be her gentle answer to such sneers. Some were even angry at what was termed her silly obstinacy. "What would you do if you had a broken leg? I guess you'd have to send for a doctor then," was the often repeated argument of these friends. "Oh don't ask me what I would do under such circumstances. I can't tell! I only know I am trying so hard to trust in God now!" would be her pitiful reply to such questions from one dear to her. The sister would sometimes silently wonder what she would do with a broken limb. She had known of one or two miracles of that kind being performed in times of necessity and in the early days of the Church. But now, things were all so different. And all she could do was to turn her pale face to the wall and pray God not to allow her to receive more than her struggling faith could bear.

One beautiful Sabbath day while this woman lay very ill a sister knocked at the door, and somehow, for a wonder, was admitted to the sick room. This visitor's name was Sister Frances Cluff of Provo.

"Do you know I have been so strongly impressed all day to come and see you that I could not put it away."

The sick woman smiled faintly for she was very weak and visitors were a great strain on her nerves.

The conversation drifted from one thing to another. The afternoon's sermon had been upon the power of faith. This led them into such subjects and finally Sister Cluff said she believed faith could and would

heal every possible ailment of the Saints.

"But what if you had a broken limb?" despairingly asked the invalid. Whereupon Sister Cluff related the following incident, which I have since obtained from her own lips and written down.

"It was in June 1889," she said, "that the circumstance occurred. But I must tell you first about something I did. For a number of years I have been urging the sisters in our Relief Society (she is first counselor) to let doctors and medicine alone; for I just know we are nearing a time when neither will save our lives. We've got to learn to live by faith. Well, one day I was out visiting a friend, and was telling her how much I had suffered the past few years with a female complaint. She had been suffering, too, and at once proposed that we two should go to Dr. — here, who has an excellent reputation for curing such diseases. Her repeated urgings and my own weakness overcame me, and we set out that very afternoon. We called upon the gentlemanly doctor who received us very cordially and set a day on which we were to come to him for examination. We arose to depart, and just as I was going out of the door, a voice whispered plainly and clearly, 'Now you are going to have a test.' Then it all rushed over me what I had done. I who had repeatedly preached to the sisters not to have a doctor under any circumstances, I had actually been to a Gentile physician with my own complaint. It fairly made me tremble I tell you.

"We hurried out of there although I said nothing to my companion. This occurred on Saturday. The end of the following week was to be our

quarterly conference and I was exceedingly busy preparing for that event.

"The following Thursday, my husband being out of town on business, I was hurrying to get all the children ready to go down to the Primary conference, when some one rushed in with the news that Elmo, my six year old boy, had fallen out of the high swing and was nearly killed. We got the child into the house and sure enough his shoulder bone was broken and his arm out of joint. The bone in the front of the neck stuck out almost to break the skin, while the arm swung lifeless out of its socket.

"In the confusion, one of my neighbors sent off for Dr. H—— who is an excellent as well as a Mormon physician.

"‘Ah,’ said my neighbors when they saw the Dr. drive up, so I afterwards learned, ‘I thought the time would come when even Sister Cluff would have to send for a doctor.’

"Well, the shoulder was set and very carefully bandaged. I was told not to be alarmed if a very high and dangerous fever set in, nor even if the child should vomit blood. But on no account to remove the bandages for nine days at least. And to be very careful as to his diet. Then the Dr. left, and I was alone with the children.

"Then began for me the severest struggle of my life. The child's fever did rise. He moaned and screamed in agony. He began to be delirious and all through the dreadful hours of that night tossed about, raving and groaning in terrible suffering. I watched beside him my mind in almost as much agony as his body. Now, here was my test! Could I dare to stand by my own words? Was God all-sufficient, all-powerful? Now could

I prove my own faith, my own integrity when I weakly yielded at the first rough onslaught of the enemy? I had allowed the bars to be dragged down this time, would not the Evil One pour out his dread vials of wrath and affliction upon me until I was crushed and swept away, a thousand times worse off than as if I had never proclaimed my implicit trust in God and faith?

"On the other hand, here was my poor boy (if it had been myself, the struggle would not have been half so sharp) who might be perhaps a cripple for life if I did not do as I was told by the wise physician. And, too, there were family and friends who would consider me little less than a fool if not a criminal if I presumed to do any different to what I had been told. And the Dr. himself? I had not called him in, a neighbor had done that, but now that he had been and done up the work scientifically, should I presume to interfere with his work? And most convincing of all, was he not of our own faith? And yet—and yet—had I not testified with the Spirit of God upon me that God could cure all disease and affliction and that He was all-sufficient for the Saints? Was I a traitor to my own convictions?

"All night long the terrible struggle went on in my mind. Towards morning I came to the resolve that I would cast aside every other thing and lay my child upon the altar.

"I went into the children's bedroom and spoke to my son Harvey a lad of 14 years of age. As soon as he saw my face he called out.

"‘Ma, what are you going to do? You aren't going to take off the bandages are you?’

"His strong remonstrance weakened

me, and I fled back to the ailing child. Again I went over the awful fight, and at last my faith rose supreme from the conflict. I got up went into the children's room and said to Harvey."

" 'I don't want you to oppose me in what I am about to do, for I believe God will be with me, and all of you children will receive a testimony of His power that you will never forget. Get up and go and bring three of the elders here to administer to Elmo.' "

"It was daylight then, and was five o'clock when the elders came in. I told them all about it, and how I felt about the matter. That I wanted to take off the bandages but wanted their firm assistance to strengthen me and my faith. They seemed willing if that was my feeling, and I thereupon took scissors, and cut off all the bandages. The poor neck and shoulder were terribly swollen, and the elders anointed it with oil and administered to the child.

"Hesoon dropped off to sleep, for the first time since the accident, and slept quietly and soundly until two o'clock in the afternoon. When he awoke, he asked for a piece of bread and butter. I gave it to him. I also slung up his arm with a silk handkerchief. The child inquired anxiously if that would be anything like doctoring? I said 'No.' So Saturday came and went. I had not dared to break my fast since the accident on Thursday; and on Sunday afternoon I had my oldest daughter come up and watch Elmo while I went to meeting and partook of the Sacrament. Elmo was up and trying to play about the house. After I got home from meeting I felt perfectly satisfied and then broke my fast, feeling that all would be well. Mon-

day morning Elmo said he was well enough and he wanted to do his chores. So I let him go out and do them. And he was healed entirely from that time.

"One day I met the Dr. in the post office and he asked me about the child. I told him the whole circumstance. He said the bone could scarcely have been broken then. So I asked him about a lump which was on the shoulder bone. 'Is there a lump there?' he asked. 'Well then it was a break, and your child was really healed by faith. For that lump would have been there if he had been in the best hospital in the U. S.' "

And thus ended the recital. Can you and I get the same strong faith? Assuredly not, unless we try to get it. If we expect it to come without a struggle, we shall, I fear, be disappointed.

PARIS AND RUE BOISSONNADE.

*Pres. O. B. Huntington and Brethren
of the Circle.*

It always gives me pleasure whenever I think of the good times I have spent with you on Saturday evenings. I have never appreciated my brethren and sisters, and our lovely mountain home in my life, as I do now. Although I appreciated them all as much as I could. There is much to write about, but I hardly know where to begin. We arrived here on July 24th, having spent three days in New York, three or four in Liverpool, and one week in London. In the two last named places we had good times with the Saints and Utah missionaries. I will not attempt to describe what I have seen, but rather what those things

impressed upon my mind. After leaving home I was soon impressed with the fulfillment of the predictions of the prophet Isaiah, in his 24th chapter: "The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances, broken the everlasting covenant." My eyes and mind were opened to the fact that God has blessed His people and the land upon which they dwell.

Many glorious thoughts passed through my mind while traveling, especially on the ocean. I had the pleasure of bearing my testimony to some to the truth of the gospel and its restoration to the earth again, and explaining the principles of the gospel to many more. We had our two "Voice of Warning" books out all the time amongst the ship passengers; several of them read them through. In one of our songs it is said "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." I believe those words were inspired of God. They were indeed brought to my remembrance when I beheld the many wonderful accomplishments of man. The great monuments of mechanical and artistic skill. The grand architecture, the wonderful engineering, etc.; how grand those things are to behold; how they lift up one's thoughts and imaginations to the grand and noble possibilities, when the channel of divine revelation is directed upon those elevating and refining influences, for such I call them, and the great Creator of heaven and earth will cause His sons and daughters to bring them one by one, step by step for the glorifying of Zion. Although the people of the world are reveling in apostate darkness, yet God has in-

spired and caused them to bring into existence those great things that they may be teachers unto His children in His own due time. Thus gradually and in a natural way elevating and perfecting the arts and sciences, and bringing them into play for the accomplishment of His purposes in these latter days. Hence my reference to the words of one of our hymns. No one knows how much I appreciate the privilege I now enjoy, especially that the fruits of this mission are to be used in the interest of Zion. Brother E. Evans, of Lehi, will soon join us, then it will be still more interesting for us.

My observations have convinced me that it would not do for a young man of our people to be alone under such circumstances as we are surrounded with. He might go through it all without losing his virtue, but chances would be very much against him. As it is now we enjoy the spirit of our mission continually. We have Sunday school forenoon and sacrament meeting at 2 p. m. on Sundays. Brother Clawson and his family appreciate our meetings very much, attending regular every Sunday; so we are able by the blessing of God to do some good in this way.

We attend the Julian school, which is the best in the world today for drawing. The morals in this school are—mildly speaking—about as low as they can be. This letter would not be readable if I would tell what transpires right in our sight almost daily. At this point I cannot write further without bearing my testimony to you all. That God has and is answering your prayers in my behalf. I have seen His hand manifested in every thing connected with my mission since I left home, as plain as I could see my hand

by holding it up before my eyes. My heart is full of gratitude to God for His blessings and to my brethren and sisters for their kind wishes and their faith and prayers. I feel to say God bless you all. I assure you I am very, very much in need of your continued prayers and faith, not only for strength to keep myself uncontaminated with the evils by which we are surrounded, but my success entirely depends on the assistance of the power of God. I might work ever so hard, yet I could not accomplish what I have come for in less than two or three years. Most of the students have attended from three to ten years. I am expected to remain only one year; and I am perfectly satisfied that our heavenly Father has no desire for any of His servants to remain in the midst of such sin longer than is absolutely necessary. I want to accomplish all that is necessary in the time allotted, and will do so if I have the faith and prayers of my brethren.

I can see the great mountain before me which I have to climb, and I desire with all my heart, mind and strength to live so that I may do all that is required of me, and then I may be of some use to the people I represent in art. When I first came here I was humbled like a child, when I beheld the magnificent works of art, and also the excellent draughtsmen there are here. When I first commenced studies in the school the professor would come about once a week to criticise; there were not many students in attendance, but now they begin to come in lively for the fall and winter season. The professors come twice per week now, and will continue thus all winter. The professors are the leading French artists. The first few

weeks it seemed as though I would have to stay twenty years before I could amount to anything. The fact was, I could not understand what was wanted, and my friends Dallin and Harwood told me it generally took any one about one year to find out what was wanted. But, of course, they speak according to the strength of man. According to the criticism I received this last week from the professor it appears very much like I am just about on board the right ship already. For the criticism was very favorable indeed. I have earnestly asked the Lord to give His Holy Spirit charge over my mind, and promised that I would listen and obey its promptings if He would do so. I have carefully watched those promptings in every instance, and followed the same without questioning the outcome. Although sometimes in direct opposition to the advice of my fellow students (not my brethren though), yet every time it would result greatly in my favor; in a manner that there is not time or space to explain in detail at present. I notice young men who are not guided thus are kicked about like a football; one giving such and such advice and another different. Again, students generally do not comprehend good from poor advice. So I do not wonder it takes them long to gain the knowledge for which they come. Now my experience enables me to bear my testimony to the fact, that a reliance on divine inspiration will avoid all this kind of uncertainty. I realize that we must delve in and use our energies, and work with a will, placing our confidence entirely in the Lord, if we expect any assistance from Him.

My sojourn in the world has strongly

impressed me with the fact, that the Latter-day Saints do not appreciate the privileges and blessings they enjoy as they might. I have said this many times at home, but I never knew it as I do now; neither is any one else likely to know, until they see that part of the earth which comes under the curse predicted by the prophet Isaiah. I say with all the strength and power that language is worth, that God has abundantly blessed the Latter-day Saints, the land upon which they dwell, and the very air they breathe. And more than that, not only do the elders of Israel know this, when they leave their mountain home; but the people of the world who enter into the chambers of the mountains feel it, although they do not know what to attribute it to. Again, God has blessed the mountains and valleys of Ephraim. When they return again to the center stake of Zion *He will bless that land also*, and bless every land and clime where ever His tithing-paying people will locate, and they will be called and known as

the best and most fruitful spots on earth, even if the world will not acknowledge His hand in it.

I must close now. God bless you my brethren. May the Spirit of love and union exist with you. Use the experience I and others who have gone into the world have testified of, and you will never miss a circle meeting, or any other meeting in the order of the Priesthood, unless you absolutely have to. The time may come when you will not have the privilege you now enjoy, then you will be surprised how you will long and hunger after them.

A letter from any of you will be appreciated, like a sweet morsel by a hungry man. Write what you will, anything; how your crops turned out, what is going on in general. I will not be able to return a letter to each of you, for my studies crowd me too closely; but I may find time to write to all of you at once again.

Your brother in the Gospel.

JOHN HAFEN.

HOUSE AND HOME.

COOKING RECIPES.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

ECONOMICAL PUDDING.

FOUR ounces of chopped suet; half a cup of seeded raisins; half a cup of currants; four ounces of bread crumbs; four ounces of flour; half a cupful of sugar; one pint of milk; one teaspoonful of baking powder; one teaspoonful of spice, any kind liked; when thoroughly mixed put in well-buttered mould and steam for two

hours. The steaming may be done by placing the mould in a pan of boiling water, the water reaching half way up the mould, and the lid of the pot fitting closely. The mould must be covered with a cloth. Serve with butter and sugar.

BEEF TEA.

Put two pounds of very lean beef in a common pickling jar, cover close, and place the jar in pot of hot water, to within two inches of top of jar;

let it cook for eight or ten hours, or until all the juice is extracted from the beef; add boiling water until it is of the desired strength; season to taste. A slight flavoring of lemon makes it both healthy and palatable.

TO DRESS TRIPE.

Boil the tripe in milk and water until quite tender; boil half a dozen large onions in milk and water, changing the milk and water as it becomes yellow. When tripe and onions are both done take two of the onions and mash smooth; put them into half pint of milk with salt and white pepper to taste; a little cayenne is an improvement; add butter, size of walnut, put in double saucepan and stir well until butter cannot be seen. If cream is used butter is not needed. Place the tripe and the remaining onions in tureen and pour over them the sauce. the tripe should be cut in pieces two inches square. When ready for table this dish should be delicately white and foaming.

CURRIED TRIPE.

Boil two pounds of tripe in milk and water until tender, cut into small squares; peel two large onions and cut up small, put into stewpan with three ounces butter; let stew until brown, stirring well; add half tablespoonful of flour and one spoonful of curry powder, mix well; add one pint of milk; salt to taste; put in the tripe and stew slowly for twenty minutes. A dash of lemon is an improvement. Serve in a deep dish with boiled rice to eat with it.

TO FRY TRIPE.

Boil tripe till perfectly tender, cut in small squares; make a batter with four eggs; four tablespoonfuls of flour

and one pint of milk; salt and pepper to taste; dip in the pieces of tripe two or three times; fry in butter or good dripping until brown. Serve hot.

POTATO AND OYSTER PATES.

Boil and mash potatoes quite smooth with either cream or butter; make potatoes into small round cakes about half inch thick; put four or more oysters on one cake, then lay another on top, close the edges, smooth, put on baking dish and bake in slow oven until brown. The potatoes may be seasoned according to taste. A suspicion of lemon is an improvement to oysters whichever way they may be cooked.

OYSTER OMELETTE.

Stew one dozen oysters in their own liquor for three minutes, take out oysters and thicken liquor with butter rolled in flour; season with salt, cayenne pepper and a little parsley chopped very fine; cut up oysters and add them to sauce, if oysters are small they need not be cut; simmer gently until it thickens. Beat three eggs lightly with two tablespoonfuls of cream, fry until delicately set; put upon a flat dish, made hot; spread on top a few oysters out of sauce, fold over; pour the sauce around the omelette. To those fond of oysters this is a delicious omelette.

FRIED OYSTERS.

Select large, plump oysters, spread upon a cloth to drain; when quite dry dip each one in beaten yolk of eggs, then in very fine bread or cracker crumbs, with which a small quantity of pepper should be mixed; fry in hot butter and lard, about equal quantities of each. About three minutes will cook them.

◁HYGIENE.▷

LETTER TO THE YOUNG WOMEN
OF ZION.

FROM A GRADUATED OBSTETRICIAN.

My dear beloved Young Sisters in Zion:

THE time is now approaching for the holidays in which we shall celebrate the birth of our Savior and Lord, Jesus Christ. And we may well ask, who, of all the women who live on this footstool of our God—who, of all His daughters should be able to celebrate this event in a grander style than should the daughters in Zion? Who should more fully comprehend the conditions and circumstances whereunder it took place? Who should welcome the festivity with more grandeur than you? You who realize, who understand more than any other women, the nature of that event, and the blessings thereby received for your eternal welfare.

I trust that my views are aright and that you, my young sisters, just are prepared to celebrate in that grandeur—in that style—that your praises may reach to heaven and gladden and mingle with the praises of the heavenly hosts, and give glory to God for His mercy.

We are now in the evening of the year eighteen hundred and ninety, and the morning of ninety-one pleasantly addresses us and invites us to subscribe to its volumes. It has for its title,

“Advancement! Advancement!” Are we going to take a part? I hope we are. The advancement is classified. One place it reads, “Advancement in the cause of God.” Another reads, “Advancement in the cause of the world.” What are you going to do,

my young sisters? Where are you going to sign your names? The question will be answered when the year has finished its programme.

When I contemplate upon the times and the excitements which fill the hearts of the people in way of advancements, I especially dwell upon the struggle made by women in gaining their rights, as they call them, and wish from the bottom of my heart that the day for that gain is in the near future, when woman shall receive every right due her.

Not many women have suffered more from bondage and slavery than I have, and realize that this has been a great chain to me, hindering me from the progress and advancement which my heart desired. If it had not been so I know that I would have been a better and a more intelligent woman today than what I am.

I thank God for the freedom I enjoy today. Glorified be the name of Him that He listened to my weepings when in the wilderness. He sent to me His everlasting gospel, which has given to me the freedom I exercise today, and as I said, I am happy for it; it has opened my eyes for many great truths, and one is that I can see today better than I could before, how poorly we realize or make use of those rights already given to us, and how could we expect that God would pour out upon us more blessings, more rights when we do not show unto Him that we realize those already given. I am perfectly satisfied that when we have shown our appreciation to God by exercising the rights already given us for our eternal welfare, that He will

give unto us those rights we are now struggling for, but not before, and they are not due to us before.

I said before that I wished the day was near at hand when woman would receive every right belonging unto her, and so I do, because I am thinking of the daughters of God in general, knowing how many are bowed down in slavery and bondage, crushed to the ground under the cruelty of man. I am not speaking of myself nor of any of the daughters of the Latter-day Saints, because, as I have said before, my feelings are that we have all the rights that we deserve at the present time.

I desire to vote, that is true. I also desire that all my sisters should vote, that is also true. I believe that woman is just as qualified for that right as man is, and that it would in no manner disqualify her for her proper place and sphere in life whereunto she is designed. That right, I am perfectly sure we will get, just as soon as we are qualified for it, as there never is any doubt in my mind but what God will pour out upon us all the blessings and rights we can make use of. When will we be qualified? Just when we have learned to make proper use of those rights we already have.

I am not one of those women who are desirous of an almost unlimited right. I have no desire that woman should be educated to be a man, but I do desire with my whole heart that she be educated to be a woman, a true woman. What education should a true woman be in possession of? There is not a science, not a branch of learning which corresponds with the religion of the Latter-day Saints but what she should strive to gain it. Not with a

view to enable herself to fill positions in life, which could just as well be occupied by men, but with a view to enable herself to educate men to fill these positions and also women to fill positions like her own. I mean her children. Can any man take her place in the home? Can any man teach and educate her children like she can? Is there any hour in the day or in the night where she can be absent from her children unless they are missing her? What then when she shall go off all day to attend to her business in the office, shall her husband tend to the children then? No, the hired girl, of course. Who is the hired girl? She might be a girl who had not had the privilege to be raised nor educated of an intelligent mother. If she is, she will be a poor educator for these children, and what more, she is also a daughter of God who needs to be educated that she may be equal with her sisters in the kingdom of God, and honorably fill her place as a true woman, an educated mother.

I would say to those who are struggling so energetically for the rights of woman, start right from the bottom which is always the best way to excel. Try to let your influences be pointed in another direction, work upon the leading minds of us as a people, those who have the interests at heart of our institutions of learning, our institutions right here at home, right here among the people of God. Work upon the minds of those that they might see the necessity of a more extensive education for our young girls, whom they are inviting year after year to partake of their knowledge.

You might say, "What do you mean when you speak of a more extensive

education of our girls?" I mean an education whereby they would gain a proper understanding about their own physical being as women, a knowledge which would enable them to meet the events in life which are connected with their existence as women—better prepared than what they are today.

You may say: Our girls are studying physiology—aren't they? Yes that is what they are, but they could just as well be a man for all that. They receive no instruction concerning their own structure as women, nor effects, or results—of an expecting maternity—and the young ladies, not knowing any better, because their modesty is so guarded, that even if a word of instruction in that line should fall, it would almost be accepted as a disgrace.

I feel sorrow in my heart for the ignorance existing among the daughters of Zion in regard to these things.

As a rule, when our daughters leave the Church schools, they are ready to be married. They have received a good and noble education, and so they have; but what is awaiting them now? The period in their life we call maternity. How are they prepared to meet it? Why, it is a crying pity! As a rule they are just as ignorant in regard to it, as an infant child. Hence all, or at least a great many evils existing to-day among our young mothers are a result of that ignorance, because, I am satisfied that the majority have no evil designs, but that their wrong actions are performed in ignorance.

In my estimation it would be a grand improvement, and unmistakable help for the elevation of this people, if women be taught in these sciences which chiefly concern their physical

structure as women, and mothers, right here at home, in our own blessed institutions of learning, taught these sciences in their true glory, in harmony with our blessed religion. How pitiful, when once in a while, one of our daughters exhibit the bravery to search for that kind of knowledge, that they will have to go to the most wicked cities and places on the earth, to get these informations. What is the result of this? It is that obstetrics, or the science of midwifery is taught, and practiced here among this people, on the same conditions, and with the same results, as among the people in the world, who have no idea about the mission of woman, and her relation to God, and her claim upon His blessings, if she comply with the laws which He has laid down for her guidance. How pitiful I said, and why can it not be changed?

You sisters, who are blessed with influence among this people, use it for the benefit of your young sisters in that line. Do you not believe it would be better for the true elevation of your sex, that part of the time which is now occupied in these institutions for manufacturing flowers, or other kinds of fancy work, I say part of the time, I do not mean that fancy work should be done away with entirely, no, far from it, but another branch far more important should not be neglected.

Let us work with energy to gain woman's rights in a true form; let us make use of these rights we already have. The gospel gives us the right to the best education of any women on earth, and these truths which are found in the science of true obstetrics, are due to every woman, every daughter of God, and not to the few, as is the case now, and it is just as necessary a

principle, for every woman to understand, as is any principle in our religion. Would not the religion that we claim to be ours, be very imperfect, if these truths which are included in the science of true midwifery were separated from it?

I feel that it would. Will not some important link be missed in the chain of our blessed religion, if, for example, women have no perfect comprehension about the responsibility resting upon her when carrying her children, or in other words, pre-natal duties. If she, because of ignorance, has caused degrading habits and passions to be implanted in the character of her children; if she likewise through ignorance has caused by her unwise actions, that premature death has overtaken either herself or her offspring, or ill health, suffering, and misery be preying upon them through life; will not these things on a coming day be a great injury to the happiness, which we otherwise would have enjoyed.

If these are such important principles, as regards woman's eternal happiness, why then not let them be introduced as branches in her education? Why, is it necessary that she must go out in the wicked world to learn these things? I wouldn't give a snap for the education we can get there, compared with the instruction we can receive right here at home, of our own sisters through the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, and the gifts and power of God, which He is more than willing to pour out upon those who will live for them.

Now, my beloved sisters: These, are some of the rights we already have. Let us exercise them. The women here among the Latter-day Saints have the right to be educated in all

the branches pertaining to our blessed religion, no authority has as yet tried to take these rights from us, but you sisters who have influence among the people, must work with energy for those who have no influence, that these privileges can be extended to every daughter of the Latter-day Saints, that they may be able to fill the measure of their creation just in the way and manner which God designed, that they may all be able to become true women and mothers in Israel, raise sons and daughters to shine in this kingdom.

What will become of the sons born and raised of such properly educated mothers? They will be happy and proud of such a religion, which, through its influence has created such women, and they will convince every one, with whom they come in contact, of the greatness of our religion. And be sure, they will advocate women's rights.

And the daughters? Why, the daughters born and raised of such mothers, will first then realize and appreciate the glorious privileges conferred upon them, that they are called to prepare themselves to bear the great sons and daughters of our God, and they will not, as many of them do now, look forward to that period, with fear and disgust.

Sisters: When these rights are exercised, that mission performed, you have finished your part, in populating the earth with sons and daughters of that kind, then, be sure, as sure as God lives, we will get the right to vote, our advancement will be sure, and, it will be in the cause of God.

HANNAH SORENSON.

VIRTUOUS women are the Lord's fairest flowers.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE native Hawaiian sisters have a way of keeping New Year's Eve which is very impressive, and is also productive of many good results. The President of the Hui Manawalea or Relief Society invites all the members to join her at dark on New Year's Eve at the meeting house. Here these dusky sisters assemble clad in their newest and best white dresses with a very comfortable lunch tied up in a pocket handkerchief. The lamps are lighted, and then a shrill-voiced sister leads out in a hymn. One favorite being "Aloha pu, Aloha pu maiau," which expresses "love, united love, love to all present." A fervent long-winded prayer is followed by another full chorused hymn. Then, preceded by the opening remarks of the President, the sisters arise one by one and make appropriate remarks. The events of the past year are recalled and commented upon. The future is spoken of hopefully, and each speaker in turn recalls with contrition the mistakes and sins she has committed during the year so swiftly fading into Eternity, confessing humbly and asking the forgiveness of her companions, while asking their love, faith and prayers to assist her in the determination to do better in the New Year about to be born. I have often compared this impulsive, ill-controlled, humble-spirited, forgiving nation of the Nephites to those spoken of by our Savior when He told His followers that unless they became as "little children" they could not inherit His kingdom. The Hawaiians are veritable children in their simplicity of

nature and their willingness to forgive each other of sins, even sins of the deadliest character.

We as civilized beings may pride ourselves on our superior nature, our firmness and our intelligence, but if the doctrines of Christ are true, we shall certainly have our lesson to learn from these simple, semi-savages, the lesson of infinite charity and forgiveness.

WHAT a glorious way to spend the closing hours of the year—to meet as friends, as relatives or as families, discuss soberly the events of the time now spent, to ask of each other that freely-given forgiveness for all the mistakes, the errors of the past and for the helping faith and prayers of all our loved ones to accompany us in the future's unknown trials. Could any scene be more appropriate to the day or the hour?

AS THE clock tells the mid-night hour, while those dusky Saints over the sea are singing the New Year Hymn of greeting and love, let us, dear friends, even if we sit alone and unattended, tell to the listening ear of angels the errors of the past, the prayers for the future, and if unable to ask that forgiveness of others absent, let us at least say in our hearts, "Father, I have swept my heart clean of all hardness, all unkindness towards all living creatures, now wilt Thou cleanse from Thy record my sins and my errors. Let me begin this fair New Year with a pure heart, a clean life and a spotless record!"

NATURALLY, many of the Saints are questioning in their hearts as to the events of this year of 1891. Are we also asking ourselves, are we ready for those events? Now we have been told often enough by our prophets that it matters little to us as individuals what events do or do not take place, the fact with us should rest upon our own preparation for the same. Have not some most wonderful events transpired since the 1st of October? Who could listen to the solemn utterance of President Woodruff who stood with uplifted hands while he declared, "I now place the responsibility of this action upon the Government of the United States, who have forced us into this position." Neither you nor I, dear girl-friend, can realize without deep reflection all that this implies. And only time can probe the words of their deepest meaning.

Then this Indian movement which has reached in some subtle way from Canada to Mexico, has some strange

features connected with it. The awful murder of Sitting Bull, sanctioned, if it was, by the whole Executive of this mighty nation will speak in soul-thrilling tones against those who have consented thereto. Well, may this nation look well to the future, for the outlook is not pleasant.

IN LOOKING forward to those events which may transpire in or near the year of '91, I have often had the impression borne in upon my mind that whatever took place would bear so natural an aspect, occur in such a matter-of-fact way that only those whose spiritual eyes are opened by faith will be able to discern the magnitude of the events. God moves in a mysterious, but also a natural, law-abiding way, His wonders to perform. So those whose ears and eyes are opened by diligent obedience to God's commandments will be able to sense these mighty judgments about to be poured out upon all nations.

◁OUR GIRLS.▷

All Communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

SYMPATHY.

MAGGIE BRANDLEY.

SYMPATHY is a sister of charity and a near kins-woman of mercy. These three are so closely allied to each other that it is difficult to separate them. They are co-operative in their heavenly mission to mankind. These noble qualities of hand and heart, are some of the attributes of our Heavenly Father. And that we may become like Him, He has endow-

ed His children with these virtues. Not to lie dormant and unimproved—to be choked out with weeds of the rankest kind—selfishness, pride and egotism. But through the whisperings of the Spirit of light, the soul may be enlarged and charity for all mankind developed. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." So, on the other hand, will sympathy, the messenger of mercy and love, bless all mankind and lift their

sorrowing hearts. There is no other gift or endowment that will beautify and enrich the soul of him who makes a practical use of it, more than sympathy for others. It is the *essence* of human kindness. The outlet for the pure emotions of the heart. The gentle touch of sympathy often relieves the distressed. She calls back the sinner to reform. She soothes the aching heart of the bereft and comforts the afflicted. Her mission, like that of our Lord and Master, is to the poor, the lowly, the downcast and the weary-hearted; and all feel under the power of her magic touch newness of life. Life at once becomes dearer, sweeter, and they desire, like her, to go about doing good. Sympathy, like her sister charity, can see some good in every child of God. She is disinterested in her heavenly vocation, soliciting no compensation, and desiring no reward, except the reward of a satisfied conscience and that which comes from the Giver of all gifts and blessings. From that exalted source, her reward is sure, for, we are told, that he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord. Thus, good deeds are put out on interest, that which comes back is two-fold. The world would, indeed, be cold and comfortless, were it not for this blessed virtue that cements soul to soul and heart to heart. Then, should we not listen to the promptings of this Divine Monitor, to seek the well-being, peace and happiness of our fellow-creatures? Thereby, our own will be greatly, yes, a hundred fold intensified. We are told that, "We do most for ourselves when we do most for others." He who is full of sympathy often does good when he knows it not, or at least the extent thereof. When this pleas-

ing quality is cultivated, avariciousness will be subdued or driven out.

"~~It~~ was lent for noble deeds,"

So says the poet. Can we conceive of deeds more noble than those actuated by sympathy?

We quote the following beautiful lines, which seem very appropriate here:

"Oh sympathy, thou sweetest gift of God!
E'en in the greatest men who earth have trod
So rarely found! Thy gentle beauteous calm,
Acting on weary souls like healing balm,
Dispelling care and softening the pain,
Brings with it peace; restores to life again.
Behold it yonder, by the sufferer's bed,
It smoothes the pillow, cools the aching head,
Speaks tenderly, and by its inward power
Makes the long day of pain seem but an hour.
Daring disease, its mission to fulfill,
Flies swift on eagle's wings to do God's will.
Fearless of danger: even to the grave
'Twould hasten, but one pang of pain to save.
'Tis but a look: the heaving of a sigh,
The clasped hand, the tear drop in the eye.
All speak its language. Eloquence divine!
That makes the soul that feels its presence shine
With Godlike beauty, shedding purest light,
In rays of glory, through the darkest night
Of human pain, perplexity and care.
Longing to ease the burden and to share
With those distressed, the misery and woe.
Those who have felt its value only know,
The soothing magic of its tender love;
Its wondrous strength—yet gentle as a dove.
Could I the riches of a king command—
Amid the train of earth's proud heroes stand
A conqueror—applauded and admired;
Or could I, with the zeal of science fired
Discover planets, know each flashing star,
And tell the world the distances they are;
And had not sympathy within my breast,
I were a poor, a miserable jest,
Compared with him who can for others feel,
Who gently tries the wounded heart to heal,
E'en though he were the poorest on the earth,
Yet is this one a pearl of wondrous worth
In sight of God; and deemed by Him to be
A king; who hath within him sympathy."

How many of earth's noblest characters have been formed in the mould of a mother's love, the judgment day will alone reveal.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◀ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▶

VOL. II.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 5.



MRS. M. A. FREEZE.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS.
M. A. FREEZE.

MARY A. Freeze is the daughter of James Lewis Burnham and Mary A. Huntly and was born in Nauvoo

October 12th, 1845, four days after the death of her father, who left the widow and four children in great poverty, but after much suffering the widow arrived in Salt Lake City, Oct.

8th, 1852. In 1863 Miss Burnham was married to James P. Freeze in Richmond, Cache Co., and shortly after moved into the 11th Ward, Salt Lake City, where they have since lived.

The name of Mary A. Freeze, has been so long and so closely identified with Retrenchment and Mutual Improvement that at the mention of one the other instinctively looms up in the mind. To the cause of Retrenchment in its infancy and afterward in its childhood renamed Mutual Improvement, she has indeed been a careful mother and still after the lapse of nineteen years is as anxious for the maiden and as earnest in furthering its development. In 1871, Sister Freeze was called to preside over the Retrenchment association in the 11th Ward. She says, "I accepted the position with reluctance feeling my incapability, but have filled it to the best ability which God has given me." She chose Mrs. Ellis R. Shipp and Mrs. Jane Freeze for her counselors. Like pioneers in every good cause they battled with many discouraging circumstances in this new and unpopular field of labor, but their zeal and persistence, born of a mighty faith in God and a sense of deep responsibility, enabled them to subdue unfavorable conditions until this society became the largest and most successful in the city. Hundreds of members joined during the presidency of Sister Freeze covering fifteen years—the latter nine of which she also held the position of president of the Salt Lake Stake, to which she was appointed September 14th, 1878, choosing Louie B. Felt and Clara Young Conrad, her half-sister, as her counselors. One feature underlying the success of this society was, we think,

that the meetings were never adjourned, thus the standard was always raised around which the few faithful might rally, and many to-day look back upon those times of sisterly love and unity as the happiest of their lives. Her labors in the stake, this being the largest, have been arduous but also faithfully performed, often traveling alone when without the aid of counselors, through summer's heat and winter's cold on early morning or late evening trains or by team at all hours, herself the driver, ever making a willing cheerful sacrifice of all personal ease and comfort in the interest of those whose spiritual welfare was entrusted to her care and under conditions where a less conscientious or zealous officer would have given up in despair. The constant presence of her dear faithful mother or one of her sister wives in her home gave her more freedom in the discharge of public duties than many enjoy, and a frail constitution has from early womanhood unfitted her for the heavier labor necessary in housekeeping, thus the mind had greater scope for study and reflection—she acknowledges the hand of the Lord in being deprived of physical strength that she might the better discharge the spiritual duties required of her. As a public speaker she is clear in argument, sound in doctrine, decidedly earnest in expression, while her persuasive attitude never fails to hold the attention of old and young, and as one of her assistant officers remarked she is dearly loved by the young ladies of the Salt Lake Stake, and in a number of other stakes, where she has visited, is held in affectionate remembrance.

One gift in particular is hers, possessed by few, the power to repeat correctly a conversation or relate circum-

stances reliably. I have often heard her repeat portions of sermons delivered from the stand and when said sermons were published it was seen that the points observed by her had been quoted verbatim.

In 1878, Prest. Freeze traveled to Washington in company with Prest. George Q. Cannon and wife, and with the latter visited the places of special interest. Pursuing her journey to Penn., on a visit to her husband's relatives; after 3 months' absence she was summoned home by the dangerous illness of her only son George, eight years of age, whose marvelous faith in the ordinances of the gospel restored him to life. Said he, "I always pray for President Taylor, and now I want him to administer to me." This message was conveyed to the President who respected the child's desire; the change for better was immediately observed, improvement continued, followed by complete restoration. While in Penn. she labored to allay prejudice against the Saints, though none became converted to the faith of the gospel, a number of her husband's relatives were so far relieved of their prejudice, that they corresponded with his plural wives in the most kindly spirit, and the friendship commenced through her agency continues today. Here it will be appropriate to refer to her example in plural marriage. I think it can justly be pronounced exceptional; her exalted sense of justice, her broad views of human nature, and truly noble soul, have led her to accord to her sister wives every right and privilege deemed necessary to her own happiness; not in theory but in practice, she often avowing that the heart of a plural wife, swelled with the same emotions as her own, she loved the same, and possessed

the same natural desire for the companionship of her husband, as herself, and has most nobly overcome every feeling of selfish monopoly. In return for this triumph over self, she is looked up to with perfect confidence, as told in the beautiful tribute of one of her sister wives. "Never can I recall a single instance, where I have found myself at a disadvantage, through trusting my heart's interest to her." At home, her sweet charity was ever on the alert to cover up a multitude of short comings, that otherwise would have grown from mole hills to mountains, and her innate nobility never condescended to stoop to ignoble methods—claiming that the end justified the means. She endures patiently—can suffer and be strong—suffer and still be kind, never aggressive and seldom on the defense personally. I shall never forget the first time she read the following portrayal of character, by Shakespeare, in which she recognized herself, her keen black eyes sparkled with merriment as she repeated—"By Jove! I am not covetous of wealth, nor care I who feeds upon my cost. It yearns me not, if—men my garments wear, such things dwell not in my desires. But if it be a sin to covet honor, then I am the most offending soul alive." Extremely hospitable, liberal to a fault if such a thing can be, not always heeding the example of Solomon's ideal, "Who looketh well to the ways of her house;" no tale of want or distress ever reached her ears in vain when in her power to relieve; to hesitate or to weigh consequences is not consistent with her genuine whole-souled sympathy.

This sketch would be incomplete without affectionate mention of Sophia W. Freeze, whose happiness after mar-

riage was so closely and tenderly interwoven with that of Mary. Their friendship was like that of Ruth and Naomi. She would laughingly say if any household article was missing, "Oh, Mary has donated it to somebody; she will donate all her own things to the poor, and if I don't watch her, mine will go the same way."

President Freeze is the mother of nine children, five sons, three of whom are dead, and four daughters still living. The mother's intense love of music and sweet voice have descended as a precious heritage to her children. Mrs. Maggie Bassett is noted for the sweetness and pathos of her voice, having sung on many public occasions at the age of eleven years, assuming the leading role in two operas presented on the Salt Lake stage. Mrs. Alice Atkins is a talented musician and elocutionist, and Miss Mamie is an ardent student of music.

In November, 1884, Prest. Freeze lost a beautiful boy of over five years, in whom the fondest hopes were centered. Shortly after her husband and daughter Maggie departed for Pennsylvania and the family broke up and scattered by the crusade against the Saints, after living in affectionate harmony for many years. She felt lonely and bereft, so took the remainder of her family to Logan, where she found peace and comfort laboring in the temple, aiding in the redemption of hundreds of her dead kindred and officiating for nearly one year in the ordinances of that sacred place. Her monthly letters to the officers of this stake during that time and read in the regular officers' meetings were gems of encouragement and wise counsel. That Prest. Freeze has literary ability, is told in many sweet poems of the heart.

As a proof that polygamy does not blunt the finer susceptibilities of the wife and deaden love, I cull a few lines from a poem written on the silver wedding anniversary:

"Though a fourth of a century's passed since the day

You first called me wife, and we're both growing gray;

Though changes and sorrows together we've known,

Yet my heart is still true as in happy days flown.
While blessings and praises around thee entwine
I've a proud satisfaction in knowing you're mine,
And in thy dear presence a sweet, mystic spell
Thrills my being with rapture that words cannot tell,

'Tis a joy, 'tis a peace that lovers well know,
Yet we're not the same lovers we were years ago,

For our love has been tested in various ways—
By the pitiless storm and the sun's glaring rays;

Separation has only cemented the chain
That has bound us together through pleasure

and pain,
So our love may be voted the love that will last

Through the changes of time and the tempest's rude blast.

Once we loved the rare qualities guessed in each other

That had never been proven through fair or foul weather,

Now we love understandingly, *knowing* the worth

Of the soul that we chose above all on the earth.
Such ties must endure, through all time, shall I

say?

Yes, and more, through eternity's long, endless day.

A number of her articles are published, and proclaim their own merit, but as an entertaining correspondent among family and friends she shines the brightest.

President Freeze's name is on record among those who were favored with hearing the singing of the angelic choir at the dedication of the Manti temple, and rejoices greatly in this gracious manifestation of God's goodness to her.

May she live long to repeat this testimony to the youth of Israel, and

realize the fulfillment of many wonderful promises to her by the servants and handmaids of the Lord, all pointing to a wide field of usefulness among the Saints.

Mrs. Freeze says, "We have traced our lineage back to the year 1200, and have the record of the same. We descended from the Normans. Our family was at one time very wealthy and numerous in England; there is a town which bears their name. Three brothers came to America at an early date,

one settled in Vermont and two in Massachusetts; their descendants took part in the Revolutionary War, and among them, according to the 'Burnham Record,' were many doctors of divinity, doctors of law, and one Mary Burnham writes of the 'service of gold, the equipages and household appointments of grandeur brought with them from their ancient and noble halls of England.' Several of the Burnham descendants were officers in the late Civil War in America.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

DAISIES.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

WHO does not know that the daisies think
As they lie in their verdured bed,
With their golden eyes in a sidelong blink,
And their snow white lashes spread
With a nun-like guile—while their glances link
The thoughts of a heart in the golden chain
Of fancies—and as at an uttered thought
The strange sweet spell by their gladness wrought
Brings ease to soul sense of pain.

To their coquetries the green earth lends
Her aid—and their spirit gay
The bold wind guesses, and oft times sends
Sly breezes across their way—
And their petals like spokes of a fairy wheel
At the stroke of the air whirl round,
Till their blooms from the hold of the bent
stems reel,
And the pretty trophies the breezes steal
And scatter along the ground.

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159.]

CHAPTER X.

THERE was a peculiar smile on
Dager's face, that Mr. Blackwell
was at a loss to understand, but which
the reader will be able to readily ac-

count for, when it is remembered that
Mr. Blackwell was the identical figure
in clerical black, whom Dager had
written such uncomplimentary re-
marks about.

Dager made a most elaborate bow
to Mr. Blackwell, who stood with both
hands under his coat tail, and his chin
thrown up as one who waits the humble
apology of an inferior and a great sin-
ner. At that Dager said: "I regret very
much that my self-respect will not per-
mit me to comply with your request;"
to himself he said: "I have nothing to
gain by showing him the notes in my
book, so may as well defy him. He
looks like he was not accustomed to
much of that sort of thing, and there
is a little satisfaction in bearding such
a person in his den."

It was these reflections that turned
the corners of his mouth into a smile
—the curious chance that had placed
him in such a ridiculous position.

He realized, too, that the place he
had so confidently counted upon for a
permanent situation, was slipping
away.

Before Mr. Blackwell had time to recover from the astonishment, caused by the cool bow, and defiant remark of this beggarly journalist, Dager turned to Mr. Farce, and holding the note-book toward him, said in his blandest manner, "Do me the favor to read the few pages of writing this contains, and as it is a purely personal matter, I trust to your honor to keep it inviolate."

Then he calmly resumed his seat, while Mr. Farce, with a troubled face, in which there was a shadow of protest, read the contents of the note-book, with which the reader is already familiar.

Dager watched with a satisfaction he would have found it hard to account for, the nervous turning of the hands, the quivering of the nostrils, and dull red spark in the eye of the man he had defied. He viewed these outward signs of inward wrath with the utmost complacency, not because the other had suspected and insulted him, but because their natures were diametrically opposed to each other. But he could not dream what this clashing would bring forth, nor guess that upon the chance writing of those few lines in an idle moment hung a destiny.

After reading and re-reading the contents of the note-book, Mr. Farce returned it to its owner, and walking toward where his partner sat, still quivering with rage, said in a conciliatory manner: "Without violating the confidence of Mr. Dager Blank, I can say that the matter in his book is not at all of a suspicious nature, and I am perfectly satisfied. We really owe him an apology for our unjust suspicions, and we do apologize to you Mr. Blank," holding out his hand. He

had included himself in the offense that he might be able to make the apology that he knew his partner would not.

Dager gave the extended hand a warm pressure, and the owner of it a grateful glance, saying: "Then I am to consider myself engaged to report tomorrow and every day thereafter at 4 o'clock." "Certainly," returned the business manager of the firm of Farce & Blackwell and Co., bowing him out.

The first thing Dager did, was to find a place where he could sleep that night, and to sit down and lay a plan for honest, conscientious work.

He made up his mind to begin with, that he would find the lean tramp, as he had fallen into a habit of designating the old fellow who had fed him, and with him he would dwell, whether he would or no.

Take it all round, he did not consider his task so very disagreeable, after all.

He found himself in possession of an active energy as new as his reverence for, and faith in Deity. He did not attempt to account for it, either as a climatic phenomenon, or the result of abstinence in the matter of diet and stimulants; he was content that it was so.

Along the streets with free and even strides he passed later in the evening, in search of the material with which to fill the columns allotted to him, creditably. He kept a sharp lookout for the only friend he had, the lean tramp, but was not able to get sight of him during that evening.

In the course of a few days when he had fairly settled down to work, and made the acquaintance of the town, or rather its principal features, industries,

aspirations, advantages, resources and peculiarities of its public men, he began to keep a diary of passing events.

Thrown so much of the time upon his own resources for amusement, he found time to examine himself and become acquainted with Dager Blank, as he really was; not the society-man, club-man, gentleman, philosopher and cynic he had lived with for so many years.

There are many people who waste the precious moments of the God-given probation of life in adjusting their acts, their thoughts, their opinions to fit the mold cast by society. Echoing stale thoughts, living faint shadows of the lives of others, forgetful of the fact that eternity is swooping down upon us, that time, sweet, precious time is melting in our grasp.

Live inwardly, as well as outwardly, not a dual life, but let the inner life predominate and give color, shape and fragrance to the outer one. You have only one life; live your own, in your own way. It is yours, and you are accountable only to God.

Once a day Dager in respectable attire called at the office and left his notes, but did not enter, and so long as his work gave satisfaction and his salary was paid he felt no particular desire to cross the threshold.

True to his promise, he went in ragged attire, pushed his way among the outcasts, even into the lowest slums where crime lured; where even his very soul sickened at sight of the suffering, poisoned, hideous, soul-deformed things, made in the image of the Creator.

But he also learned, amidst the wreck of hope, innocence and life, to see the divine spark implanted in every

human being by the Author of life. Learned to see the bleak, starved souls, the suffering men and women under the loathsome exterior, read the great wrong done them in that they had been robbed of the heritage of every soul, "the right to be well born," educated to equality, and the opportunity to earn decent food and clothing.

And he wrote of it, as only one could write, who had drank of the same cup, as only one would write who knew the other side of the dark picture with its enervating luxuries, and extravagant, orthodox vices; as only one would whose whole heart went out in a flood of tender pity toward them.

Various disguises assisted Dager to be "all things to all men," and the very novelty set his blood tingling and his energy and nerve alert.

The two rival papers fought their battles out on those lines, boom, or no boom. While one in a mistaken effort to build up the town in a hurry, and gain for themselves political prestige, more booming prices, keeping up a great fusilade of property sales, great bargains, grand openings, etc., etc. The other paper, upon which Dager was engaged, endeavored to foster legitimate enterprise, while discouraging rash speculation, gambling in stocks or real estate; and as a damper on the boom question, allowed Dager to turn it wrong side out, and expose all the rotten heart, the suffering of the many, that the few might become enormously wealthy. But still the "boom" prospered, still insolent capital drove its golden chariot wheels over the hearts of living men and women, over the very lives of innocent children, and the great c

proud worshipers were deaf to their anguished cries.

Dager Blank had saved more than one friendless wretch from starvation, taken the dying confidence of others who were beyond all human aid, and who did not seem to realize the pathos of their own sad story.

Mr. Lawson he met again, and again; and it seemed to Dager Blank that all this injustice, cruelty and wrong took personality in him.

A blind fate led him to the neighborhood of the tramp, who had cut wood for Mr. Lawson to pay for the dinner Mrs. Lawson had given him. Happening to be in an abused and communicative mood, having just been kicked out of a car he wanted to occupy for the night, he had unbosomed himself to the patient listener, who gave him a dime. The next day the entire circumstance appeared in print, even to the conversation held in the yard, for the tramp had faithfully reproduced it. There was half a column of comments on the honesty of the householders, and what he deserved and might expect after such palpable wrong; all of which Mr. Lawson read with anger and dismay.

About three weeks after his engagement by Farce & Blackwell, Dager caught sight, for the first time, of the lean tramp.

The tramp was hurrying as fast as he could in a direction opposite to the one in which Dager was going, but he turned square around, and followed, determined to track him to his lair, if it were possible.

The tramp did not see him, but continued to amble along as best he could until he reached a tumbled-down old cellar in the dirty, narrow alley, where he went in.

Dager promptly followed. The place was so dark that for a few moments he was unable to distinguish a single object. When his eyes became more accustomed to the place, he saw the tramp on his knees by the side of a pallet of straw, on which lay the body—lifeless body it seemed to him—of a man.

The lean tramp exhibited no surprise, and no emotion at his unannounced appearance.

"Help me to turn him over, and tell me, if you can, where he's hurt," he said to Dager, with the familiarity of long acquaintance.

"Go and get a light and call a doctor," Dager replied striving vainly to pierce the shrouding gloom, and get a good look at the man.

"A doctor's no use here, but the light I'll get if you'll pay for it," said the tramp extending his hand for the expected coin.

Dager gave it to him and turned his attention to the form on the straw that stirred and moaned in a weak way.

He held the cold hand and waited patiently for the light.

Presently the tramp came back and lit the candle which he wound with paper and placed in the mouth of an old shoe, and together this strange pair bent over the dying man.

Dager carefully adjusted the form to what he conceived would be a more comfortable position, and wiped from his lips the bloody froth, that spoke of internal injuries, and sent forth the fiat of death.

"How did this happen?" Dager asked of the gaunt, ragged figure hovering by his side, like the specter of despair."

"I foun' him layin' all humped up

out here in the street, and wiggled in with him; he was knocked silly, and ain't spoke since."

While restoratives were being applied Dager reproached his old friend for avoiding him and trying to conceal himself from him.

"I don't deny but I've sort'er snook around you. What had the likes of yer got to do with the likes of me?"

"Have you forgotten that you saved my life?"

"Didn't you do the same for me? Aint you foun' frenz? Can't yer go round jingling the dollars in your pocket?"

"Do I look prosperous?" Dager said, suddenly facing round and lifting his arms so as to display his rags to the best possible advantage.

For answer, the tramp took off his ragged hat, and from the crown abstracted a carefully folded sheet of brown tissue paper, upon which was pasted every article written by Dager, column after column, as it had appeared in the paper, and spreading it out, pointed to it with his skeleton finger. "That tells the tale! You can fool 'em all but me. I know yer."

He did not know it, but no more touching or convincing proof of his love for Dager, and his continual watch over him could have been given the journalist. To think how he had sought for him, while he was almost being shadowed by him.

He held out his hand, but the tramp did not take it. The yellow candle light flickered on the low dark roof, and over the death-like figure, with pain-pinched features, that lay stretched out on the tramp's bed. It fell upon that loathsome figure of the

tramp and smoothed out the rugged and veiled the unsightly. It fell upon his glowing eyes, and the broad, intellectual brow, and Dager felt that thus might have looked a fallen angel,—debased, ruined, fallen—but with still some lingering glow of by-gone majesty about him.

"What you say is true, and I have never desired to deceive you, only to find you. Among them all I have not one single *friend*. Will you be that *friend*?"

His hand was still extended, but the tramp shook his head.

"Why?"

"Because the curse of Almighty God is upon me. Because I will not permit another person to share it; because I cannot have companionship; I am doomed to walk the earth to my last day alone."

Such a wail of hopeless agony Dager had never heard from human lips. Yet the tone was low, the form of the man immovable, the head bowed. Every word of the sentences seemed like a tiny cup laden to the brim with bitterness, hopelessness, misery and despair.

Before he could reply the man on the bed stirred, and dropping his end of this strange conversation with a man whose sanity he was beginning to doubt, Dager gave all his attention to the dying stranger.

The man opened his eyes and stared about the room as if he was trying to recollect where he was, or reconcile his surroundings and situation to his last memories.

Dager spoke to him, kindly enquiring where he was hurt.

"Hurt," he said with an effort, "some where here," and he laid one hand on his breast in an uncertain

way. His eyes were filmy, and already the icy chill of death was creeping up his limbs.

"Who did it, or how did it happen," Dager asked, still holding the hand of the dying man, and wiping from his pale forehead the accumulating drops of perspiration.

"I mistook a shadow for a bridge, and—" What further explanations he would have made God only knows, for his eyes closed, the short breathing gurgled in his throat, and the lean tramp and Dager Blank were alone in the presence of death.

Through the long watches of the night they sat alternately by the bed side in a sad vigil of the nameless dead, and although Dager longed to renew the conversation where it was broken there seemed to be a brooding presence forbidding it.

When morning dawned the body was handed over to the proper authorities, and Dager went his way, to furnish his quota for the paper.

With the shades of night he sought again the hovel of the tramp, but he was gone.

The days passed very swiftly, and their very sameness made them glide by in almost breathless haste. They lengthened into weeks and months, and found Dager still employed in and about the paper office.

His knowledge of printing stood him in good stead, and many times he had been called upon by circumstances to "take a case," make up a set of forms, or execute some particularly artistic piece of work in the job department.

He here found opportunity to observe the perfectly womanly business ability of Mary Grey; and to win the

confidence and good will of Dick Sawyer.

In fact, every person in the office—Mr. Blackwell excepted—came in time to treat Dager as a friend.

The time came when the City Council was forced into a recognition of the necessity of doing something with regard to the great unfed multitude within its borders. The result of their deliberations was that they taxed real estate, in order to obtain the necessary money to make public improvements; and although it seemed rather hard on the property owners, it was the only thing to be done, and was highly commended by those who had no taxable property.

It gave to these victims a boom of work and bread, and Dager flattered himself that from his pen came part of the pressure that had set in motion this movement.

This opinion was shared by Mr. Lawson, for one, who learning by accident of Dager's connection with what he chose to call the *Scavenger*, he blamed him for the high tax he was obliged to pay on both pieces of property he owned inside the city limits.

So far, nowever, the "boom" had only benefitted a few speculators and dealers. Most of those poor fellows employed by the city, and anathematized by the property owners would have been better off had they never seen the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY LETTERS.

HOPE.

A DAY of fond remembrances, of smiles and,
too, of tears,
I have read again my letters hoarded for many
years;

Read and slowly placed them on the fire burn-
ing bright,
And watched in silent musing their flickering,
fading light.
The ink and paper now, in mouldering fragments
lie,
But the spirit of their contents can never, never
die;
I thought to read them all again but found it
would not do,
God bless the hands that wrote them, the hearts
so good and true.
You ask why do I burn them, if it causes me
this pain,
'Tis because I cannot take them, I'm a pilgrim
once again,
And I cannot bear to leave them for other eyes
to see,
To be scattered like waste paper, those treasures
unto me
I have taken from each packet some letters still
to keep,
Those little white-winged messengers that often
made me weep.
For they have brought me tidings that loved
ones have gone home
Unto the Father's mansions, never, never more
to roam.
Leaving their vacant places in the circle 'round
the hearth,
Leaving lone vacant places to be filled no more
on earth,
Oh life, mysterious, changing. what a fitful
dream thou art,
What wild, weird music playing on the deep
chords of the heart.
Comes there a time, oh ever, when a fullness we
shall know
Of that which we so long for in the journey here
below?
Will the broken links be gathered and bound in
one bright chain
Of perfect love and gladness, will there be an
end to pain?

EIGHTEEN DAYS ON THE DESERTS.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164.]

WE messed together that evening
and sat down to one table—the
ground—all ate hearty and rose up
full, and all testified then that they
felt as well and satisfied as if they
had had a variety and plenty.

I testify before God and all men
that may read this, that the statements
I have made are true, and that God
made the little we ate to satisfy the
sixteen men.

We had the same the next morning
for breakfast and all were satisfied and
filled again on about a pint of flour,
and had only about two quarts of flour
left.

We were all astir on this morning,
the 31st day of August, 1857, and we
had all pretty well weighed our con-
dition. Eighty miles to water ahead
and about the same to go back and go
round by the Humboldt, which was
talked of when I turned back—no
thought of going home without filling
our mission.

Our canteens had been reduced in
numbers by accidents, until we had
not capacity in them for sixteen men
on a long desert—and oh, the thought
of leaving that water and launching out
again with the possibility of being
again "dried up," brought a feeling
we did not encourage. Men were
sent out to hunt for game, that we
might have food to eat. Some went
out to hunt for wild berries. I went
out upon a high point of mountain
where I could overlook the country
and where I could be by myself alone.
There I knelt down in perfect humility
before God my heavenly Father and
asked Him to deliver us from the un-
pleasant condition we were in—to give
us food and water as we needed, that
we might perform the work we had
been sent by His servants to perform.

On my way down the mountain and
studying over our situation, a thought
came into my mind as if dropped
there by some one else,

"Go down and kill a horse and feed
the men."

That was so easily done that I wondered I had not thought of it before. As soon as I reached camp I said to the captain, "Let's kill a horse and have meat to eat." That pleased him and he called to the company and made known the project which suited all hands—perfectly filled them with delight—it was such a novelty, and so easy to do, and would feed us so abundantly.

Some were set to gather up dry wood for a big fire. Somebody got forked sticks and straight willows for a scaffold that we might "jerk the meat" and thus prepare it to carry along with us. I will here state that the hunters sent out saw no game nor tracks of game. This was done by making a large bed of red-hot coals of fire—blaze all gone. Had the meat all cut off the bones in thin slices and spread on sticks laid close together about twenty inches above the fire. This was all done in an incredibly short space of time, and while that was being done and the meat drying, I took the small guts and cut them into lengths of three feet each—turned and washed each piece carefully—scraped and washed and rinsed them perfectly clean. I then tied one end and filled the same with water, then tied the two ends together and tied a string tight around the middle, making it into something like a large link of sausage. If one part should leak perhaps the other half would keep good. In this way I put up five gallons of water. Every man that did not have a canteen was furnished with a link of water.

Now, I had that horse all disposed of as I have related, before I got to camp from my visit on the mountain, in my mind.

We had calculated to stay there all that day, in the morning, but now that the horse was all in a seamless sack—except what we had eaten—the captain proposed to me that we start right on our journey then, the sun being only about three hours high. I objected at first, stating that a large portion of the desert before us I had not seen by daylight—had traveled all one night on it. The captain said that was just the reason we should cross it again in the night for I would know nothing about it by daylight. The argument was conclusive with me and I said, "Let us go now." In a moment the order was given to bring up the horses and prepare to start as we would go ahead and not turn back to the Humboldt road.

Before starting I carefully consulted my "log-book," as I called it—a minute journal of my travels through that country in 1854, by compass in the day and by the location of stars in the night, and also by the appearance of mountains.

Before dark we were back in the bottom of the valley, and miles on our direct course followed three years before, and found an iron picket pin, an iron stake or pin, about a foot long to drive in the ground to tie a horse with a long rope that he might feed on grass. I had lost it in 1854, and knew the pin.

We traveled leisurely along all being too full to rush very much; the horses full of grass and the men full of the old horse. I always rode on the lead and the captain generally by my side—we loved each other naturally and kept close to each other even down to the present time, 1886.

Just as the gray of morning appeared in the east on the 1st of September,

1857, we halted for a rest, and every man was instructed to take care of himself as best he could.

Some tied the lariat to his own body expecting that if the horse started to run off he would wake up and find out—as we were all to lay right down and take a little sleep.

Pack-saddles were not pulled off and most of the riding saddles left on. Some found small desert brush to tie to and every man laid right down on the naked ground as he lit from the saddle, for be it remembered that ground on those deserts does not get cold in the summer nights.

All went to sleep and when the first man awoke, the sun was shining down hot upon us. In a few minutes we were on the march without loss of time in the usual formalities of getting breakfast.

Every man had water with him and it was but a minute's job to fill his pocket with dried meat and eat as we rode along.

I will here describe the manner of carrying the links of water; as I instructed.

"Roll the link carefully in a woollen blanket to keep it cool, and from danger of being broken, and tie it on the saddle behind you."

With day-light came trouble for me. I knew that the sun always rose in the east or else I would have been lost entirely and known not which way to go. We were yet in a portion of country I had traveled over in the night and never saw by daylight.

The wisdom and truth of Captain Cownover's remark was now fully apparent.

I quickly selected mountains afar off and placed them in their true relative positions with the sun, so as to

have my points of compass to steer by in our day's journey.

I felt lonely, or as though I wanted to be alone and had never felt it a burden to ride on the lead and sometimes far ahead of the company, but now I was lost I could see nothing that I could guess I had ever seen before. The men noticed a change in me—in my manners and conversation, or, rather, lack of conversation. They commenced asking me questions about the country and my certainty as to the right direction to travel, if I could see anything that looked natural, etc.

All of this annoyed me, but I answered them as ambiguously as I could to pacify them and not commit myself. Finally I said to the captain, "Keep towards that dark spot on the left mountain ahead of us; I have got to stop a few minutes." And he rode on.

I remained behind so long that some became alarmed about me and fell back, too; but the captain kept going on, some keeping with him and some not knowing whether to go or stay, so the company became a long one, perhaps a mile from front to rear.

Well, I had my little lone spell and felt better for it, and seeing the scattered condition of the company, thought it best to march in closer column, and, putting spurs to the mule, was soon by the side of the captain.

Then came more questions about a certain pass or gap in the mountains ahead of us which I had intimated was the place for us to go through, but I did not really know.

"Is that the right place for us to go through? Does the pass look at all familiar? If that is not the one, where will we go to?" And all such questions as anxious, unsettled minds will

naturally ask were put to me; and all at once an answer came to me, which I gave without much premeditation, or I probably would not have given it.

I said, "Yes, and if that is the pass we are to go through it will shine like crusted snow at just twelve o'clock." It was then eleven o'clock. From that time until twelve o'clock there was silence in that part of the earth where I was; and I rested.

At just twelve o'clock that pass began to grow white, and as it grew rapidly all the men huddled to the front and began to exhibit a spirit of cheerfulness.

The gap in the mountain for a few minutes had the appearance of crusted snow, and then gradually grew dark again.

Hearts were light and voices merry as we rode along, no one caring to be behind. I think my heart was the lightest and gladdest of any, and, indeed, I do not think anyone was more surprised at the fulfillment of that promise than I was.

We reached water about five o'clock that afternoon, which was among the sand-hills where I surprised and captured two Indians and then after they showed us their spring of water and rabbit traps, we destroyed them. They still remained destroyed and everything just as we left it—did not even look as though the rabbits and antelopes had been willing to call it home since the white man had trod upon the soil.

We ate the last of our flour made into bread, and horse beef for supper and drank brackish water.

Gave our animals an hour's rest and then went on to the sink of Carson, where we arrived about eleven o'clock in the evening—making over one hundred miles in thirty hours.

Sept. 2nd, 1857, we ate the last of our beef with nothing for variety and not a morsel of anything left to eat after breakfast.

From that camping ground it was thirty miles to a very small settlement of five or six houses, called Ragtown, on the Carson River.

Captain Cownover and Brother Simon C. Dalton started early for Ragtown to get provisions and return to a place about three miles below the town, where we were instructed to camp and where they, soon after our camping, made our hearts glad with fifty pounds of flour, and sugar, coffee and bacon to correspond, which they had run in debt for to pay on our return, and which the brethren of the Carson mission very kindly paid for us as we came back.

When we had finished our breakfast next morning we had nothing to eat again, and we did not sit up more than half the night to make up lost time in eating. I think there was just one time when we were happier, and that was when we found good water on the 30th of August, 1857.

When we got to the town Captain C. got more provisions on the same terms, and with the provisions he got news that changed our manner of traveling.

He learned that on the 5th, which would be Monday, and this was Saturday, a small company of fifteen wagons was to start from Carson, or, rather, Eagle valley, for Salt Lake.

It was necessary, in order to carry out the instructions of the Presidency that sent us, to stop that company; and in order to do this most effectually we should be at meeting on Sunday, the next day, and in sufficient time that word could be sent to the

meetings in the different settlements.

When we had got fairly out of this little Ragtown and away from the probability of being interrupted, the captain called a camp and counseled with the company on the subject.

The result of the council was that the three best animals could make Washare valley, where the President in charge of the mission lived, by the time needful—a distance of eighty-five miles, and it was then near noon. S. C. Dalton, Peter Cownover and I were picked to ride all night again, which we did, and reached Genoa a little after sunrise and while the family were eating breakfast. As soon as we had eaten we changed animals and rode to Genoa in Carson valley, twenty-five miles, before meeting, and by that time I had all the ride I wanted for once, having ridden two hundred and twenty miles in fifty-eight riding hours.

Robert Walker, now of the firm of Walker Bros., and Henry Brizzee were in the employ of William Nixon, merchant in Genoa. They were dispatched to San Francisco to purchase a quantity of ammunition and other goods to more fully carry out instructions from Salt Lake.

In about a week Cownover and I went over the Sierra Nevada to a small mining town called Murphy's Diggins in order to co-operate with Walker and Brizzee in carrying out business held by them.

We went by way of the "Big Trees" and had a good view of their wonderful size. I have never read too strong descriptions to meet my appreciation of the "Big Trees."

Walker and Brizzee, after very intricate and careful management, succeeded in getting 1,000 pounds of

powder, with caps and lead to match, mixed up with a little stock of winter goods and got them safely to Murphy's, where we had in waiting hired teams suitable for transporting them over the mountains.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEATHERS, ETC.

LULA.

POOR little birdie! silent and dead!
Yet made to perch on a lady's head,
As if it had voice and breath.
A flower and leaf on a lady's hat
Is an ornament far more pleasing than that,
And tells not of pain or death.

I shudder to look at the ostrich plume,
And think of the huge bird's cruel doom;
The heartless, barbarous plan,
Devised, but for pitiless pride and pay,
A glory and grandeur to steal away,
God gave to the bird, not the man.

Daughter of Zion! Repent and turn
From thy vanity! All adornments spurn,
Which will make thee "as bad as the thief."
Awake, arise, shake thy being free
From fashion's fetters; her folly see,
Her splendor, so cold, so brief!

To Zion's daughters, such pow'r and skill
God will freely give, that if they will,
They may wear the most comely dress;
Their garments plain, all the trimmings and
bands,
And beauty, the work of their own fair hands;
Costing thousands of dollars less

Than the feathers, embroidery, ribbons and
lace,
Brought now from abroad, their forms to grace.
What wealth might they thus secure,
Kindly and wisely to scatter around,
Wherever a shadow of want be found,
And in Zion would be no poor.

I have an ornament, bright and fair,
Which I made from locks of my children's hair,
A strip of cloth and same glue;
It's worth a thousand times more to me,
Than the grandest plume of a bird could be,
Sometime I'll show it to you.

And if feathers are liked most of anything,
 A neat one is made from the tail or wing
 Of some wild or domestic bird,
 Which we kill for food, being justified,
 And 'twill satisfy all but the cold, false pride,
 Which is cruel, unchaste and absurd.

THE OAK AND THE IVY.

M. E. TRASDALE.

I AGREE with the writer who said, that a man would progress faster if he had "able, intelligent assistance instead of so much clinging dependence from his wife." The oak and the ivy expression sounds very romantic, but put to the test in this practical world of ours, it proves a failure. It would be all very well if every ivy could be assured that the oak upon which it leans would stand the storms of winter and never be felled to the earth, but would stand firm and immovable as long as the ivy lives. But how often is the oak stricken down in its prime, leaving the ivy helpless and destitute of support!

Every girl before she leaves her father's roof should be taught a trade or profession whereby she can sustain herself and those dependent upon her if adversity comes and she is left to fight the battle of life alone. Every girl should face this question squarely: What can I do to support myself if I should have to do so?

Woman should be a helpmate to her husband and have an interest and a voice in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the home and family; and when the husband asks her what is best to be done, she should have an opinion of her own and be able to tell why she thinks so, and not say, "Oh, I don't know, do what you think best." Some women are so utterly

dependent upon their husbands that they seem really to let them think for them and when you converse with them they never tell you what they think upon any subject, but they tell you what their husbands think about it. When misfortune comes to such women and their support is taken from them, they are almost crushed by the blow. When they are compelled by the force of circumstances to learn by bitter experience what they ought to have learned before—to use the faculties with which they were endowed and learn to think and reason for themselves, to be brave and womanly.

It is an acknowledged fact that it is a great blessing for a man to go on a mission; it is the making of a young man, I say. I go a little farther and say that it is as great a blessing to the wife to be left alone while her husband goes on his mission as his mission is to him. The experience she gains is invaluable; she has to plan and think, and it is a school wherein she learns many practical lessons she never would learn with her husband constantly by her side.

Her executive faculties are developed and she is surprised in finding herself able to accomplish objects she thought herself incapable of performing. Her spiritual nature is also cultivated and developed; as she feels the lack of wisdom in herself she goes humbly to her Father in heaven and beseeches Him for wisdom and strength and He gives them to her. He sustains her and fills her with joy and comfort.

I say to the girls, qualify yourselves in some useful branch of industry that will enable you to be self-sustaining, and if you are never required to make particular use of the knowledge, it

will not hurt you. Do not imitate the ivy, but rather the oak, in being firm and steadfast, that you may be pillars of strength for weaker ones to lean upon, and qualify yourselves to be in deed and in truth, helpmates to your husbands, and not burdens for them to carry.

KINDNESS TO MOTHER.

RUBY LAMONT.

LISTEN to mother, sister,
Turn not away so cold
Age with its snow hath kissed her,
Snatched from her hair its gold,—
Why would you grieve her, dearest,
Why should we love her less?
Was she not once the nearest,
Ready and swift to bless?

Once we were small and helpless,
She was our angel then,
Always so kind and gentle,
Patient and sweet, I ken—
Never shall love like mother's,
Holy, unselfish, true,
Gleam o'er our pathway, darling—
Shall we not love her, too?

Listen to mother, sister
What though her words upbraid?
Think of the heavy burdens
We on her heart have laid!
Sickness and toil and sorrow
Ever for us she bore.
Shall we today, tomorrow,
Add to these o'er and o'er?

Only the loving Savior
Loves us as she hath done,
Shall we with scorn repay her,
Darken with clouds her sun?
When her dear face hath vanished.
Time turns your gold to gray,
Can you forget how proudly,
Sister, you turned away?

True, she is only mortal,
Weakness may mar her life,
Nor have we passed the portal,
Far above earth's dark strife;
Surely our hearts can bear her
Sacred and loved o'er all,
Grateful and glad to give her
Back some reward though small.

Let the wee baby, sister,
Pressed to your fond, kind breast,
Bring to your heart the message
Making dear mother blest!
Long hath her heart watched o'er us,
Now let the warm light shine
Full on her life's calm sunset
Making its glow divine.

Listen to mother, sister,
Brighten her path with flow'rs,
Plucked from a heart of kindness,
Strewn over golden hours—
So will the dear All-Father
Sweeten, with peace, your lot,
And when the twilight gathers
Ne'er shall you be forgot.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 159.]

FANNY basted the chickens roasting in the oven, filled up the pudding boiler from the tea kettle, and then seated herself by Gwyn, and taking one of her hands affectionately in her own began the story Gwyn wanted to hear.

"There is no credit due me," she said, "for my not having suffered in plurality, as many of my sisters have done. The Lord has blest me beyond degree, and we owe our success thus far in life entirely to Him."

"Don't you think He would bless others as abundantly if they were all as humble and strove as earnestly to keep His Spirit with them?" Gwyn asked.

"I cannot tell about that," Fanny replied, "I only know it has been with us. In the first place, the true nobility of my husband's character, his honesty, uprightness and purity in every way gave me such confidence in him that I *knew* he would not wrong me, no matter how many wives the Lord might give unto him, and he would take none that were not given

of God. Both Andrew and myself felt that we should be condemned if we entered not into plurality of wives, for the Lord had condescended to reveal the principle unto us in its sublime purity; and you know the revelation plainly states that if the Lord reveals it to any, and they receive it not, they shall be condemned. I believe, Gwyn, that some of our people enter into that sacred order without due reflection or preparation and before the Lord has actually revealed it to them; and so they make failures of it."

"The very thing I was just thinking myself," answered Gwyn. "It is preached to thousands who do not comprehend it; to some it may look reasonable, though they understand it not, and, as you say, they venture to try it, even before they seek to the Lord in fervent prayer to have the way made plain for them."

"But we did not go into it in that way," continued Fanny. "We had all three of us been praying about it for years; and the Lord had softened and prepared our hearts, as He only is capable of doing. Ida's mother is one of the truest and best women I have ever known. She has taught her daughters, by example as well as precept, how to live in plurality as well as out of it."

"When Ida came from the 'other valley' to spend a few weeks with friends here, we soon found out, the three of us, that we were well suited to each other; and we all three wrote to her parents, asking their consent for the Bishop to marry their daughter. Ida wished me to write to her mother and state my feelings regarding the matter. So I did. And as I felt real well and hopeful about it, I expressed myself in that way. The answer I re-

ceived to that letter did me so much good; I shall never forget it, I hope. One line in it reads, 'Dear Fanny, if you continue to cherish the kind, humble spirit in which you have written to me, I promise you, in the name of the Lord, that you shall never know sorrow because of entering into plurality, the holiest order of marriage.' When Ida went to visit her mother for the first time after her marriage I remember of telling her that she could say to her mother for me that I was holding to that beautiful, sweet promise she had made me; that so far it had been fully realized, and I should trust it for the future. But you wanted to hear about our mistakes, and I am telling you only of our successes."

"A short time before her marriage, after it had been arranged about what date it should take place, Ida was going home to visit her folks, and was to return to us in due time for the wedding."

"The summer weather was growing hot and somewhat unhealthy, and we decided after counseling about it that a change would do both myself and my nursing baby good, and that I might as well accompany Ida to the 'other valley.'"

"We were at the supper table the evening before we were to start. Two or three others were present who would make the journey with us, and a lively conversation was going on. I do not remember what all was said, nor who said it, but somehow the Bishop was led to make this strange remark, 'The rest of you can stay as long as you like, if you will send Ida back.'"

"I cannot tell you just how that sentence made me feel; I could scarcely believe it was my husband that spoke it, it was so unlike him. One thing I

was certain of, he did not mean it in the way it sounded. No one else ventured a reply to it, so after a moment's thought I said jestingly, 'Perhaps Ida better not go, for fear she might not get back by the appointed time.'

'Again Andrew spoke, this time in real earnest, 'Oh, yes!' he said, 'Ida must go and see her mother; I want her to do that, but she must come back according to agreement.'

'The conversation then turned on other subjects, but that strange remark of my husband's still sounded in my ear, and gave every now and then a peculiar twinge to my heart. I could not understand it. After a while all hands were through with supper and through with work and off to bed and asleep except the Bishop and myself. He was away from home on business, I purposely sitting up to speak with him on his return and at the same time completing arrangements for my own and baby's journey and visit.

'It was after ten o'clock when the Bishop came in. He began gently chiding me for not having retired, saying I was so much in need of rest and would have to be up so early in the morning.

'Yes,' I replied, 'I know it, but I wanted to speak with you before going away, and feared I should find no opportunity for so doing in the morning; besides, I did not feel like going to sleep until I could tell you of something you said at the supper table.'

'Something I said! Did I say anything wrong?' the Bishop asked in surprise.

'No,' said I, 'I do not think it was wrong, it only sounded strangely, and I do not understand it.' I then

repeated to him the words I have mentioned.

'He did not laugh at me as some men would have done, did not call me foolish and jealous, neither did he try evasively to smother over the thoughtless expression or its effects. He was true as ever, and prompt with a reasonable explanation, which perfectly satisfied me.

'Taking me in his arms and calling me by some endearing title, he said, 'Oh, how shall I be careful and guarded enough to avoid any word or action that could trouble you! When I spoke those offending words I was thinking more than anything else of how much good a summer's rest would do you and the baby. Never for one moment has the thought entered my mind that the presence of any other woman could fill your place with me or make my life complete without you. Oh, no, my faithful wife! because I love Ida is no reason why I should forget the love you have given me, the good you have done me. Remember this, Fanny, that while you and I both avoid sin, nothing can separate us or cause the love we have given each other to grow cold.'

'I knew that my husband told me the truth, and my soul was satisfied. That was the first mistake and its settlement. And that is the way we settle all our difficulties. If a word is dropped or anything done or left undone that creates the slightest disturbance with any of us, at the first favorable opportunity we take the matter under careful consideration, have it thoroughly examined and explained, and it always amounts to about the same thing, no harm is ever intended, no harm is ever done. This example is sufficient for you, Gwyn; I need not

give you any further illustrations, I think."

As Fanny concluded this recital, Jacob appeared at the kitchen door inquiring for his wife.

"Yes," Gwyn responded, "I am here, learning how to behave when you get another wife."

"That is right," said Jacob, "learn all you can about it, so you may be a wise counselor to me, as the Bishop says each of his wives is to him."

Gwyn promised to do as Jacob said, and long after the Christmas cheer of that year was ended the lessons she had that day learned returned to her mind with singular frequency and emphatic force.

Often, too, did Jacob and Gwyn hold long conversations upon the subject of plurality, and, as frequently has been the case, Gwyn became more earnest and eager about it than was her husband.

"Do you really want me to take another wife, Gwyn? Does it not hurt you in the least to think of my loving another woman the same as yourself?"

Jacob asked these questions of his wife one summer's evening as they sat together in the moonlight; asked them in such a pleading, almost sorrowful, tone that Gwyn felt to reproach herself for referring to the matter so often and urgently as she had done. She understood the feeling in his sensitive and sympathetic heart, more from the tone of his voice than from the words he uttered.

Putting her arms tenderly around his neck and laying her cheek against his she murmured,

"Jacob, if it were not for the holy religion which we know to be true, to be sure my human nature would lead me to desire that all the love and all

the wealth of your good, true heart should be lavished on me. But the religion of Christ, you know, teaches us to overcome our natural selfishness in all respects. And we become better, nobler and happier according as we overcome selfishness and become like our Savior. Do not imagine, my husband, that my love for you is not all that a woman's love for man should be because I am willing, nay, anxious, that we should step forward and be numbered with the valiant ones in the cause of salvation, the building up of the kingdom of God and the bringing to pass of His mighty purposes. I feel that we are crippled as we now stand, and that we shall be only able to walk uprightly like the bravest and best of our people when we have chosen another companion to be one with us."

A few weeks later President Brigham Young made glad the hearts of the people of F. by visiting them, in company with some of his brethren.

After holding meeting, President Young had his carriage driven around to the home of the Howes. Jacob's mother was there, and she it was upon whom the President desired to call, having been acquainted with her away back in the days of Kirtland and Nauvoo.

"O house of Jacob!" observed the President archly, with a merry twinkle in his fine eyes, as he stood for a moment before alighting from the carriage, noting with evident satisfaction the neat new building and its thrifty, comfortable surroundings.

"I congratulate you, Brother Jacob, on your success as a maker of a tidy, pleasant home," he continued, shaking Jacob warmly by the hand and following him into the house.

Sitting down in the midst of the

little household with one of the Twelve Apostles, who accompanied him, President Young spent an agreeable half hour in quiet, uninterrupted chit-chat, which was carried on principally by himself and his old friend, Sister Howe.

When there was a little lull in the conversation, Gwyn ventured to remind her husband that he had promised to ask President's Young's opinion with regard to their entering into plurality, when there should be an opportunity.

"Yes," Jacob acknowledged, "I thought that I would inquire of you how you regard that matter for a man like myself."

Turning to Gwyn and looking her full in the face, the President inquired of her, "Do you want Jacob to take another wife?"

"I am willing he should," was Gwyn's unhesitating reply. "I want Jacob to be as great a man as he is capable of becoming. I want him to have a large family, and, you see, my baby died."

To this the President remarked in a sympathetic way, "Oh, well, you are young yet, and will probably have a house full of boys and girls of your own to bring up."

These soothing words went to Gwyn's heart like an inspired promise from the prophet of the Lord, warming it to new life and faith. And in after years, when her children clustered around her like olive branches, that promise often recurred to her mind as one which had been gratefully and lovingly clung to by herself, and faithfully made sure by Him whose promises never fail.

To Jacob President Young said, "I am not well acquainted with your cir-

cumstances; it would seem that you are well enough off to support another family, and I am willing you should have one. Get you another wife like Gwyn and you will be all right. But if you get one who knows nothing about saving, yet is anxious to spend all she can get hold of, I can't promise you that you will do very well. I have never considered it wise for men to marry more wives than they were capable of supporting well, and rearing more children than they could educate and take good care of."

This truthful statement of President Young's own words is here made by one who heard them uttered. And it is given with the hope that some young readers may accept it as a proof that the authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have never been in the habit of urging their poor brethren to take upon themselves the responsibilities of families which they were unable to properly support—a charge which has often been brought against them.

"My dear Willie has worked so hard the whole nine years that we have been here, he is nearly worn out. In fact, he is sick, Jacob, and I am persuading him to come to you and spend the winter and get well. He will bring up some dried fruit, a portion of which is for mother."

Thus wrote Ellen Hillon to her brother, Jacob Howe. And following the letter came Willie Hillon, no longer a child either in appearance or nature, no longer a boy, but a tall, bearded man, yet bright, good-natured Willie still.

Gwyn was surprised, almost shocked at being suddenly clasped in the arms of a man other than her husband, but when he called her his "lovely little auntie," his "sweet Aunt Gwyn," and then went around and hugged and

kissed each of the four children, ending with the wee one in the cradle, she began to realize that it was none other than her former favorite, warm-hearted, impulsive Willie himself.

"Oh, how tall you are! and how dark!" she began, forgetting for the moment that one other was present with whom he had not yet spoken.

But Willie turned from his aunt to a lady visitor, who had dropped the sewing upon which she was at work, and sitting very still was intently watching him.

"You think I don't know you, but I do," he said, advancing toward her with outstretched hand. "You are one of my old sweethearts, one that I could never forget, Chloe Lee, the belle beauty of F."

Somehow they both seemed to forget, or at least not to regard the fact that they were not now as they were ten years ago, he a child and she unmarried. The young man as he approached the lady to whom he thus spoke opened his arms to receive her as if she were his own sister, and Chloe, for it was really she, instead of half shrinking from him as Gwyn had done at first, actually returned his embrace and also the kiss he gave her with much fervency.

Gwyn, who had watched the whole round of Willie's delighted actions since he entered the house, felt somewhat astonished at this last turn, but Jacob, who had shaken hands with and welcomed his nephew outside, and came to the door just in time to witness the last act of the hugging and kissing performance, felt disgusted. He did not wish to begin finding fault with poor Willie the first thing, however, so he merely reminded him that the lady was Mrs. Edward Grange,

not Chloe Lee, as she was when he had last seen her.

"It makes no difference, uncle," replied Willie, laughing, "I just as soon kiss a married woman as one that isn't married; it's all the same to me."

"It may not be all the same to the husbands, though," said Gwyn, who knew of at least one husband in F. besides her own who was very particular who kissed his wife.

"Edward wouldn't care for my kissing Willie, who used to play snowball with me and let me coast on his hand sled and teach me horse-back riding," said Chloe. But both Jacob and Gwyn thought she knew that Edward would care, though she asserted to the contrary.

"Where is Edward?" inquired Willie. "He is the next one I want to see."

"At home today," replied Chloe, preparing to go to the canyon tomorrow."

"I'll go right over to my old home and see him and it," said Willie.

"And have him come to dinner with you," Gwyn observed as Willie left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BE TRUE.

VINCY R. BARKER.

Be true in your thoughts, words and actions,
Be true in your looks and your deeds,
Be true to your heart's core and ever
Aid friends when you find them in need.

Be true at all times to kind parents,
Their names and their counsels revere;
Fore'er keep the family ties holy,
Protect them and all that is dear.

Be true to your brothers and sisters,
Lead them gently along by the hand,
Ever make their lives purer and nobler,
By the powers we have at command.

Be true to the dear little children,
For they are the buds of mankind,
Grasping all that's placed in their pathway;
So nothing but truth let them find.

Be true to the poor and the aged,
Their weak, tottering footsteps aid,
Their pathway make bright by kind actions,
By their joy you'll be amply repaid.

Be true to your home and surroundings,
Shrink not from the tasks of the day;
Let all things be done in their order,
For danger there is in delay.

Be true to your nation and country,
The banner of truth keep in sight,
Let justice and freedom re-echo
In your hearts by day and by night.

Be true to yourselves and your conscience,
Your faults from the world you may hide,
Yet conscience will surely accuse you,
And all self-conceit 'twill deride.

'Twill make you forever remember
The evils you've knowingly done;
Then strive to have every wrong righted
Each day ere the set of the sun.

To evil thoughts ne'er give expression,
To angry words ne'er give reply;
'Tis better to smother such feelings
Than e'er cause a true heart to sigh.

Be true when abroad among strangers,
Let them see your life is not vain;
Bear the watchword of truth with you proudly,
Let the world, if need be, know your aim.

Be true to your church and religion,
Be true to the vows you have made;
Serve God with that ceaseless ambition
That ne'er lets the heart's beauty fade.

Be true to your God all your lives long,
For life is but short at the best,
And surely we want His best blessings
When we enter the haven of rest.

REBEKAH'S CHOICE,

LELIA.

POETS and artists have for ages drawn inspiration from the beautiful and romantic history of Isaac and Rebekah, recorded in the 24th chapter of Genesis. The most valuable productions in pen pictures, paintings,

and sculpture owe their existence to the romance, poetry, and wonderful situations and fascinating details portrayed in that story of sublime faith, humility, prayer and its direct answer.

My chief object is to draw attention to the power of prayer and the correct estimate placed upon it by the servant of Abraham, who it seems was an important character, for he ruled over all his master's vast possessions, a man of staunch integrity, Abraham's confident and trusted friend, "and all the goods of his master were in his hands." In Abraham's old age he fully sensed the importance of Isaac's marriage, for in this son were all his hopes centered; through him were all God's wonderful promises to be fulfilled, in order that he should realize all the glorious promises to be obtained through his posterity. He saw the necessity of his son procuring a wife his equal in every respect, and worthy to share in his marvelous destiny, one from his own kindred and people, whom he knew possessed the gospel, and had not changed the ordinances established by God, or broken the everlasting covenant of marriage as revealed through the Holy Priesthood. The union of Isaac with this family was of such solemn importance that he said to his trusty servant, "I will make thee swear by the Lord God of heaven and the God of earth that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites among whom I dwell, but thou shalt go into my country and to my kindred and take a wife unto my son."

The servant seemed imbued not only with the importance of strictly carrying out the instructions, but he also sensed the necessity of selecting

the *right one* from among his kindred and in order to successfully accomplish this to human wisdom difficult task he sought the counsel and direction of the Lord, in this simple yet beautiful prayer:

"Oh! Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: And let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels; also let the same be she whom thou hast *appointed* for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master."

The following verses tell of the direct answer to this prayer, and the servant in his graphic description of the meeting and God's wonderful manifestation to him, also relates the promise made to him by Abraham in these words:

"The Lord before whom I walk will send his angel with thee to prosper thy way," and in humble and grateful acknowledgment the servant said, "I bowed my head and worshiped the Lord, and blessed the Lord God of my master Abraham, *who led me in the right way*, to take my master's brother's daughter unto his son."

Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, "This thing proceedeth from the Lord, we cannot speak unto thee good or bad;" and they said, "we will call the damsel and inquire at her mouth," and they called Rebekah and said unto her, "Wilt thou go with this man?"

Now mark her unhesitating, firm,

decided answer when her right of choice had been appealed to, "*I will go.*" To fully appreciate the grandeur of this decision Rebekah's situation must be correctly understood.

She came of a noble family and was "fair to look upon," and no doubt received from her circle of associates the homage due the divine gift of beauty, and had been educated and trained in the culture and refinements of her time. She evidently possessed an amiable, gracious and lovable disposition, kind and obliging as shown by her giving the thirsty traveler water from her pitcher, and also in proffering to draw water for his camels. That she was tenderly beloved in her own household, always a sign of true worth, is told in the entreaty of her mother and brother that she abide with them a few days—at least ten—and after her decision to go they blessed her and said, "Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of them that hate thee." This wish demonstrates their love and high ambition for her future.

Some may suggest that Rebekah was dazzled by the story of the immense wealth Isaac was to inherit at his father's death, that her vanity was aroused by the beautiful and costly presents brought by the servant and bestowed upon her. It must not be forgotten that Isaac was to her a perfect stranger and it seems inconsistent with her noble character that she for one moment should consent to bestow all the wealth of her woman's soul upon an object who might prove decidedly uncongenial as a life-companion—forego all the pleasures and advantages open to her for the mere love of God. I believe her sensitive nature

would revolt at such an ignoble sacrifice, for marriage by that people was looked upon as of sacred and solemn consequence, and a true woman's heart then, as now, was not an article of merchandise. But what power could have induced Rebekah to follow a strange man to an unknown land for the purpose of becoming the wife of a still greater stranger? Was it the love of novelty, of notoriety, of romance and daring that could suggest running such a risk, or fix the determination to thus follow her unknown destiny? Oh no! the history of her life forbids the thought. A higher power prompted her high resolves, that same that inspired Abraham to forsake his native land and follow where God led into a land he, too, knew not of, the same that led him to the sacrifice of his only son, the same power that has led men and women in all ages to do and dare what to those devoid of it seemed as superhuman efforts, the gift of divine revelation, this will lift man above himself and gives strength and grace to rise superior to the natural man. This most precious gift, the reward of earnest, soulful prayer and obedience to God's commandments, became a guiding light to Rebekah's feet; it made her path clear, for if Abraham's servant so well understood the necessity of prayer in choosing a wife for Isaac, can we not believe also, though not directly stated, that Rebekah, too, had been taught this grand principle in her early youth, that she had pleaded with God to guide her choice of a husband, and the answer came in the power to say "I will go" when he whom God had appointed for her was made known. Would not a sublime assurance possess her soul, if she heard

the still small voice whispering "I have appointed Isaac to be thy husband, go forth and fear not?"

The sequel proved that the God of love had created in the hearts of these two whom He had destined to travel together in sacred wedlock, a foundation of pure affection, He had brought them together from different lands, but it was a case of "love at first sight," for we read that Isaac loved Rebekah and was comforted after his mother's death. Since God is no respecter of persons and holds the destinies of men, as well as nations in His hands, may He not appoint unto each of us, also, a true heart companion by which we may raise up a righteous and noble posterity? Let us seek diligently for the key, even the gift of revelation to us as individuals, by which we may understand some of the grand mysteries pertaining to these wonderful lives lent us for a little season, to fulfill God's purposes, and bring honor and glory to His name.

A MOTHER'S SOLACE.

CECIL FORTESCUE.

No woman has been quite unblest
 Whose lips have known
 The dewy kiss of baby lips
 That meet my own.
 No grief can crucify the heart
 To bitterest moan,
 Or woman's better, holier part
 Turn quite to stone,
 If on her breast a sunny head
 Is resting, with that torn heart for a bed

THE qualities which a mother admires in others and desires to see exhibited in the lives of her own children, she should assiduously cultivate in herself.

CURRENT ISSUES.*

THOUGHTS ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

THE writer has been requested by the editor of the JOURNAL to present in its columns some thoughts in relation to the remarkable religious movement among the Indians which has for some time agitated the whole country. The central incentive of the interrogatory was to ascertain an individual opinion as to whether the manifestations claimed to have been witnessed by certain Indians were real or pretended, and—providing they had a foundation in fact—whether they emanated from a good or an evil source.

There can be little doubt as to the fact of the manifestations. As to their quality it appears to be, aside from a direct spiritual assurance, difficult to formulate a definite opinion.

As evidence favoring the theory that the Indians have seen what they affirm they have witnessed and heard what they say they have listened to, it may be stated that, after what was asserted to be a thorough investigation, Gen. Brisbane and Gen. Miles both arrived at the conclusion that some of them certainly had seen a personage claiming to be the Savior. Some experienced and intelligent interpreters also stated that there was no room for doubt upon that point. It may be held that the opinion of the two military notables named was shaded by the fact that they also held the view that the personage the Indians imagined to be Christ was a "Mormon" elder, the latter idea being a manifest absurdity. It should be remembered, however,

that this ridiculous opinion was not based on evidence, while that in relation to the Indians having actually seen a being who announced he was Jesus was the result of testimony.

What some of the aborigines really claimed to have seen and heard must be fished out of an immense mass of rubbish, to which the public has been treated through the newspapers. The following seems to be the essence of it:

A personage made his appearance who professed to be Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He had a father and mother in heaven, where he himself dwelt. He had been on the earth nearly nineteen hundred years ago and lived among the cousins of the Indians, across the great waters. He came at that time to save the white people, but instead of receiving him they abused and finally murdered him by hanging him upon a cross, to which he was fastened by driving spikes through his hands and feet. The soldiers who did this also thrust a spear into his side, and he still retained in his body, which was brought to life again, the evidences of this treatment. In proof of this he showed the marks left by the spikes in his palms, and to some he also exhibited similar scars on his wrists. He informed those whom he addressed that he had a special solicitude for the red men, who were his children. They had been oppressed and abused by the whites until their extinction was threatened, and he would in time rescue them from this fate by personal intervention. They would be restored to the ownership of the land, and their white enemies should be destroyed. He also informed

*In this department will be contributions from our leading men.

his hearers that in due time their fathers, who had been long dead and buried, should be brought to life again and mingle with them, when all would be peace and prosperity. He taught them some of the leading precepts of Christianity, such as, "Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not bear false witness," etc. Although this personage addressed representatives of many tribes speaking different tongues, all understood him perfectly. When information on this last point reached General Miles, it was announced that he expressed the opinion that there were more than one "Mormon" elder engaged in personating the Savior; also that they had mutilated their bodies for the purpose of exhibiting the marks of the nails and of the spear wound.

Besides what is related above, many absurd things of a sensational character are claimed to have been witnessed by Indians. Any thing of that nature would not, however, affect the quality of the good and true they may have experienced. It has been demonstrated in connection with the dealings of God with mankind that a special exhibition of divine power superinduces a manifestation of the energies of evil. From this standpoint the opposition and ridicule hurled against the Indians because of the existence of what has been called the "Messiah craze" are by no means an argument against the possibility of the position of the Indians being correct.

The quality of the teachings involved and their effects upon those who accepted them as correct ought to be considered in this question. The instructions were moral, and even scriptural, enjoining a reformation of conduct. They included a conception, to

some extent, of the resurrection and millennium, together with the advent of Christ. These points are in unison with the orthodox Christian professed belief. These instructions have produced what has the appearance of a wide-spread and deep-seated belief in the true Christ—He who was crucified at Calvary nearly nineteen hundred years ago. So strong is this trust in the Redeemer that some of those who imbibed it asserted that if they received a message to the effect that they were to go to any designated spot to see him, even if the distance to be traveled should be hundreds of miles, they would cheerfully undertake the journey without preparation for it. They felt confident that Christ would provide for all their wants in the time of need.

The late Sitting Bull, whose sad fate shocked all sympathetic people, was evidently strongly imbued with faith in the Savior. This was evinced by his offer to agent McLaughlin. He said in substance: "If you will go with me to all the points where this belief in Messiah exists and trace it to its source, and if those who claim to have seen Christ do not produce the proper proofs to sustain their statements, I will agree to give the matter up." In place of accepting this very reasonable proposition, the agent sent police and soldiery to arrest the noted Indian, and the balance is known—the chief was assassinated. He comes very near, if not quite, being a Christian martyr.

Without expressing any opinion as to whether or not the Indians, in the first place, actually saw and heard what they say they did, it may be said with safety that Satan is not engaged in working up a belief in the only true Redeemer. His chief business seems

always to have been to harden the hearts of men against a faith of that character.

An investigation of the Book of Mormon and other revelations leads to the conclusion that they contain no direct statement to the effect that the remnants would receive the personal ministrations of the Savior until after they should be gathered to the place of the New Jerusalem. The Savior, speaking to the Nephites in relation to that time, said: "And then shall the power of heaven come down among them; and I also will be in the midst" (Book of Mormon, page 529). There is, however, nothing in what has been revealed and published that the writer has discovered that would conflict with a previous personal ministration of the Savior, who made the most extraordinary promises to the Nephite fathers concerning the degenerate remnants of the latter times.

It would be safe to regard, in these times, any special religious phenomenon among the Indians as a part of the preparation of the Lord for the fulfillment of the covenant of God with ancient Israel—to gather all the remnants in from their long dispersion. In his personal ministry among the Nephites the Savior named a sign that would indicate the operation of the preparatory work of the Father—when the gospel should be declared among the remnants on this land, and they should begin to believe in Jesus Christ. (See Book of Mormon, pages 122 and 527 to 529, inclusive).

The sign of the preparatory work of the Father exists. Some of the remnants on this land have begun to believe. Note also the work accomplished among people of the same race on the Sandwich Islands,

the Samoan group and New Zealand. In connection with the work of preparation instituted among all nations, looking to the fulfillment of the covenant with ancient Israel, it is a significant fact that a resting-place for the millions of Jews who are soon to be driven out of Russia, will before long be a question demanding solution. No nation desires them, and the probability is that Palestine will be fixed upon as the latter-day rendezvous for the descendants of the holy people.

There is one peculiarity which has been a notable feature of the claims of certain Indians to having been the recipients of what may be termed supernatural ministrations. There has been no assertion of authority to perform any of the ordinances belonging to the true Christian church. The teachings appear to have been exclusively preceptorial. Had there been any attempt of that character it would have been a strong indication that these poor people were being subjected to a Satanic delusion. If by the phenomenal movement which has for some time been operating amongst them they are in a better condition than previously to subsequently receive and act upon the fullness of the gospel, it may be reasonably regarded as a part of the Father's preparation for that which is to come.

Among the blessings yet to be conferred upon the remnants of Jacob is "one" to be raised up to them of their own number. (See Book of Mormon, page 67). He will be mighty and powerful, and will accomplish much connected with the restoration of the remnants.

The idea imbibed by the Indians, through their late religious movement, in relation to their future ownership of

the soil, is in unison with the record of their forefathers. (See page 514.) The Savior, speaking to the ancients on this topic, said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, thus hath the Father commanded me, that I should give unto this people this land for their inheritance.

It may be justly stated that the main object of the editor of the JOURNAL in submitting the question which led to the penning of this article has not been

attained. What appeared to be desired was a definite expression of a specific individual opinion as to the merits of the supernatural ministrations a number of Indians recently claimed they had received. The reason for this omission is that an opinion upon an important subject should be formed with great care, and even after it is entertained it is not always proper to give it expression.

◁ THE WORLD ▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN'S CLUB—FOREIGN—INDUSTRIAL—LITERARY—A HINDOO LADY PHYSICIAN—THE SOCIETY FOR POLITICAL STUDY—CHARITABLE—MISS DREXEL'S GREAT WORK—CO-OPERATIVE.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

A Successful Woman's Club.—

THE honor of being the oldest literary society for women in America is claimed by the Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo, Michigan. It was founded in 1852, when the state was young and the town in its infancy, when men were clearing lands and building homes for their families, then a band of earnest women met and discussed the question, "How can we furnish intellectual food for ourselves and our children in this new land?" Being from homes where these tastes were inculcated, they wanted books and lectures; but books were scarce, lectures scarcer, and money, alas! scarcest of all. It was necessary therefore for united and organized effort to secure results, and these earnest women were

working for themselves and their children.

The prompt organization of a society whose objects were the establishment and maintenance of a circulating library and for the promotion of literary taste in the town, began from that day, and for a period of nearly forty years the association has been in active operation.

Political and sectional questions have not disturbed it. Moral and social reforms and associated charities have grown up around them, and found adherents among its members; but the association has held aloof, having only its own aims and purposes in view. And it numbers to-day 180 members, in its own beautiful home, surrounded by books, pictures and statuary; a verification of the power of organized effort and the excellence of a single aim.

Let us see how these women began. The first imperative need was for books. A modest, little collection of about fifty volumes, most of them presented

by well-wishers of the movement, formed the nucleus around which gathered in time a well-selected library, now numbering about 4000 volumes. The only source of income being the annual fee of fifty cents and one dollar, paid respectively by the ladies and gentlemen for the use of books, increased later to one dollar each. Its growth was necessarily slow; but the selections were made with great care; the by-laws requiring that each book should have the approval of the directors before it was put upon the shelves, so that the "Ladies' library" has been an important factor in moulding the mental character of the community. The literary work of the club has now become its primary feature, as the collection and circulation of a library has never been the sole aim of the association.

Lecture courses in their day have been an important adjunct of the organization when John G. Saxe, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Mark Hopkins, and lesser lights occupied the platform. Some times these lectures paid expenses and sometimes they did not, in which case the deficit was made up by an ice cream social or other feminine device, for raising money, and the main object, the promotion of culture was attained.

In the winter of 1861 a system of fortnightly evening readings was established by the association. At these meetings gentlemen as well as ladies were made welcome. The small fee of ten cents being the requisite for the admission of any citizen.

By varied programmes, consisting of readings, dramatic recitations, charades, plays, vocal and instrumental music, conversations—any thing that

would entertain and instruct—interest was kept up for a period of seven years. At the end of that time a class in history was formed under the auspices of the association, and taught in weekly sessions by one of its most accomplished members, Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone, whose name is so well known in educational circles. In 1873 the class was reorganized on a somewhat different basis, with the range of studies very much enlarged.

The first Monday afternoon of the month being devoted to art and literature, the second to science and education, the third to history, and the fourth to miscellaneous topics; this arrangement of subjects and time opening, as it does, every field of study and meeting every taste, proved eminently satisfactory, and has been the plan pursued from that day to this.

The financial and business matters of the club are in the hands of a separate committee. Membership is not limited to subscribers in the library. The annual payment of one dollar entitles any lady to its privileges, and once a member she is free to attend to the work or not as she chooses. Her name is put on one of the four committees and she is generally asked to read, write, recite, play or sing; but if unwilling there is no obligation upon her to do so.

Those who wish to partake in the active affairs of the club can do so, but those who have no time or inclination for research can spend two hours profitably in listening to papers and discussions by others, and thus receive not equal benefit, of course, but a fair interest upon the investment.

Foreign.—

QUEEN VICTORIA spent her Christ-

mas very quietly at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught took their Christmas dinner with her. The Queen has decided to drop the not altogether popular name of Hanover as applied to the royal family. She has ordered that the exhibition about to be opened in the new gallery shall be called the "Exhibition of pictures and objects of interest connected with the Royal House of Guelph."

JEAN INGELow is sixty years of age. The description of her appearance that was published in a recent sketch of her does not confirm the idea that literary women are delicate, for she is said to be cheerful and happy, with cheeks as round and rosy as a milk-maid's.

AT the last commencement of the University of Dublin nine young Irish girls received the degree of B. A.

MRS. STANLEY, who occupies a box near the stage when her husband lectures, is tall and slender in appearance, with a healthy color in her face. When Stanley lectured recently in St. Louis, one of the papers recalled the fact that he was once a reporter in the city. The fact was related in this way: "It was in 1866, when Stanley was in St. Louis looking for employment. One day he picked up a copy of the old St. Louis *Times*. The manager had advertised for a porter, but the compositor had fixed the "ad" this way:

"Wanted—A reporter. Inquire at Times office."

Stanley wanted work and applied. He was told it was a porter that was advertised for. He replied, that it made no difference; took the broom, and as a vacancy on the local

staff occurred that very night, he launched into journalism.

AN ESCAPED Siberian exile, named Volkhovsky, delivered a thrilling account of his experiences at a meeting of the Society of the Friends of Russian Freedom lately in London. He said that it was a farce for any one to visit Siberia, or even Russia, with the avowed purpose of getting at the real condition of affairs. The mission of Miss Marsden, who has started out with this intention, would therefore, in his opinion, prove barren of good results.

Industrial.—

A woman's canning and preserving company has been started in Chicago.

Literary.—

ANNIE JENNESS MILLER, favorably known as a dress reformer, is writing her first novel.

JOHN McCULLOUGH's daughter Virginia is now 15 years old, and is developing into a very gifted writer. She is yet at school, and has no fancy whatever for the stage.

A Hindoo Lady Physician.—

In a recent lecture on the Hindoos, Mrs. Pechy Pipson, M. D., who is a doctor in Bombay, made the remarkable statement that a Hindoo girl at fifteen is about the equal in development of an English girl of eleven. Before going to India she said she had heard and believed that Indian girls arrived at maturity at a much earlier age than those in cold climates. But her practice in native families has taught her that this is a mistake.

NEARLY 50,000 copies of Miss Mil-lard's "Glimpses of Fifty Years" have been sold.

The Society for Political Study.—

There is in New York a regular constituted body known as the "Society for Political Study," by which women acquaint themselves with the workings of politics. There is no earthly reason why women should not be well up in the study of how we are governed, for upon that question depends the welfare of the entire family. Politics touches us at all points; it involves the way the streets are kept as well as the prices we pay for the necessities of life. It shows how our public schools are run, as well as the Indian question. Nothing covers the ground in human affairs so completely as politics, and why should not the women understand about it and make their influence felt whenever a wrong is perpetrated.

—*The Epoch.*

Charitable.—

What is now the Industrial Home School of Washington, D. C., a school that is devoted to the training of poor children, boys and girls, was started by a benevolent woman of the District of Columbia in 1864. Her idea was to establish a school where destitute children could have food and clothing, and receive instruction in the industrial arts. It was afterwards incorporated, and about fifteen years ago removed to the present site, which consists of seventeen acres, the title of which is vested in the district. There are four plain brick buildings, some of which were used as a poorhouse. The institution now receives an annual appropriation from Congress of about \$10,000. The salaried officers number thirteen. The number of children is ninety-four, of whom twenty-six are girls.

Miss Drexel's Great Work.—

Miss Kate Drexel is to establish a sisterhood, which will have for its special object the amelioration and improvement of the condition of Indians and colored people. She visited Washington recently and interested Secretary Noble. Her idea is to establish schools for the Indians and to make some definite beginning for the work among the colored people. She will devote her enormous fortune, estimated at \$7,000,000, to the work, becoming herself a simple member. The mother house is being built at Andalusia, near Philadelphia.

Co-operative.—

The opposers of Mr. Bellamy's co-operative housekeeping ideas will, of course, be saying: "I told you so," over the failure of a certain association that was organized in Evanston, near Chicago, for the promulgation of his ideas in "Looking Backward." In order to solve the vexatious question of domestic service, a central kitchen was established there, from which meals were served at the house of the members. Instead of proving the success it promised to be, it is said to have shown a loss for the past two weeks of about \$200. This ill-success, however, is laid at the door of the manager, Mr. Grow, who, the lady managers say, does not understand the principles of economy. They have asked for his resignation, and will make another trial under a different management. The charge for meals for each person has been \$4.00 a week apiece, and the ladies say that Mr. Grow has been so generous in the quantities furnished that their value has been \$7.00 per week, and the amount twice as much as could be

eaten. Economy in small matters is unfortunately not a masculine trait. It is more than likely that this experiment tried with women as managers would prove a successful one, just as it has been found in numerous cases that women have undertaken. Not long ago I met a bright little woman who superintended the advertising de-

partment in a large establishment that caused its advertising matter to be changed every day in the leading papers. This little woman gave the advertisements the necessarily taking phraseology, and was doing the work of a man who had spent twice what she did for the firm, with no better results than she produced.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

Editor Young Woman's Journal.

IN the early days of this Church the whole Christian world was entirely unacquainted with the idea that miracles, visions, spirit communication and revelations from God were possible—such spiritual gifts were the great objection then to "Mormonism" and the elders were mobbed in those days for advocating such principles and the miracles performed by the Prophet Joseph Smith turned the hearts of those that witnessed them immediately either for or against his doctrines.

Soon after Joseph settled in Kirtland and members of the Church began to gather to that place the name of Joseph Smith and his power with God aroused every body either for good or for bad and one Mrs. Johnson who lived at the town of Hyrum, 40 miles distant from Kirtland, heard of the wonderful man that could receive revelations from God, heal the sick and see angels—and he was called a prophet—she must see that prophet as she felt interested in such a man, such claims and such a power, both because she loved them and because she had a stiff arm that she wanted healed

and made useful like the other, so she induced her husband John Johnson* to take a journey to Kirtland to see the prophet and in an interview with him she asked the prophet to heal her arm.

Joseph asked her if she believed that God could make him instrumental in healing her arm which had been stiff a long time.

She answered that she believed her arm could be healed. The prophet only remarked that he would visit her the next day.

The next day Joseph came to Bishop N. K. Whitney's where Mr. Johnson and wife were staying and when he called in, there was a Campbellite doctor and a Methodist preacher in the room—he took Mrs. Johnson by the hand without sitting down or standing on ceremonies, and after a very short mental prayer pronounced her arm whole in the name of Jesus Christ, and left the house immediately.

When he was gone the preacher asked if her arm was well. She immediately stretched out her arm

*Father of Luke Johnson, one of the first Twelve Apostles.

straight, remarking at the same time "it's as well as the other."

The next day the preacher came to the house of Philo Dibble, who lived a little out of town and related what he saw and then tried to account for it upon natural principles saying that when Joseph pronounced the arm whole in the name of Jesus Christ it scared her so bad that it threw her in a heavy perspiration and relaxed the cords, and the result was that she could straighten her arm.

Brother Dibble was then a member

of the Church—is still a member and living here in Springville—from him I gathered these truths not two weeks since.

When the knowledge of the miracle was had among the Saints some of the brethren asked the Prophet if the arm would remain sound. Joseph answered "the arm is as sound as the other and is as liable to accidents or to be hurt as the other."

Respectfully yours,

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

HOUSE AND HOME.

CHARITY.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

"CHARITY begins at home," so says the old proverb, and that is the place most fitting for it to begin; but it should not end there, nor should it end anywhere for that matter. If charity is not first introduced and practiced at home, it is almost hopeless to expect to meet with it in practice elsewhere.

Among the category of virtues there are none which raise the soul nearer to heaven than charity, or love, as the newly revised version of the New Testament gives as the meaning of the word, as used by Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians, (13 Chap., 1 Epistle) the concluding words of which are, "Faith, Hope and Charity, these three, but the greatest of all is Charity."

Charity in all its forms is to be admired, but when practiced in the form of love, forbearance and politeness, it

is beautiful beyond our grandest conception.

If we take charity in the form of almsgiving alone, it is praiseworthy and should be encouraged and stimulated, especially in the young. Yet almsgiving may be liberally practiced and charity unknown. Hospitality may be one of the leading features in our character, but if charity is absent from the board, it will not be appreciated, and will fail in its purpose. We may be liberal, even profuse in our home arrangements, and in the viands we place before our guests, but if we have not charity in our hearts toward them it is not true hospitality. If we see every foible or failing in those with whom we associate, and remark upon them, we are wanting in charity.

Charity obeys the Lord's command, it does as "it would be done by." Charity is God-like, it "returns good for evil." Charity is patient, long-suffering, and kind. Charity is self-re-

straint, self-forgetfulness, self-abnegation. Charity does not willingly listen to the voice of slander, and if compelled to hear it, does not repeat it. Charity is the characteristic of the true Christian, of the true lady or gentleman. Politeness is charity, and charity is always polite.

Those who keep their politeness for society and their good manners for the public eye, are not doing their duty as Christians, or even as refined human beings.

It is required of women that they should cultivate the politeness of charity, even more than men, but do they? Watch them in public places, such as stores, street cars and places of amusement, before replying to the question. In the stores they will jostle and crowd each other in the rudest manner. In the cars a young woman will keep her seat while an elder one, perhaps with an infant in her arms, or laden with parcels, is compelled to stand. You will seldom see one who will rise and offer her overladed and tired sister her seat. In places of amusement, at society meeting, and even during divine worship, they will talk and disturb others who wish to hear what is provided for their entertainment or instruction. And yet these same women expect men to be polite and thoughtful for their comfort, and practice towards them the charity they will not accord to each other. When we meet this kind of women we can judge pretty accurately what is their behavior at home, we know that polite charity is not practiced there, at least not by them, for if it was they would and could not cast it off when they went abroad. Nothing is more admired than politeness, the politeness born of

charity, the gentle, engaging and genial manner which makes every action of the refined woman and true Christian, while lack of charity and vulgar manners are looked upon with contempt, and those who practice them are neither loved or respected, but simply tolerated and pitied.

How essential then it is that mothers should train their children from their infancy to practice little acts of kindness and charity, to be polite to their parents and to each other, as well as to visitors or strangers. Mothers should not encourage tale bearing, or allow them to disparage their playmates, or their brothers and sisters; for by allowing these feelings to take root, unchecked in the hearts of children the seed for future uncharitable feeling is sown. The first lesson when a child is old enough to understand it should be self-denial and unselfishness. Point out to them the way to do as they would be done by, show them how to return good for evil and the benefits to be attained by so doing, in fact, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." If some little act of kindness or self-denial is done every day, though today it may seem hard and difficult, yet in a year it will be an easy thing.

Each one of us is called upon to help make the little circle in which we live better and happier, each one of us should see that out of that small circle the greatest good may flow. Each one of us should have it impressed on our mind that from a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth, and perhaps the whole civilized world. "To return good for evil is God-like, to return good for good is

man-like, and to return evil for good is devil-like." Let us then endeavor to be God-like, it is not an easy task but when accomplished it is the prelude to unnumbered blessings.

COOKING RECIPES.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

OYSTER PATES.

MINCE one quart of oysters quite fine; one large cup of good, rich drawn butter or thick cream; cayenne and white pepper to taste. Have ready shapes of pastry baked in pate-pans or small, pretty shaped moulds, fill with the oysters; put in the oven for two minutes, only to get hot, and serve at once. The oysters must be stirred into the drawn butter and cooked five minutes, keeping them stirred all the time.

A SIMPLE LIGHT CAKE.

Two ounces butter, two ounces sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one pint of flour, one heaped teaspoonful of yeast powder and flavoring to taste; cream, butter and sugar together, add eggs, beat well, stir in flour, with which yeast powder has been sifted.

CORN STARCH CAKE.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful sweet milk, the whites of five eggs one cupful of corn starch, one and a half cupfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, flavoring to taste, beat the whites of eggs very stiff, and add them after all the other ingredients are well mixed.

FRICASSEE OF PARTRIDGE, OR GROUSE.

Cut up the bread into convenient

joints, put in stew pan with hot water enough to cover the meat, remove all scum, as it rises, cook until tender, replenish the water as it boils away, put a little salt in the water; season with pepper and salt, and add a small lump of butter; have ready some split hot biscuits, pour meat and gravy over them, and serve while very hot. If mushrooms are liked they may be used instead of biscuits.

COLD MUTTON CURRIED.

Slice two onions, and fry them in butter until light brown, stir in a desert spoonful of curry powder, the same quantity of flour, and a little salt, mix all well together; cut some cold roast mutton into thin slices, and add to the above ingredients. When nicely browned add half a pint of stock or water, and stew gently half an hour, serve with a border of boiled rice.

We give below some recipes sent by a distant New England cousin, Mrs. Lena C. Howe, of Worcester, Mass. We hope to be favored often by Cousin Lena, as she is a genuine New England cook. We would suggest to her that some articles on the utility of an oil stove for a small family and how to use it, would be very interesting to our readers.—[ED.]

LEMON PIE.

Two-thirds cup of sugar, heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, a small piece of butter size of walnut, juice of one lemon. Put the sugar and corn starch in a small saucepan, wet with a little cold water, then turn on about a cup of boiling water and boil until clear. Take from the stove and cool; then beat up the egg and beat it into the mixture; last, put in the lemon. Bake between two crusts.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE.

One cup of sugar, 1 lemon, 2 eggs and 2 scant tablespoonsful corn starch. Beat sugar and eggs together, then put in the lemon, grating in some of the rind. Line a deep plate with crust, and put enough milk which has been scalded and cooled slightly to the mixture to fill the plate. Beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth, spread on top and brown.

VANILLA WAFERS.

One cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter,

1 egg, 4 tablespoonsful of milk, scant teaspoon of cream of Tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of soda, flour to make very stiff, roll thin; flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla. Mix the soda and cream of Tartar into the flour. These are very nice for tea.

MOUNTAIN DEW PUDDING.

Half cup of rolled cracker crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dessicated cocoanut, yolks of two eggs, two-thirds quart of milk, bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in quick oven. Beat whites of eggs and spread on top. Flavor with any extracts to suit taste.

◀HYGIENE.▷

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF ZION.

FROM A GRADUATED OBSTETRICIAN.

My dear beloved Young Sisters in Zion:

I WAS to address my letters more particularly to young married women; but this time I believe I will address the younger portion of women, "our young girls." It just came to my mind when I was looking out of the window and beheld what I will call a pitiful sight.

Shall I tell you what it was? I hear you answer, "Oh, yes, Sister Hannah, do"—thinking it must be something extra.

But, no. It is not something extra to you; and I know you will exclaim when I have told you: "Oh, was that all!"

But I must tell you what I saw. I saw one of our young, fair maidens of Zion pass the house. From experience I know she must be about twelve years of age. Two long, thin legs

showing themselves as far as two inches above the knee-cap, told me the whole story, because, from no other appearance could I find out what it was, except a bundle of clothes. The rest of the body, head included, was bundled up in a two yard square blanket. No, forgive me, it might be a *shawl*. I thought to myself; oh, what a pity, all that bright intelligence, all that soundness of sense, which, undoubtedly, must be wrapped up in that shawl—because she is one of the daughters of Zion—is chained, imprisoned, not allowed to exercise its power for the mutual benefit of the whole organized structure, and like all other powerful characters, it rebels when squeezed or confined in too narrow a place. It is thundering and hammering upon its delicate walls, causing a shock of the nerves, which cry out, "Oh! oh! ear-ache! oh! oh! toothache! oh! oh!"

I hear you laughing and saying: "That is a new way of explaining intelligence and its result. I laugh my-

self in the fond hope, that when experience has given you sufficient satisfaction of the results of such actions, that the intelligence which you possess may be permitted to exercise its freedom for the benefit of your whole soul, and not be confined to the head alone, causing all kinds of mischiefs, according to my new theory.

Now, my young sisters, I wish to say that I am only writing to that portion of you whom it concerns, as I realize that many have, long ere this, understood the necessity of dressing in accordance with sound sense. But I also realize that the greater number of you are still suffering from the senseless, fashionable way of dressing, and many womenly ailments exist as a result from that kind of thoughtlessness.

How often we hear such exclamations as: "Oh, my girl has taken cold!" "How bad it is; these girls are always so careless." "I wish they could be more wise." "I wish they would not run out bareheaded as they do." "I wish they would understand the wrong in appearing in thin dresses in winter times; because of balls, parties, etc.; but they are always so wise, will not listen to mother."

These are complaints we commonly hear from the mothers.

I, too, wish that it was otherwise. I realize what a blessing it would be to humanity if our girls, of whom we expect so much, realized—would listen with pleasure and willing, obedient hearts, to their more experienced sisters. But that seems to be the hardest task in the world to have accomplished.

We must not get tired, though; we must explain to them anything we can for their future welfare, even if they

turn from us with laughing countenances.

I would give you, my young sisters, a few counsels in regard to avoiding taking cold and the results of taking cold:

Though, I must say, I am not one of those who believe that almost every complaint, every ailment of the young girls is caused through *taking cold*. No, far from it, I believe in the most cases it has its outgrowth from other sources than cold. But, nevertheless, taking cold is bad, and causes bad results, and it could be avoided more than it is now, by being more thoughtful and wise.

Is there any common sense in dressing as I described above? How in the world could we expect anything but misery from such actions. But fashion has brought so many evils to us, from which it will be a heavy struggle to be redeemed. It has been fashionable, and is yet I see among some—that girls must wear these short skirts when they are young—leaving the lower and delicate parts of their bodies almost unprotected. Girls, I would advise you who are guilty of such nonsense to break off from such fashions. Dress the lower extremities warm and comfortable. Wear heavy, but comfortable, shoes, and woolen stockings in the winter, and skirts as long as you can have them to be comfortable. Always be dressed in white woolen next to the body. And then let me warn you girls, not to be so bundled up around your head; this is a very bad habit, and is one of the many reasons why girls are more given to bodily complaints and ailments than boys. This is one of the evils of fashion, that a little girl (that means the majority), never in every day life

must be allowed to come in contact with the cooling winter air without a woolen hood at least, while such a thing never would be thought of for a little boy at the same age. No, girls, the sooner you can break off from these woolen hoods the better you are off. If it causes you a little earache or toothache in the beginning to leave them off, never mind, that will soon go over. The longer you wear woolen hoods the worse you will be off.

Then I would say in regard to the thin dresses, which seem to be almost a necessity on some occasions, even at winter times. Girls, try to be in possession of just as much wisdom as is necessary to be brave, brave enough to fight an evil; brave enough to appear among your associates even in a ball-room, showing by your costume that you really possess common sense.

What common sense can be realized in such actions, as when a girl at ordinary times is dressed in heavy, coarse, may be woolen clothes; but when the ball evening arrives she must be along with fashion, she must throw off even her woolen under-clothes, which I know some do; because it would be too awful to appear in woolen under-clothes under a white dress. Could we expect anything but bad results from such actions? And be sure they will come. If you are lucky enough to escape just now, be sure the effects from such actions will meet you some day in your life; but experience gained this way is very costly, and I would advise you in kindness to take heed now while in the first hours of the day.

I would give you another piece of advice, which, if you adopt it, is a splendid shield against taking cold. Adopt the rule to wash your body at

least twice a week in cold water. If you have not been used to the method, start with *cool* water, and then gradually come up to *cold*. Take cold water and a coarse towel, and rubbing the body right good, and you will find out that you will not be easy to take cold. Do not let the old traditions scare you, telling that the cold water is dangerous. I can assure you it is excellent, and the persons who use it never take cold.

It is true that such actions as named above, if guilty of them might cause dangerous results, especially at the periods which we call the *monthly sickness*. The shock in its severity might change the programme of nature; and just here in connection with this subject, I wish to give a little explanation for the benefit of my young sisters. If sometimes through unwise actions nature is thwarted in its operations—in regard to these monthly periods—do not, then, because of one wrong action link another one to it.

If the monthly sickness stops earlier than was expected, it is mostly thought and believed that the cause was "taking cold." But very, very seldom that is the cause; much oftener it has many other causes, too numerous to be mentioned here, and the treatment the girl gives herself or receives on such occasions is so far from being proper, that it causes many a time endless misery.

You ask what shall be done when nature is stopped in its operations? I will answer: All what you have to do is to find out the *cause* for the thwarting of nature, and be sure that you have that cause removed.

Do not, as many do, think it necessary to apply medicines, one kind or another, and hot baths and such things,

to make nature restore and give what it is not in possession of. All what is needed is a little time and rest, and

then comply with all the rules of health, and nature will take care of itself.
Hannah Sorensen.

◁DRESS▷

I HAD never thought how cruelly wicked it is—the slaying of birds and animals, which we indulge in so freely for our personal adornment, until it was told me this morning by a lady who wore a very expensive jacket and muff of Persian lamb, that astrakhan is the wool from grown sheep, while the Persian lamb is taken from the poor little body of the unborn lamb. I wouldn't have owned that jacket and muff if it had cost its weight in gold—which it did, very nearly, I suppose—and some way the fluffy fur boas and muff didn't look half so pretty to me as I walked up the street. My own astrakhan collar was so harsh against my face and the three little brown and yellow birds on my bonnet were not the unadulterated satisfaction they had been when I paid down a dollar for each of them and forgot in the contemplation of their gorgeous heads and wings what a lot of money such an insignificant piece of head gear was to cost.

On the streets, doing her holiday shopping, no doubt, my attention was attracted by a handsome brunette with a great coil of soft shining braids and a crimson toque perched on top of them. She wore a long, black ulster made very plainly, but of excellent material; and about her neck was a crimson kerchief, tucked down under the coat collar, just showing a fold of crimson around the throat and in the front the two ends peeping out

and lending just the right touch of color to go with the crimson toque.

Holding her hand was a wee toddler with a waist of astrakhan (cloth) and sleeves of red, with a black knitted hood to go with it. It was a simple get up, that of both mother and child. It was the taste in selection and the way the garments were put on that made them the observed of all observers.

If this same handsome brunette beauty had bought, instead of this one good wrap, two or three cheap, tawdry ones, or one new one every winter, of a cheaper kind, instead of this good one, which would last easily for two or three seasons; if she had worn a navy blue or green hat instead of a red one, and had tied the handkerchief on the outside of her coat collar, with the point hanging down; if she had trigged out her toddler in brown or gray or pink, the *tout ensemble* which the Frenchman loves to talk about—the effect would have been utterly destroyed. But every one can't wear red. No; a pale-faced blonde can wear it, or almost any kind of a brunette. But if you are the unfortunate possessor of an ever-blooming complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair, you must—though your heart break at the sacrifice—content yourself in admiring some one else's red belongings—and that at the distance of several feet. But if you are of just such an aggravating and impossible

combination, you might wear a whole suit of chocolate brown (a very fashionable color), with touches of yellow here and there. Or you would doubtless look well in navy blue, with a severely plain linen collar and cuffs. Or, best of all, you might gown yourself in black, and so feel dressed for anything, not excluding the Queen's drawing-room.

If you are the fortunate possessor of one good, *well made* black gown you may accept every invitation extended you, from a ball to a sleigh ride, and feel very comfortable in doing so.

For somebody's reception you can wear it with black ruchings in the neck and sleeves, and with a little toque of black to match, looks strikingly sweet and demure. The next evening at the theater you may appear in the same "outfit" with a tuft of small pink tips in your bonnet, and, if you have them on hand, two or three of the same little tips pinned "over your heart," you see. At your friend's dinner, sew in ruchings in your neck and sleeves of white crepe lisse and you look as sweet and womanly as Priscilla the Puritan maiden. Then you are going to a ball. Well, turn in the neck of your dress, put a black lace scarf around it (a *good* one—it's a capital investment)

and fasten it at your waist with a glowing rosette of velvet ribbon. Again, your sweetheart asks you to promenade with him, put on a linen collar and tell him you are ready.

What kind of under-skirts shall we wear? Not white ones, assuredly, unless with a white gown. For an all-around winter gown, I rip up an old black dress, wash it and make myself a skirt—a divided one is the thing. I wear this one skirt all winter long, unless I put on a light gown for some festive occasion.

School girls are wearing the simplest little dresses, usually one of mamma's washed and made over; for trimming, several rows of very even stitching in some contrasting color.

Gowns are now made with numerous little ruffles or a full rose pleating around the bottom of the skirt, and demi-trains are worn very much on dinner and ball dresses. Gray is very fashionable, and is pretty for evening or dinner gowns with an adjustable vest of pink crepe.

Blue is quite the rage, and every person who can wear it has a gown in navy, turquoise or baby blue. Pink is not a bit neglected, and old-fashioned canary color is coming to the front.

FANCY WORK.

A SUGGESTION.

AVIS.

MY dear girls, I have waited in vain for any assistance from you, as regards patterns for fancy work, etc. I think this dept. could be made far more interesting if some of the JOUR-

NAL Sisters would contribute to it occasionally, by sending descriptions of patterns, and asking and answering questions. If, for instance, any one of you was desirous of making a certain article and did not know how, please write to the JOURNAL and ask for instructions. They would be most

cheerfully given, there would be a greater variety (which is the spice of life) and I should have the satisfaction of knowing that I am writing on the very topic you most wish to hear about. So do write, whether it be to ask for information or to give it, both will be acceptable.

NIGHT ROBE CASE.

Material: 6 yds. of ribbon 2 in. wide, (3 yds. each of two contrasting shades—bright red and dark green look very pretty); 3 yds of ribbon 1 in. wide, of one of the shades already chosen, 2 pieces of paste-board 12 in. sqr. and 1 yd. of glazed lining same color as one of the ribbons. Cut off 1 yd. from each shade of the wide ribbon and lay aside for bows. Take the remaining 4 yds. and cut in lengths of 12 in. each, you will have 6 pieces of each shade. Now weave the strips together, to imitate willow basket weaving, by putting the strips of red all one way and crossing them with the green, and then weaving over and under until you have a compact sqr. Cover the paste-board neatly with the silesia; one piece on both sides and the other only on one, as the ribbon covers the front. Quill the narrow ribbon, or if you prefer it as being the quicker way, but the gatherer (ruffler) on the machine, and gather as full as possible through the centre of the ribbon; then stitch this ruffle to the woven square (as near the edge of the square as practicable), and directly over the former stitching in the centre of the narrow ribbon. Tack this now to the paste-board by fastening each corner securely. Sew the corner of the front board to one corner of the back; make a bow of one-fourth of the red and green

ribbon laid aside, and fasten at this point. Make a small bow with long loops extending and large bows at the top, to hang by, and sew to the corner of the back board, which is diagonally opposite to the lower bow and fastening. This is supported at the sides with two or three straps of the narrow ribbon tacked to the front and back. This pretty and simple little affair is quite an ornament to a sleeping apartment and is to be hung by the bedside. It will also serve as a wall pocket for papers, etc.

WORK BAG OF PICKING.

This is a very inexpensive and withal pretty article, and when completed no one would suspect it was of such humble origin. It will require a strip of ticking—select that with the narrow blue and white stripes—6 inches wide and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards long. Work in "cat stitch" across all of the white stripes, and take any bright assortments of silk—being sure to make all the colors harmonize well together. Then sew along the blue stripes gold or silver tinsel; now line with silesia by sewing across the ends on the wrong side, and put in also an inner lining of crinoline; then turn on the right side and gather with a strong thread both of the long sides, draw them up close and put a long loop, passing from one to the other, to hang it up by, or to carry on the arm.

HANDY IRON HOLDERS.

Are made out of any old material which is heavy and strong (such as old pants). Cut a piece 10 inches long and 5 inches wide, fold together and sew up the sides; turn to the right side, put a thin layer of cotton in, and sew across the top; sew a loop on one corner to hang up, and you have a

neat holder. Make six or a dozen at once and have them in every room where there is a stove, with two or three extra for the kitchen. All who have burned themselves by picking up a hot poker or stove-lifter will know

how to appreciate this little convenience; and the time it takes to make them will be more than saved, in having to wash fewer dish towels, for who has not seen these often used in lifting hot kettles and pans from the fire?

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

CO-OPERATIVE KITCHENS.

THERE is a great deal of talk at present in our city circles in relation to co-operative kitchens. Now, as this is one of the steps which you and I, dear young sister, must take before we can reach that longed-for millennium of peace and rest, it is worthy of our gravest consideration.

Recently, in conversation with President George Q. Cannon, he said that to unite the various members of his family under one roof at meal times, to thus relieve his wives and the mothers of his children from the wearing cares of household drudgery, had been one of the dreams of his lifetime. "At last," he added, "I have made a beginning in this direction." He has built a large dining room and kitchen at a convenient distance from the homes of his families, and here at regular times the members of his large household, which numbers, I am told, about forty souls, assemble for meals. The labor of overseeing the culinary department devolves on each wife in turn, while the hard work of cooking and dish washing is done by hired men. The homes of his wives are all within an area of about twenty acres, and thus this matter is made possible and is a delightful release for his wives. For the general use, he stated, he had bought from each wife her surplus

dishes and kitchen supplies, leaving the set of china and table silver of each one as a necessary private resource. Then, he had supplied the funds for the rest of the kitchen, so that he was owner of the "joint" concern. The gentleman laughingly added that he was the only member of his family who was not permitted to share in this fine order of household economy and peace.

There was another remark made by Pres. Cannon in this connection that proved to me that our best men are trying to do for us women what we do not seem inclined to do to release ourselves from the bondage of drudgery and useless labor; he said for a number of years he had been studying upon some plan to wash dishes by machinery. And if he only had the time, he felt sure that he could perfect a device for that purpose. I asked him if his plan did not include the use of steam, and he admitted that it did.

Now, sisters, here is a man, with a family of forty to support, a heavy and mighty load of responsibility as one of the first Presidency of the Church to carry on his shoulders, and yet he is paying more attention to our temporal salvation than most of us ourselves. The question I wish to ask my sisters is, can we not do something

towards thinking out and acting out these matters ourselves?

There are many people in the city, who are agitating the question of co-operative kitchens. People too, who have no faith in Mormonism or any of its teachings. They see the necessity of some combined effort on the part of women to free themselves from the bondage of the servant girl question. The wealthiest of women are no more able to escape the burdens imposed by housekeeping without any power to command help than that given by money, which by the way is an almost useless factor in this vexed question, than are the wives of the laboring men.

But we who live in smaller towns, cannot we do something towards reaching this desired goal of co-operation? Come, suggest a plan, any of our corps of writers, thinkers, or indeed any of our intelligent women, give us the benefit of your thoughts on this subject.

IN connection with this matter of co-operation among women, it is a pleasure to know and record the fact,

that there is a real step taken towards the grouping together of the things made by women, for the use of women, and they are to be handled and sold by women. I refer of course to the Woman's Mercantile Institution just organized in Salt Lake City. The names on the Board indicate that if energy, perseverance, and what experience women's cramped lives have permitted, will insure success, certainly it will be attained in this venture. Mrs. M. I. Horne is Pres., Mrs. M. Y. Dougall, Vice-Pres., Mrs. Mattie Nesbitt, Supt., Miss Gladys Woodmansee, Sec., and Mrs. E. H. Woodmansee, Treas. The board are, Maria Wilcox, Caroline Raleigh, Carrie Thomas, Lucy Grant, and Annie Musser. There is a dress-making establishment attached to the Institution, also an Intelligence office where young women may apply for places to work, and ladies may go for help. A full line of dry goods, etc, is kept and so far the project has been a gratifying success. The readers of the JOURNAL will be deeply interested in this movement, and will give the matter all the encouragement possible.

◁OUR GIRLS*▷

"BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER."

AS watchwomen on the towers of Zion, appointed to care for the interests of our young sisters in all departments of life, particularly their spiritual and moral development, we would deem one duty but poorly performed did we not raise a warning

voice against the grievous sin of marrying outside the covenant, and strive to impress upon you the disastrous and sorrowful consequence of such a step. With all the unhappy examples before us as a people, we sometimes wonder that the evil does not correct itself, and the necessity grow less each year, for repeating the oft-given advice

*All communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

to many within the faith, but girls are continually budding into womanhood, innocent and unsuspecting, trusting as their sisters before them, and realizing not the terrible pitfalls daily opening to engulf them, consequently the same warning must be repeated over and over again, to meet the exigencies of the case.

In the days of Moses the Lord commanded him to say unto the Israelites concerning the people then in the land of Canaan, "Thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them; neither shalt thou make marriage with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. For they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods: so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and destroy thee suddenly.

"For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God has chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth.

"The Lord did not set his love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in numbers than any other people: for ye were the fewest of all people; but because the Lord loved you, and because he would keep the oath he had sworn unto your fathers, hath the Lord brought you out with a mighty hand.

"Know, therefore, that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations; and repayeth them that hate him to their face, to destroy them; wherefore it shall come pass, if ye hearken to these judgments, and keep

and do them, that the Lord thy God shall keep unto thee the covenant and mercy which he swore unto thy fathers: and he will love thee, and bless thee, and multiply thee."

As the Lord said to ancient Israel, so has He said unto his Latter-day Israel.

Remember, girls, that we worship a God who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; full of justice, truth and mercy, who will fulfill every promise made to us, providing we do our part. Under the teachings of the gospel we have learned to look upon this life as but the gateway to the eternities beyond, where we shall exist in the full possession of every faculty of our being, only fully perfected and sanctified.

We are anticipating a heaven where all our loved ones are a hundred fold dearer to us than now; where we will enjoy each other's society as husbands and wives, and parents and children, where every link in the family chain will be more firmly welded; where every tie that makes our associations pleasant and desirable here, will be purified, intensified and perfected there. We are looking forward to a state of eternal progression, with perfection the end in view.

Our religion teaches us that marriage is divinely ordained, and is eternal in duration.

With this understanding, and with the hopes and aspirations which it inspires, can you accept of a marriage contract with your soul's ideal, only "till death doth you part?" Oh, awful sentence, till death doth you part! Perhaps a few days, a few months, or a few years at most, will end all that dear association, dearer to you than life. Will woman not sacri-

fice wealth, ease, home, kindred and every bright prospect on earth, for the society of the loved husband? No condition, however forbidding, will deter the devoted wife from casting her lot with him she adores. Separation, even for a short period, is to her, almost more than she can endure. She will cling to him through evil as well as good report, in poverty as in prosperity, and if misfortune, sickness or sorrow overtake him, she will then prove his devoted ministering angel.

Then how can you with these wifely instincts and attributes, wilfully and willingly place yourself in a position where that dread sentence can be passed upon you?

And what assurance have you that while time averts the sentence, you will realize half your anticipations of bliss? Others by the score have been deceived, disappointed. Will you prove the exception? You cannot readily crush out the principles carefully instilled into your heart from the cradle, and strengthened by every ordinance of the gospel that you have accepted; so, after having decided on a course contrary to the teachings of a life time, a course which you know will bow your father's head in sorrow, and wring, with anguish, a loving mother's heart, do you think happiness can spring from such a union, or sit long by the hearth-stone where no altar is reared for family prayers? Will joy and satisfaction and thanksgiving sit around the board where no blessing is implored? Be not deceived; these are vain hopes. And when the trying ordeal of motherhood comes, and you go down into the "Valley and shadow of death," can you accept of the comforting and hope-inspiring ordinances of the gos-

pel, and lean on the strong arm of a God-fearing husband's faith? No, for he has none. Here you must trust in the arm of flesh, the skill of man, or *alone* lean on the Lord. You may bring your precious babe before the congregation of the Saints, and hear a blessing pronounced upon it, with its name; but can you have that name recorded in *proper order* in the archives of the Church? No, for there is no record of your marriage in the books, and the father's name is not there. Will you not feel like a sheep which has wandered from the fold?

All your associations will be changed, the dividing line must be gradually drawn; for the sake of peace all must conform to the husband's ideas. Will this mean to progress or to retrograde? If your husband becomes converted to your faith, happy are you. Such is rarely the case, however. In time your children arrive at the years of accountability; you have learned God's command to His people, to lead them into the waters of baptism at the age of eight years. Can you do this, or will the father forbid? If he does, will this bring joy or sorrow?

Think of your duty to yourself, your posterity, and to all the living; think also of your duty to the dead. They are looking to you for their redemption. It is your right to stand, a savior on Mount Zion; but will you cut yourself off from all the privileges of the house of God? Will you bind yourself hand and foot, while thousands are looking to your posterity to unlock the prison doors? Can you rob your children of a most precious heritage, the privilege of being born under the new and everlasting covenant? Pause, before this array of

responsibility, and ask yourself if you are willing to carry the load, when it grows heavier and more burdensome, which it surely will, as your knowledge increases.

We beg of you, dear young sisters, to weigh all the circumstances of such a step, turn away from the tempter; ask God daily, yea, hourly, to guide your affections and center them on him with whom you can indeed be one, one in faith, one in purity, one in aims, hopes and aspirations. Seek for the spirit of discernment, that you may not be deceived and allured into a thorny path.

We cannot call to mind one circumstance, and we have known many, where one has endured the test of even a few years, crowned with satisfaction. Regret and bitter repentance walk hand in hand with all such cases. Even Judge Powers, in his masterly defence of Amanda Olsen, recognized the error of associating outside of the faith, when he said, "Ah yes, the prosecution brought out (and we thank them for it) the fact that that old father, in the love for his daughter, asked and pleaded that she might marry within the Church, that she might choose one of her own faith; that she would turn from this man, this false dissembler. How much better it would have been, if she had listened. How much better! for you would not have been here today, and this little girl would not have been weeping her little heart away, by that table. Her parents gave her good advice, but the human heart is perverse."

Our own Utah boys are likened unto "rough diamonds"—the fact that they are diamonds is attested by their honest, virtuous lives, the clean pages

of whose history are opened to the view of all. They have been trained from early boyhood that it is a sin to even "look upon a woman, to lust after her."

In the early days, when life in this unsubdued country was one hard struggle for an existence, there was no time, and few opportunities for polishing the diamonds. It is even so today, in many of our far distant settlements; but many of our boys are seeking after, and adding to their staunch integrity of character, the refinements and cultures so much admired by woman; and where to a noble and virtuous life are added these adornments, are not such men beyond comparison with men whose life record proves them but "whited sepulchers," "wolves in sheep's clothing," going stealthily about, seeking out the innocent, unsuspecting victims, and pursuing their prey with a fixed purpose to destroy? Pray for wisdom to know such, and to avoid them, as you would the deadly reptile which first charms, and then destroys.

If any are so unfortunate as to have become entangled in the meshes of an unbeliever, better break the cords ere they tighten more closely about your heart. Better weep innocent tears now than drink of a more bitter cup, wherein are mingled tears of suffering, shame and remorse through time and all eternity.

Your loving sisters,

ELMINA S. TAYLOR,

MARIA Y. DOUGALL,

MARTHA J. TINGEY.

Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A.

ONLY by resisting temptation is the soul strengthened and fortified.

Y. L. M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

MINUTES of Semi-annual Conference of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Tooele Stake, held at Tooele, Saturday evening, Dec. 13, 1890. Pres. Anne Tate presiding.

President Elmina S. Taylor, Sisters — Stevenson and Jane S. Richards were present. We were also encouraged upon this occasion by the presence of Apostles F. D. Richards and F. M. Lyman.

After the usual opening exercises and reading of the minutes of the last conference, brief, but very favorable, reports were given by Presidents Anne Tate and Maggie Herron.

A manuscript paper was then read by Miss Amelia Nelson, after which a quartette was nicely rendered by four young ladies.

Pres. E. S. Taylor then addressed an appreciative audience upon various subjects of lively interest. Thanked God that He inspired Pres. Brigham Young to organize these associations; they were organized to save souls, which is no idle purpose, and are calculated to elevate and bless us. Encouraged the young ladies to cultivate their abilities, to put forth every talent to its best use, and develop that latent power of expressing thoughts with the pen. Recommended that lectures upon the laws be given in the associations by some competent person. Spoke of the necessity of a testimony; it is our right; was confident that God would give it if we asked in faith; also of the influence of young women in a community if they *frown down* everything that is destructive of moral principles, guard against the vanity of the outside world, and use all their influence to break up the evils now so prevalent in our midst.

This earnest, inspiring address, which was listened to with almost breathless attention, was concluded with an appeal, that as Christmas, the time for merry-making and festivity, was near at hand, to remember the poor and distressed, make some sad hearts light and happy by kind words and ministries of love to the needy, for the sake of "sweet charity."

Sister Stevenson was the next speaker. Prominent among other subjects she touched upon, were prayer, which should be cultivated in the child from infancy, and it will be a safeguard against the wiles of the adversary, charity for one another, and vain, idle talk. Sister Stevenson was followed by Sister Jane S. Richards, who spoke feelingly regarding the faith of little children in healing the sick, and of the duty of mothers instructing these little ones to trust in God. Every soul is precious in the sight of God, and for that reason we should be kind to the erring, reach out a helping hand to them and bring them up higher, and not cast aside a wayward one.

The officers of the Central Board and Stake were then presented and sustained.

After the choir sang "Hail to the Prophet" and benediction by Geo. F. Richards, this conference adjourned for six months.

SARAH GEE, Secretary.

HE that makes no conscience of swearing vainly will soon make but little of swearing falsely; for he that in a lower degree so voluntarily breaks God's commandment for nothing, may soon be drawn to break it in a little higher degree for his profit.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◁ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▷

VOL. II.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH, 1891.

No. 6.



MARY P. YOUNG.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

SKETCH OF MARY P. YOUNG.

MARY PRATT YOUNG, (daughter of Apostle Parley P. and Mary Wood Pratt) was born Sept. 14, 1853, in the Fourteenth Ward, Salt

Lake City. She led a quiet and uneventful life in girlhood, though enjoying all the fun and frolic that the young only know how to enjoy.

Though possessed of few education-

al advantages, owing to the undeveloped condition of the then partially subdued desert, yet inheriting from her illustrious father and noble, devoted mother a strong religious tendency and progressive mind, influenced her to unite herself with the young ladies' meetings soon after they were organized, being a member and subsequently a secretary, when a few of her girl friends, like herself, eager for higher development, met together in Sister M. I. Horne's parlor.

Having grown up in the midst of a polygamous family, loving them with the same love she bore her own mother's children, being familiar from her earliest infancy with the unselfishness and devotion of her father's wives one toward the other, who were early left to guide their little flocks alone, through the martyrdom of the husband and father, she saw nothing in her own family to prejudice her against the holy order of celestial marriage, hence grew up a firm believer in that principle.

She believes that just so far as the mothers overcome their natural selfishness and jealousy, they make it that much easier for their daughters to subdue and finally eradicate from their natures those evil propensities which make life in this or any other order of marriage hard to bear. This belief is demonstrated in her own life by the quiet and positive yet gentle and womanly dignity which has characterized all her associations in her family relations. She has mounted the higher plane, where principle instead of impulse has been the guiding star of her conduct.

Her lady-like deportment under all circumstances evinces marked self control and that true consideration for

others which springs only from the noble and cultivated soul. One instinctively breathes the air of refinement in her presence, and in few women are the virtues of a perfect wife and mother and the graces of an intellectual mind with a spiritual organization so harmoniously blended.

She was married to Royal B. Young in 1872, and made the mistake that so many young wives make in thinking she no longer needed the instructions given in the Y. L. meetings, that she had reached the climax or taken the highest degree in mental and spiritual development, not realizing that her duty to herself, her God and her religion remained unchanged after her marriage equally with that of her husband, and through her all-absorbing devotion to husband and home she lost interest in M. I. Associations until, after becoming the mother of two children, she had her attention drawn to the necessity of renewing her interest in mutual improvement, became a member and soon after a counselor in the Eighth Ward association, and held that position until 1885, when she was elected president of that association. With the blessing of the Lord and the help of good counselors, she was able to discharge her duties to the general satisfaction of all and the marked improvement of the association.

In December, 1888, she was called to hold the position of first counselor to President Mary A. Freeze, in the Salt Lake Stake.

During this time three other children were added to her family. She was ever prompt and faithful in the discharge of her public duties, and it cannot be said truthfully that her home interests were ever neglected, on the

contrary, they were more wisely developed and controlled by the increased knowledge and power acquired through her faithfulness to duty and her wider field of action. Her executive ability is portrayed not only in the management of her home and the wise, consistent government of her children, whose deportment show the most careful and thoughtful training, but also in her skillful, judicious management of public affairs under her direction. She has learned the art of *home making*, which must call into active use all the higher faculties of the human mind.

Owing to her removal to Forest Dale in August, 1890, she resigned her position as president of the 8th Ward association. She testifies that she has had great pleasure in attending

her sisters' meetings, through which she has formed friendship and congenial companionship that will last through life. She has learned to love her co-laborers and members of associations as she does her own sisters, and has been blessed in every exertion made to attend meetings while raising her family.

She urges her young married sisters as well as the girls to keep up their interest in mutual improvement, and the daughters of Zion who are asleep or uninterested, she exhorts to awake and seek for a testimony of this work, which will impress them with a sense of the responsibility they are under to attend their meetings, where they will learn to become more dutiful as daughters, better helpmates as wives, and more wise and patient mothers.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

GOOD AND EVIL.

BELLE.

OH, I have seen the sun's first ray,
In the early flush of day,
Challenge all night's mighty hosts
Till they paled to faint, gray ghosts,
Then with lingering grace retire
From the sunbeam's piercing fire.
E'en the memory of night
Pales and fades in morning's light,
And is wafted on the breeze
Out upon forever's seas !
Then the sunbeam coming nearer,
Every object showing clearer,
Ushers in with birds' sweet songs
Another day of rights and wrongs.

Far to the eastward twin peaks rise,
Their white tops kiss the azure skies,
And at their feet a tiny lake,
Fair, nodding lilies the ripples wake,
A meadow stretches from its edge
Far southward to a rising ledge.

And o'er a woodland to the west
A mighty mountain rears its crest;
A pathway from the northern brink
The lake and forest seems to link.
Hark ! the carol of some bird
From out the leafy depths is heard,
As with a sweet and welcoming lay
He gladly greets the dawn of day ;
Then from a thousand feathered throats
Peal forth the joyous, golden notes.

Fair flowers nodding in the brake,
A breezy freshness on the lake,
A perfumed breath comes from the pines
That deck the mount in stately lines;
Then through the woods with dainty tread
Comes a deer with lifted head,
Advancing with exalted mein,
The lord of all this fairy scene ;
With spreading antlers, slender neck
And smooth brown coat without a speck,
His slender limbs so trimly made
To swiftly cleave the forest shade—
Onward he comes, and with what ease
Clears rocks and brambles, while the breeze

Brings to his nostrils rich perfumes
His hoofs crush from the dainty blooms;
He comes to drink the water clear
Reflecting back another deer.

A single shot! a puff of smoke
Rose upward from an ancient oak,
Revealing where the hunter stood,
The Cain of this fair solitude;
The bullet sped, and with a bound
The deer fell, dying, to the ground.
It seemeth hard that man with blood
Should stain the earth that God made good.

The hunter came with looks of pride
And stood the fallen king beside.
Oh sad, how sad that men should joy
Such harmless creatures to destroy.
He raised the monarch from the grass,
I see him through the meadows pass.
But oh, my heart is filled with pain
To gaze upon that crimson stain,
And know 'tis right that even man
Should thus mar lovely nature's plan,
And calmly slaughter for his food
The peaceful tenants of the wood.

Within my heart I humbly pray
That when my fellow-man *must* slay
These gentle creatures here below,
He find no pleasure in the blow
That in their own haunts strikes them dead,
But kills because he must be fed.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214.]

EDWARD GRANGE was nailing a block of wood on to the side of his wagon, to tighten the brake and make it more secure, when Willie stepped up to him. He paused a moment and looked steadily at the young man, but failed to recognize him.

"Dear old home, dear old friend," said Willie, extending his hand. His voice and the merry twinkle in his eyes caused Edward to recall to memory the active, energetic boy who had worked beside him many a day upon the same ground where they now stood. It also occurred to him that Jacob had

told him he was expecting his nephew up before long. Throwing his ax into the wagon, he warmly grasped Willie's hands in his own and shook them heartily.

"Come into the house, Will," he said, "I am so pleased to see you; how did you leave the folks?"

"All doing first rate," answered Willie; "your little 'Nellie was a lady;' has married well and has a baby which they think beats anything else ever born in the south."

"Is Walt married?" asked Edward.

"Not yet, but likely will be before long; they will come to the city, I suppose. You didn't see Nellie when she was up to get married, did you?" Willie remarked.

"No," answered Edward; "I was hunting stock and did not get home in time to see them. How is it you do not get married, Will; you always seemed to take well with the girls when you were younger?"

"I can't tell," replied Will, "unless it is that I like them all so well I can't settle my mind on any of them."

"And then," to turn the subject, he observed, "how natural every thing looks here; Chloe keeps house just as mother used to; only nicer, of course; there were so many of us. Where are all your children, Edward?"

"We have not yet been blest with any, I am sorry to say," Edward answered. And then it was his turn to want to change the subject, and he continued, "You are wonderfully like your uncle Jacob, Will; same size, same voice and same complexion, only living in the south has made you somewhat darker. You could easily pass for him with those not well acquainted with you both."

"Yes," said Will, "mother some-

times calls me Jacob half the time, for days together; she says uncle will never have a son more like him than I am."

Then Will looked into Chloe's mirror, combed his dark, handsome whiskers with his fingers; told Edward they were to go to his aunt's for dinner, and it was time for them to go.

Six weeks passed rapidly away, and Will wrote to his mother that visiting among their old friends and leaving hard work alone had brought back his appetite; he had felt real well, but was beginning to get home sick, and might come home before the holidays.

He did not show his letter to his uncle, nor to Gwyn; it was not written in their house. He had dated it at his "old home," and when it was finished, it was Chloe to whom he handed it for criticism before folding it up. Edward was in the canyon, and would not be home until the following evening.

You may look into Chloe's neat little dining and sitting room, girls, and see how things are going on there, in the absence of the master of the house.

Will has just finished his letter to the dear ones at home; he need not rise to hand it to Chloe, for she sits close by him, stitching on a shirt for Edward; so close that he slips his arm about her neck in handing her the letter, and allows it to remain there while she reads.

At the close of the letter, she looks at Will and says pleadingly, "You do not mean to leave us so soon, Willie? I don't want you to go home!"

"If you don't, some one else does," answered Will.

"Oh, well!" says Chloe, "you need not mind what Edward thinks about it; he should not be so foolish."

"Perhaps it's myself that's foolish,

and not him," Will says, with a certain look which betrays a slight twinge of conscience.

"No, indeed, Willie, don't you blame yourself in the least; you have never done one thing that should cause Edward to feel the hardness of heart towards you that he manifests." As Chloe utters this sentence, she arises to her feet, places her sewing upon the table and stepping to the stove in the next room, puts in a stick of wood and pokes the ashes from the grate.

For a moment Will buries his face in his hands. A great struggle goes on in his heart; but when Chloe takes up the basket and starts to bring in more wood, he hears it, and is at her side in an instant. Gently taking the basket from her hand, and smiling upon her, although his countenance shows that his inward peace is greatly disturbed, he soon brings the wood she was going for, and places it beside the stove.

And now Chloe continues, "If Edward is so afraid that I shall think too much of you, as he appears to be, why don't he take lessons from what he sees in you that pleases me, and treat me better himself? He never brings in a stick of wood, or a pail of water."

(Will has now taken the pail in his hand to go to the spring for water), "and it isn't once a month that he ever offers to kiss me, or that he speaks to me as though I was anything to him more than a woman hired to do his work. Oh! Willie, if he only would be more like you, and try to foster my love for him instead of killing it; but he will not; he isn't the kind of a man that a woman like me should have married. Father and mother knew it at first, but I could not believe that they were right."

"Which shows," remarks Will,

"that young people do best when they listen to the counsel of their seniors, especially their parents. But I wish Edward would be better to you Chloe; I'd give anything in the world if I could only convince him that my waiting upon you is but showing the respect which I consider due to any woman from any man, and not that I want to win your affections away from him."

"But he won't believe it; he doesn't want any one else to show me the least attention, no matter how he neglects me," says Chloe. "Oh! I never should have married a jealous man. I, who love every body that wants to be good, and cannot be happy without the love and sympathy of those around me, should not be bound by a jealous and selfish husband, who wants to control my every word and action. Your sympathy, Willie, has done me so much good since you have been here; I wish you could always be near me."

Willie's answer is again the same, strangely sorrowful, and he steps quickly away towards the spring.

Only six weeks had passed since his return to F., after an absence of nine years. Yet, what a wonderful change had come over him in those short weeks. He had, indeed, been benefited in bodily health by the change, but he was so harassed and bewildered in mind, that he felt tempted to return home at once, and yet he seemed spell bound and could not get away.

On the afternoon of his arrival and for some time after Edward had been most lavish in his expressions of brotherly feelings toward Will; had assured him over and over again, that he was just as welcome in his old home as he ever had been when his father owned it; and had urged him to spend all the

time there that he could during his stay in F.

But within a month Edward had become savagely, and Will and Chloe thought causelessly jealous of them, which changed matters materially. Will was distinctly forbidden to speak to or notice Chloe in any way; and was ordered out of the old home, and told never to enter it again. Chloe was accused of unfaithfulness, and treated like one actually suspected of a horrible crime.

It was no one instance that had so maddened Edward, but a chain of circumstances which he linked together, making much out of little, misinterpreting motives, and managing, as people of jealous natures will do, to render himself most wretched, his wife desperate and his young, unwary friend completely non-plussed.

As Willie Hillon stood beside the spring of pure, sparkling water, that bright November afternoon, his thoughts reverted to another time when he had stood there one summer's day, nearly a dozen years ago. That first day of July, when he had found his uncle Jacob and little Gwyn there. He recalled to mind the handful of flowers which Gwyn had gathered as an offering of friendship for his uncle, because he was twenty-one that day. And then, the lesson in honesty and chivalry which his uncle had taught him over a bird's nest that morning; and how it was impressed upon his memory by his having occasion to remind his uncle of it, when he would have playfully taken the flowers from little Gwyn by force, because he was larger and stronger than she.

Will hurriedly reviewed his life since that time, and felt gratified that even in that secret criticism there was no

scar upon his conscience for any dishonest or ungallant action he had ever committed. He paused in his reflections, and a sharp pang went through his heart, like when a great sorrow is for a moment forgotten, and then returns with keen and sudden force.

"Edward," he said to himself, "charges me with dishonesty of the blackest, most heinous type. Says I have stolen from him the affections of his wife. What does it mean? Have I done anything to warrant such a charge? True it is that Chloe clings as though I were her only friend, and says I must not leave her; yes, and that I am the only one to whom she can look for comfort or sympathy. But it cannot be because she loves me more than her husband—no, no—I will not believe anything so absurd, so terrible as that. She knew and trusted me when I was only a little boy. She is more than five years my senior, and I look upon her as a dear, elder sister; that's all. And Edward is *foolish*, as she says, to take any notice of what we say, or how we act towards each other. Edward, for whom I have always cherished such brotherly love; and Chloe, so pure and true and noble a woman; to think my coming should cause trouble between them! Mother might better have allowed me to remain in the south, even if I had died, than to have let me come here for this. Well, I'll go back to mother again; and Wallie and Mary will get married before long, and move away to his ranch, so that I shall not see her very often, and I can outlive all my troubles after a while, perhaps. Wallie will buy my ranch that joins his by and by, although he is so determined that I shall settle on it, and that we shall always live and work to-

gether. He does not dream of my love for Mary, and I am glad he does not; it would only embitter his life if he knew. But won't it seem boyish of me to go back home again now, when I have made arrangements to be away all winter? And will it not be cowardly to leave Chloe when she is so troubled over Edward's indifference and cruelty, and looks upon me as almost her only friend? I wish I knew what I ought to do; I was never so perplexed in my life. If I could be sure that my going away would make peace between Edward and Chloe, I'd leave tomorrow; but he charges her with unfaithfulness towards him! Heavens! what a fearful accusation for a man to make against as true a woman as Chloe is! It is his barbarity, and that alone, that makes her turn from him. Who would not retaliate under such treatment? Who could blame her for saying spiteful things, when he is so tormenting?"

Poor Willie! his perplexity was very great. He would have done anything in reason to have put right what he seemed to have been the cause of making wrong.

But his two friends, as they had at least formerly been, Edward and Chloe, though they should have been one in all things, differed now so widely in their views concerning him, that he turned first one way, then the other, and really knew not which course was best and right for him to pursue.

Edward glared at him revengefully, and even shook his fist at him sometimes, telling him if he ever darkened his door again in his absence, or spoke to his wife, he would shoot him.

Chloe, feelingly, if indiscreetly, sought to comfort Will, by telling him it was no new thing for Edward to be

jealous, and he need not take any notice of what he said, but meet her and treat her as a sister always, for it would make her most unhappy to have him do otherwise.

And Will would determine never to do anything again that Edward could take offence at; yet almost before he was aware Chloe would be before him in some condition wherein his native gallantry would be called into action, and he would be assisting her in some forbidden way.

Who was to blame for all this controversy? All three of the participants. Either one of them might have set things to rights, by using wisdom and firmness; but they all stood in their own light, and could not see the right way, which, to uninterested spectators, is so clearly apparent.

Had Edward but have said to his young, impulsive friend, when he first felt that his rights were trespassed upon, "I do not like such familiarity between my wife and other men." And to Chloe, "You hurt me, darling, when you kiss and hug Will; if you do not see him for a day or two; for, although you call him brother, he is not your brother really, only in the Church; and I feel it would be better for us if you use less freedom with him." Most likely both his friend and his wife would have honored his feelings and his request. But, inasmuch as he failed to thus exhibit manly reason and wise judgment; had his wife been sufficiently thoughtful and humble, she would have soothed his jealous rage by tender assurances and loving demonstrations of her undying affections and conscientious fidelity to him; cautiously seeking to avoid any thing that might further wound or irritate him.

In the failure of both Edward and

his wife to bring into action the true nobility of character which actually belonged to each, but seemed to lay dormant for the time, allowing vain and petty traits of human nature to assert themselves, Will should have been brave enough to cut loose from the meshes which his evil genius so artfully threw around him; but he was dazed.

How often is it thought and said of poor, weak mortals when they make mistakes: "They *knew* and should have *done* better!" "He should have been braver and stronger; she should have been firmer and truer." Yet who, among all the great human family, is not at times thrust suddenly into unexpected circumstances, surrounded by unlooked for dangers, which, to pass entirely unscathed, seems quite impossible, and which, but for the love divine and over-ruling care of God, would inevitably bring about most disastrous results?

The fact that Edward, Chloe and Will were all sincere in their religious professions; that they were earnestly prayerful; and that Will, at least, sought carefully to observe "The Word of Wisdom," as given for the guidance of the Latter-day Saints, was what saved them from the most terrible consequences, which the foolish course they were following seemed leading to.

Young friends, please read the last paragraph again before proceeding; reconsider and analyze it; try to realize its importance in a physiological, as well as a religious sense. You are not now being treated to empty romance, but a grave and truthful lesson.

As Will dipped up the pail of water and returned to the house with it, he went on talking to himself thus: "We

are acting like a pack of idiots, and I believe I am the worst of the lot. Why don't I keep away from here, when I know I am making Edward hate me? What is there about Chloe that draws me to her in spite of myself? I remember she used to be called a flirt before she was married, but surely married women can't be flirts; it can't be that she is trying that on me; she is a strangely beautiful, strangely fascinating woman certainly; but she is not to blame for that. She is true in every sense of the word; what harm can there be in my kissing her and waiting upon her? Her husband should be glad to have me help her, instead of being jealous about it. I don't know which is the worst, he or myself; we neither of us know much; Chloe is smarter than both of us."

Chloe was not in the kitchen when he entered it with the water; so he sat the bucket down, and, calling to her that he was going, left without waiting to see her again.

"Cousin Will, do you know what's going to come to pass tomorrow?" asked little Helma Howe, as Will entered his uncle's house.

He seated himself beside her and began untangling and winding up the strip of carpet-rags which she was sewing, and answered, "No, Helma, I don't know, what is it?"

"It's my birthday," said the child: "I'll be eight years old, and father is going to baptize me. We are all going to the creek, you and all of us; and we are going to make a fire and catch some fish, and cook them, and have dinner down there; don't you think we shall have a nice time?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Will; "you are fortunate that your birthday

comes while we are having such fine weather."

Then he spoke to Gwyn and asked, "Won't you ask Chloe to go along? Edward will not be at home, and it will be lonesome for her if you folks are all gone most of the day."

The thought that came first into Gwyn's mind was, "I wish Will would not think so much about entertaining Chloe, especially when Edward is away; for I know Edward does not like it." But Gwyn was careful of her words, and would not willingly wound another in the slightest degree.

So she frankly answered Will by saying that the Bishop's folks were going along and there would not be room for Chloe to ride; that it was not far to Chloe's mother's or one of her sister's and she need not stay at home alone even if she did not go to the creek with them.

"She can ride in my place, and I'll saddle Nig and go on him," said Will.

"Your uncle thought you would drive the team for us," replied Gwyn. "The Bishop wants him to go in the buggy with him; they are going around the field to look at some land instead of straight down to the creek, as we shall go."

"Chloe can drive the team just as well as I can," said Will, unwilling to give way to his aunt's arguments in favor of leaving Chloe out of the company, who were going fishing the next day.

"Oh! so far as that goes, I can drive the team myself as well as either of you, and I like to drive, but thought you would prefer to if you were with us," answered Gwyn, half inclined to tell Will if he was so anxious for Chloe's company, he better stay at home with her. But

she restrained herself, and Will continued his side of the argument.

"All right, then," he said, "Chloe can ride with you and I'll have a canter; that will suit me best."

"May I run over to Chloe's and tell her about it, mother?" asked Helma, her face aglow with delight at the prospect of having another opportunity of repeating the good news that she would be eight years old and was going to be baptized the next day.

Her mother smiled tenderly upon her, understanding the cause of her eagerness, and would have answered yes, but cousin Will, thoughtlessly, selfishly offered his unwelcome if kindly meant services before Gwyn could reply.

"No, Helma, you can stay and help your mother," he said; "I am going to the post office and will call and tell Chloe as I go along."

Helma settled down to her carpet rag sewing again, although a shade of disappointment passed over her face. She was like her mother, careful what she allowed her tongue to say. But after Will had left the room she laid her work down and running to the door called after him,

"Cousin Will, tell Chloe it will be my birthday tomorrow, and that is why we are going to the creek, because father is going to baptize me, will you, please?"

Will laughed a little and promised the child that he would remember, but he did not turn back, even with this hint, and tell his little cousin she might do the errand to Chloe and he would sew for her while she was gone. His heart was burning with a strange passion he could not understand. He knew that for years he had been in love with his neighbor girl, pretty,

modest, intelligent Mary Evans, but he had guarded this love as a sentiment too sacred to be manifested by any word or sign, because he had discovered that his brother Walter also loved Mary, and that she favored the younger brother more than himself. But what ailed him now? He dared not accuse himself of being such a villain, such a fool he put it in his imaginations, as to fall in love with the wife of another man?

He did not know that he had grown thoughtless in regard to the wishes of others, that he manifested an unusual interest in everything that concerned Chloe, and betrayed an anxiety to secure her companionship wherever and whenever he could do so without openly provoking Edward.

The sweet, holy love he had secretly cherished for Mary had tended to exalt and refine his nature, as pure and worthy love will ever do for those with whom it is made a welcome associate, it had made him more generous and noble in every particular. But the strange spell that seemed now to have seized him had an entirely opposite effect. Instead of brightening his faculties, it blunted them, and appeared to be dragging him down rather than elevating him, even in the smallest degree, as misplaced, unworthy fascination, call it love or what you will, must ever do for the unfortunate victims who yield to its hallucinations.

Whether Will or Chloe was most at fault for the beginning and carrying out of the unhappy affair, it is not easy to decide. To throw the blame upon her would be following the usual course which is taken in such cases, saying, "She was so much older than he, and being a married woman owed to her husband the obligations of a

wife, with which such conduct as hers could never be rendered consistent."

But Will was a *man*, and as man is considered the stronger, why should he ever be beguiled and misled by woman? Who but the great and all-wise Judge of all shall have the infinite wisdom to decide such intricate cases, and measure out even-handed justice, sweetened with divine mercy and compassionate forgiveness for all penitent sinners?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT SOW.

LU DALTON.

BLESSED are they that sow good seed
Beside all waters fair,
And send abroad the gentle feet
Of oxen and asses there;
Who cause the rugged hills to smile
With fields of waving grain,
And clothe with verdure, mile on mile,
The parched and dreary plain.

Blessed are they that set the roots
Of shade trees cool and wide,
And prune and nurture pleasant fruits
That man may be satisfied;
Who train the vine which climbs so high,
And the vine that creeps so low,
And lead their tender rootlets nigh
Refreshing waters' flow.

Blessed are they that do their part
With gratitude's sweet grace,
And walk in purity of heart
Before their Maker's face;
Who ask His blessing on plow and seed,
On oxen and furrowed plain,
And look to Him to fill their need
Of sunshine and of rain.

Blessed are they who dig and hew
Foundation stone and beam,
And shape fair homes for spouses true,
Where hearth fires warmly gleam;
Who join in childhood's laughter sweet,
Wipe childhood's tears away,
And lead the young, impulsive feet
In heavenly wisdom's way.

Blessed are they who love not strife,
But peaceful arts employ
To minister to health and life,
And never life destroy;
Who gladly learn and well fulfill
The laws of nature kind,
And try by labor, faith and skill
Her treasured lore to find.

Blessed are ye who thus have done,
O Saints of latter days,
Who from the earth your bread have won,
And given your Lord the praise;
Who troops of sons and daughters rear
From lust and blood-guilt free—
Oh, hands so clean and hearts so pure,
Be sure God loveth thee!

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 202.]

PALE and weak, with the bloom all gone from her cheeks, Mrs. Lawson was just able to sit up in bed, supported by pillows, when a week later Mr. Lawson was admitted. He approached the bed and leaned over her, seizing both her hands, and allowing all the real repentance of the week to deluge her like a flood. Violent and uncontrolled in his anger, his repentance was of the same vehement nature. He begged her pardon a thousand times for being so hasty, for being so violent in his anger to his darling, for hurting her sensitive heart, but he never once said, "My wife, I have, during this week of danger and anxiety, analyzed my conduct and learned that I really consider your people traduced, slandered and persecuted; and your uncle a man suffering for conscience sake; and it is good and noble of you to try to comfort him." He did not say, "It is not that I believe him to be *bad*, that I do not wish you to write to your uncle; and that has made me determine from the day we left Utah, that

you should break all connection with them in time ; it is because I know them and their religion to be *unpopular*, and that it will injure my business if it becomes generally known that you are a kin to them ; that I am a *moral coward*, and have no settled principles, no deep-rooted convictions by which to shape my course, but I live from day to day as seems most expedient !”

No, he did not tell her this because he did not know it, but that was the truth.

Mrs. Lawson felt the lack of some essential element in this reconciliation, but she uttered the words of forgiveness he urged her to speak, then turned her head wearily upon the pillow and closed her eyes.

She was really glad to be reconciled ; it is so hard for a woman to stand alone, to be at enmity with one whom she is compelled to live with, to see, and talk to day after day. It is harder still for a woman with a loving heart to be estranged from her idol, even after she has become convinced the idol is full of imperfections.

He had a piece of news that he thought would cheer her ; and almost before the words of forgiveness had been spoken, he began telling her that the tenant of Rose cottage had thrown up the lease, and that as soon as she was able they would move into their own home.

“Dear wife, I have sent up a lot of new furniture, the carpets you selected yourself are down upon the floors, and Rose cottage has never looked better. You do not think that I am such a very bad husband, do you ?”

“No,” she answered with a little of the warmth that should have given life to such a reply.

She was thinking how delighted she would have been if they might have gone straight home to Rose cottage when they first came from Utah. Now the flavor of these poor lodgings would be forever associated in her mind with these first months of her married life.

But, oh ! it was not the poor surroundings that left a withering blight upon her young life and bright hopes ! It was a disappointment of a more illusive nature. No girl properly taught in the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, can ever accept the counterfeits of the world and be satisfied. They must indeed be base, if having seen the light they prefer darkness ; if having tasted the sweets of purity, they prefer the scorching draught of license ; if having known peace, they prefer the delirium the world calls pleasure !

Fathers, mothers and teachers, let this truth sink deeply into your souls. The key to the hearts of these little ones is in the hands of God, and fail not in your duty, though the seed you sow seems to fall in stony soil. Sometime, watered by tears of bitterest sorrow, perhaps, yet every good word, every pure doctrine, every word of God unto salvation, shall grow and bear holy fruit.

In this woman's spiritual nature the lessons of her youth lived. Back again came the truth, to do battle for her soul whenever the wrong in seducing form sought to clasp her understanding and subjugate her will.

Long after the doctor had expelled her husband from the room, Mrs. Lawson lay thinking of her new friend—her only friend—Mary Gray. Her *only friend*, because a husband must be more or less than a friend.

During the tedious hours of her convalescence Mary Gray had told her briefly of her orphanage. The death of her heart-broken mother, the disappearance of the father she had never seen, and the fact that she had relatives in Utah on her father's side, which, for some reason, her mother had never appealed to. And that two years before a friend of hers had joined the Mormons and gone to Utah.

She asked Mrs. Lawson many questions about the people and their peculiar faith; and seemed never tired of listening to Mrs. Lawson tell the simple, yet sublime incidents that go to make up the lives of this plain, straightforward people.

And, strange to say, Mrs. Lawson seemed never so happy as when engaged in the artless explanations. By tacit consent this conversation came to an abrupt end, whenever Mr. Lawson appeared upon the scene.

Mary Grey had only intended to remain a week, when she first came, but Mr. Farce told her that as Mr. Blank, the newly employed reporter, had kindly consented to take her place, and had proven himself capable of filling it satisfactorily, there was no particular need of haste if she wished to remain longer with her newly found friend.

So the end of three weeks found Mrs. Lawson able to be moved into her own home, and her dear friend still with her.

All was bustle and confusion on this last morning in the dingy chrome-yellow lodgings. Mr. Lawson was superintending the removal in person, much to the disgust of Inez. He was one of those men who, while comparatively wealthy, yet always feel poor. He could be munificently generous on

some occasions, and then again could do things of which a very poor man would have been ashamed.

This morning he insisted on packing things up himself, and had a disgraceful altercation with the drayman about the price of cartage, so that the man would not lend a hand to lift a box, nor do the least little thing not designated in the bargain.

Just as Mr. Lawson was wondering how he would get the dray, for which he was paying by the hour, loaded, a tramp with a roll of blankets on his back came along, paused, and finally asked in a timid way if he could give him a job.

Mr. Lawson sized up his man, and with the opulent swagger of a thoroughly self-satisfied man, leaned against a packing-box and smiled insolently.

"Oh, I don't know, I've a little job on hand, but don't think I need help," he replied.

The tramp looked wistfully at him, his countenance fell, and without another word he was about to pass on.

This man was not a move in the game as Mr. Lawson had planned it. He really needed him very badly, and if there had been no evidences of bitter want about the young fellow—if he had simply appeared before him in the guise of an ordinary workman, Mr. Lawson would have offered him the usual three or four dollars paid for such work, and made no fuss about it. But with this man it was quite different. His necessities made him a person from whom Mr. Lawson could steal the price of honest toil, and account what he might give him a charity; and in this theory, differently applied, Mr. Lawson was only one of

a great company, all of whom are not in California.

He stopped the fellow by a slight gesture, and said: "If you felt like lending a hand about loading and unloading, I'd give you your dinner. My man who is driving my wagon don't feel very well today, and I'd like to make it as easy for him as possible. If you don't want to do that, it's of no consequence, we'll get along somehow."

The tramp hesitated for a moment, for he knew the injustice this man was doing him, but he was very hungry then and finally accepted.

It is the accumulation of such things as these that have led to uprisings and revolutions; and that made the reign of terror in France a possibility. Quietly acquiescing, because he must, the insolence and greed of wealth as expressed in this petty act of dishonesty and oppression, lived in his mind and one day bore bitter fruit for Mr. Lawson's eating.

He knew the man was hungry, but he did not offer him anything to eat before he began his work; giving him the heaviest end of every box, compelling him by a little managing to take the most difficult positions everywhere. Mrs. Lawson and Inez were at Rose cottage ordering the arrangement of the things as they were brought.

Their dinner, a "picked up affair," was set on a deal table, and the assisting tramp was asked by Mr. Lawson to sit down and eat with them. He was young and not at all disgusting in his appearance; indeed he might have been a handsome man if he had been better dressed and kept, but Mrs. Lawson could only secretly wonder what influence had so suddenly over-

come her husband's deep-seated aversion to tramps.

It did not need a wizard, however, to unravel the mystery. In the ordinary tramp Mr. Lawson beheld a sort of a money vampire, that was intent on abstracting a few cents from his pocket, through the tender heart of his wife; while this man represented to him at least two dollars clear gain.

The setting of the sun saw the work of removal completed, and all day the tramp had faithfully and patiently performed his task, hoping, perhaps, that Mr. Lawson, better than his words, would reward him. When the last box was unloaded, the drayman dismissed, Mr. Lawson turned to enter the house, bidding the tramp close the gates after him.

Supper was waiting, and Mrs. Lawson, who heard what her husband said, and saw the look of disappointment on the man's face, sent Inez hurriedly to call him back.

"Tell him, Inez, that I wish him to come to supper, when he has closed the gates."

Inez obeyed with alacrity, but not with any great degree of accuracy. Approaching the tramp as he swung one of the heavy gates round on its hinges, she said, "My mistress is an angel, the master is a devil. She saw him send you away, and she sent me to tell you to come back and have your supper, as a great favor to her."

Hardly understanding what the girl said, except that Mr. Lawson was a devil, and he might come back and have his supper, the tramp followed the girl back to the house.

Mr. Lawson looked his surprise, but before he could speak his wife said, "William, I told him to come in to supper."

When the repast was finished and the fellow was about to depart, Mrs. Lawson said in a low tone to her husband, "William, you have forgotten to pay him," though divining the truth.

Mr. Lawson laughed. "Oh, yes, I've paid him all I agreed to, and you have given him his supper besides. He was hungry, you know, and agreed to work for his dinner."

The man who evidently understood that they were talking about him, did not turn around, but moved more slowly.

"Give him something, William, for my sake," she said in the same low tone.

For *her* sake! She had already learned that it was useless to appeal to his manhood, or his sense of justice, or even to his compassion for human suffering.

Slowly drawing a dime from his pocket he said in a voice unnecessarily loud, "There, you fellow! here is a dime I will give you though you understand that you have already had all I promised you."

"Yes," he said humbly, "but a dime is a great favor to me," and he took the coin.

Mrs. Lawson's cheeks burned redly. She knew what this man had done, what he had earned. With a spirit for which she had never given herself credit, she plunged her hand into her pocket, brought forth her purse, and emptied the scanty contents into her hand. There was just one dollar and twenty-five cents. She gave it all to the astonished tramp before the eyes of her no less astonished husband.

In the midst of his thanks, and even tears, she interrupted him. "Do not thank me for being just, it is only

a simple act of justice, if it is that," and without waiting to hear what Mr. Lawson would say she walked proudly out of the room.

Mr. Lawson filled his pipe and sat down on the back porch to smoke and ruminate. At first he was inclined to be very angry with his wife, but as choler cooled, he began to admire what he had been unable to crush out—her truth. "I believe in the laws of heredity," he remarked with a smile, "and I guess it is all right. With all her tenderness and sweetness she's 'true blue' and no mistake," and laying his pipe aside he went to the nearest florist, and selected the most expensive bouquet that could be made up at short notice, and tying it with a long white ribbon, placed a small note in true lover-like fashion, among the blooms, on which he had written: "*Your repentant lover.*"

But he took good care that her supply of pocket money—never lavish—should be more circumscribed than before.

Two things happened the week following to thoroughly provoke Mr. Lawson. On going to the post office one evening he received a letter that, to his dismay, bore the postmark of the Utah Penitentiary, and was addressed to his wife.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked himself. He determined in the first place that he would read it, and if the contents did not suit him, into the fire it should go, and no mistake.

He hurried around to his office and steamed it open very carefully, removed the letter from the envelop and began to read.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed after he had read the first three lines; laying the letter down, thrusting both hands

deep into his trousers' pockets, shoving his hat far back upon his head, he contemplated the letter in mystified silence for some moments before proceeding with the reading.

It was a very common-place letter ; only an affectionate acknowledgment of the receipt of the letter by the imprisoned uncle, of his "dear niece." Some home-news, messages of kindness to her husband, and wishes for the fruition of her happiest dreams.

"So that letter got mailed after all," Lawson said aloud, while wondering who had dared to do it. He knew that his wife had been too ill ; Inez would have kindled the fire with it if she had found it ; so of course it must have been Mary Gray. He wondered if his wife had asked her to. He could not bear the doubt. Determined to know if she was capable of thus deceiving him, he carefully resealed the letter, and wended his way homeward.

Choosing a time when no other person was present he gave her the letter without a word, noting the varying tints of color and feeling follow each other over her face. First bewilderment, then pleasure and surprise mingled, then gratitude unspeakable. Like her husband had done, she read the first few lines, acknowledging the receipt of her letter. She, too, laid the letter down ; and approaching her husband, for the first time since that terrible day when she fainted, she voluntarily put her arms about his neck and kissed him. Ferently she exclaimed,

"William, I have wronged you ! You did mail my letter, and I am so grateful to you, and so sorry that I permitted myself to think ill of you !"

He allowed her to deceive herself,

and accepted the gratitude of her pure heart ; the kisses and caresses of her repentant, wifely love, as something due his generosity and magnanimity.

He permitted her to believe a lie, while the truth would have served him just as well.

If he had told her that in his anxiety for her life the letter had been forgotten entirely, as it had been, would it not have been better for him ? As it was he but planted thistles for future reaping.

During one of the doctor's later visits, for he still continued to call occasionally after their removal to Rose cottage, he casually mentioned that he had taken the liberty of mailing a letter that was lying on the table the day she was taken so ill, and inquired if she had received an answer.

Mrs. Lawson blushed crimson. She deeply resented the doctor's impertinence, but could command no fitting language in which to express it, for the awful truth forced itself upon her that her husband had been guilty of deceiving her ; of doing something that was little short of actual lying.

The cold affirmative nod which Mrs. Lawson gave the doctor in reply to his question shattered his hopes of adding anything to the knowledge he had gained by reading the letter.

It is not to be wondered at if this reticence on the part of Mrs. Lawson was rather trying to the doctor's patience. So many women make a confidant of their physicians that they are inclined to expect it. Feeling that he had offended, the doctor shortly took his leave.

Mrs. Lawson did not mention this to her husband, but writing to her uncle and other relatives a long affec-

tionate letter, told them not to write to her again until they heard from her, and mailed the letters herself when she could do so unobserved.

What was his surprise, anger and disgust to find in the "Anti-Boom" organ the day following their removal to Rose cottage, a full account of his treatment of the man who had worked for him; and some scattering remarks on the honor of such business men, and the inevitable results arising from treating human beings in such a manner. The article wound up by saying that it was not surprising that such "business men were obliged to hire night-guards to watch their places of business; but that they were not afraid to sleep in their beds at night was a marvel. That they could expect nothing else than that some man, so outraged, would in his madness take revenge where he could not get justice."

Mr. Lawson read the article twice, and swore until he was obliged to pause for breath. Jamming his hat down on his head he took the offending paper and sought the printing office, determined on revenge.

His knock nearly frightened Dick Sawyer out of his wits; and to the question, "Is the editor in?" he pointed to the door of the editorial room and vanished.

Now it transpired that after Dager Blank had filled the place made vacant by the illness of the foreman, and Mary Gray's absence, Mr. Farce who liked him was rather glad to have him about, had set him to work on the books, during his leisure hours; and it happened at the time of Mr. Lawson's entrance into the editorial room, that Dager Blank was the sole occupant.

For a moment he stood glaring at

the man he supposed to be the editor, recognizing him, but scarcely able to believe the evidence of his eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Lawson, I see you remember me," Dager said sarcastically, handing his visitor a chair.

Mr. Lawson, scarcely able to prevent himself from seizing Dager by the throat, dropped into the chair, and fairly quivering with rage, handed the paper with the offending article folded uppermost, said in a voice of wrath,

"I suppose you are responsible for this disgraceful article about me?"

Dager languidly took the paper and carelessly glanced the designated article over, and said, "This is not the article you refer to, is it? I fail to find your name in it anywhere," and handed the paper back with an amused smile.

Not till then had Mr. Lawson noted the fact that his name did not appear, and that he had placed his neck under the heel of his enemy, while Dager enjoyed his discomfiture to the utmost.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAMMA'S TREASURE.

RUBY LAMONT.

DARLING little baby, lying on my breast,
Pure and sweet and sinless, in your quiet rest;
Is my darling dreaming of his recent home
Where the angels whisper to the weary,
"Come?"

Blessed little sweetheart, open those bright eyes,
Filled with love and sunshine and a mute surprise;
Look at mamma darling, speak to her and say,
That you love her truly, that you'll love away.

Mamma loves her baby—how much, who can tell?
"Bud" can never guess it, never know how well!

Kiss me now, you prattler! What shall mam-
ma do
When so strongly tempted to kiss—and eat you
too?

Oh, you laughing treasure! You laugh at all I
say,
Laugh and cry and prattle all the livelong day;
Pulling papa's whiskers, scratching mamma's
face,
Snatching all things handy with angelic grace!

Words are weak, my darling, my heart lies
buried still—
Words and smiles and kisses can't tell you all I
feel,
Tears of love will oft-times fall upon your head,
Still, its depths unsounded, e'er must be unread.

Heav'n protect my baby, keep him safe from
harm,
Show'r upon him blessings, guard him from the
storm,
Shield his spirit always from a darkened fate,
Till he may re-enter heaven's sunlit gate.

Holy Father hear me! Thou whose accents
mild
Tell of joy in heaven, guard my little child;
Give him strength to triumph o'er the foes of
fate,
Lead him, glorious victor, through Thy sacred
gate!

"GOSSIPING."

CECIL FORTESQUE.

NOT very long ago, in company
with several friends, I visited one
of our Church schools on the day when
the Grand Theological class was held.

The school was in every way credit-
able to the teachers, pupils and com-
munity; but what most made an im-
pression on my mind, and gave me
food for after reflection, was a well
written essay by a charming and in-
telligent young lady, who chose the
subject of "Gossiping," and from
the orthodox standpoint treated it
fairly well.

How often the same subject has been
so descanted upon in my hearing with-
out creating other impression than a
quiet matter-of-course agreement, I
cannot tell. In my own essay days I
have, no doubt, waxed eloquent on
the pernicious habit; but today it
reached my understanding through an-
other channel, because since I last
heard the subject mentioned I have
learned something, and it is worth
telling to you, and may in some sim-
ilar case help you also to be charitable,
forgiving and helpful. In a general
way, I agree still that gossiping is one
of the most inexcusable of vices, giv-
ing benefit to no person, but being a
sure canker to the happiness of even
the one who possesses and practices it.
It can blast the friendship of years,
separate those who love each other,
destroy the faith of the married, and
cause more trouble in a family than
death; so do not construe anything in-
to a palliation or even a toleration of
this vice, that may be said in this
story.

Night was just closing in one raw,
gusty evening, and as I was alone, for
once I was just preparing to have a
real good time. A bright fire burned
in the open grate, the lamp was lit,
the easy chair, so low that I did not
need a footstool, was drawn up to an
angle, where the light would fall on
the printed page of a new book that
was full of the best of new ideas from
cover to cover. But the old remark
about "mice and men," was verified
with regard to my plans for the
evening.

Hardly had I got my wrapper on
and my hair down my back, when
there was a hurried trampling of feet,
some confused conversation, and a
loud knock at the door.

I opened it, and by the stream of light that shot outward, saw two men bearing the dead body of a woman; at least I thought she was dead, from the limp and inert look of the body, which they were supporting by means of a shawl.

I recognized the persons at once as people from a settlement some miles away, who had once lived in the town where we then were.

"Come in," I said, not waiting to hear about the accident that had made it necessary for them to seek shelter and claim the hospitality of those nearest the scene of the disaster.

As they laid the woman between the sheets of the best bed in the house, I recognized her as the most incorrigible gossip I had ever known.

She was not dead, but moaned faintly as they laid her down, and under the use of those simple and safe restoratives that were at hand came slowly back to consciousness.

The doctor of the town had been sent for as well as the elders, and although he arrived first he did nothing for her until after they had done their duty and gone.

I listened with breathless interest to what they said, and will confess that there was a shadow of disapproval in my heart because they commended her so warmly to the favor and mercy of God, and because they said her works in the Church and Kingdom of God did go before her, and the powers of darkness should not be able to cause her to suffer and inflict upon her great pain. All this was displeasing to me, for once this woman who lay here before me dying had slandered me. The bitterness of the anguish of those dreadful days when I was writhing under the terrible accusation had been

so deep, that even perfect vindication and ten long years of winter snow and summer flowers had not quite buried the skeleton.

Yes, she lay there dying, for I had also observed that they did not hold out to her one hope of life.

After they were gone the doctor examined the poor bruised body, to find that the spine was injured, broken, in fact, and some other internal injuries made hope impossible.

He addressed the men who were present to communicate as soon as possible with the members of her family, and told me, that while it was not possible for her to be moved, that she would have no need of a bed very long.

The accident was only a runaway team, that was stopped by a post, throwing several persons out of the wagon.

Mrs. Grayham, the injured woman, was holding the baby of a friend, and to save it, was obliged to receive the full force of the blow, with this disastrous result. No one else had been seriously hurt, and the dear little babe on Mrs. Grayham's lap escaped without a scratch. The dying woman had come to visit a friend, and with these acquaintances had started to return home.

She was perfectly rational and free from pain, and when the men had assured her that her husband and children should be with her just as soon as horse flesh could cover the ground, she turned to me and began talking. First she asked me to sponge her face and comb her hair. Then she asked for a glass, and insisted on having the lace at her neck readjusted. All this I did, wondering how such trivial things could occupy the thoughts of

one who stood on the brink of eternity.

"Do you think they will get here in time?" she asked; when her toilet was arranged to her satisfaction.

"Oh, yes," I answered, with the very natural, and I am inclined to think the very noble impulse of everybody to deceive the dying as to their real condition.

Her large, clear eyes were turned upon me, and she really smiled.

"Now you know you are not telling me the truth; you know that there is no certainty in your mind that I will live half of that time!" She paused in a meditative manner, and her eyes turned from my face and roamed restlessly about the room.

"You need not be afraid to say just what you think, I am not afraid to die, you know; only just dread the plunge. It makes me shiver, like going into cold water makes the flesh creep. Isn't it a great blessing that my last girl was married last week, and that all the boys are reasonably prosperous in business and good Latter-day Saints?"

The man who had been left to watch with me until her folks came was sitting in my chair, under the glow of the lamp, basking in the light of the fire, and reading the book I had thought to enjoy that evening. Several of the neighbor women had come in, but being entire strangers to Mrs. Grayham, they sat by the fire in a group and conversed in low tones.

"A very great blessing," I answered, "and is no doubt a great comfort to you now."

"There's Charles, I'm sorry for him. He is so used to having me about him, and he has never had very good health, and needs some one to take all little worrying cares off his

mind. He can live with Harriet, of course, and she is a dear, good girl, and loves him dearly; but she will never be able to sweeten his oatmeal and make his bed just to suit him. Well, he is sixty-five next June, so in all probability he will not be long away from me."

No selfish complaints, no murmuring against the decrees of Providence; only an anxiety about those she would leave behind, and a rejoicing over the fact that they were nearly all situated so they would not miss her much.

From the hurt in her back her limbs were paralyzed and a curious flickering blue light was on her features that frightened me.

"Somehow my mind goes back to the time when I was a little girl, and used to go to the silk factory astride my father's shoulder. I wasn't six years old when I learned to spin silk, and my! the heaps of rubbish they do spin in with the best of it! I learned to read," she said proudly, "and I never went to school a day in my life. I used to read the signs and the big lines in the newspapers, and then I got so that I could spell out a verse in the hymn book; but wasn't I proud?"

"Why couldn't you go to school?" I asked her, as she paused.

"Mother had such a large family; I was the first of ten, and while my father was a good tradesman and a good father, too," she said a little defiantly, "when he was sober, that was not much of the time after I could remember. It was all mother and I could both do to keep bread in the children's mouths, and there was no time for me to go to school."

All this in a matter of course way, that showed how deep the spirit of

self-sacrifice had been planted in her soul, and how early.

"Many is the time I've cried, though, when father would buy a paper or book, and sit and read, and laugh and enjoy himself; while me and mother washed or sewed during the evening. Father had a pretty good education, and came of a family that knew a great deal about all sorts of history and astronomy and foreign travels.

"I begged him to teach me to read," she continued, "and he told me that he could not conscientiously do it. He did not think a woman's mind capable of bearing the great strain. He had a sister who learned to read and went mad!"

She did not seem to realize what was so plain to me in this simple and dispassionate recital, the selfish, cruel deception, that shut the doors of light against her, and doomed her to a life of drudgery!

"He said women wasted so much time daudling over books when they could read and neglected their children."

"I guess it was true, but I was just like a mad thing for the stories he used to read. Sometimes he would tell me one, and I can remember them yet, every one of them, to the color of the hair of those he told about. When I would be going to the factory I'd think about those grand folks and their noble deeds, and wish that the chance would come some time for me to do something like that, but it never did. Father died when I was eighteen, and when he was buried, although for the last eight years of his life he had been drunk all the time, I was just as thankful as I am this minute that I'd always done my duty by him."

She rolled her head restlessly on the pillow and asked the time.

"They won't get here if they don't hurry," she said; "I feel the dumb feeling creeping up."

I gave her the cordial that the doctor had left for her, and after a few moments she began where she left off with her story.

"The other children had got old enough to help some now, and when I was twenty Charles and I were married." A beautiful expression of love came over her faded face; a face that had never been beautiful, and which it was hard now to believe even the bloom of youth could have made comely.

"Then we joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. How thankful I have always been that my mother and Charles believed as I did, for it would have been a severe trial to have left either one of them behind me."

As simple as a child, and just as unpretentiously she showed her deep faith and willingness to do the will of Him who sent the edict forth and lay her earthly all upon the altar. And this was the woman whom for ten long years I had in my soul despised!

"We began saving our money, and when my first child was a year old we came to America. All the family came afterward. We crossed the plains with the hand-cart company, and Charles has never had any health since. Brigham Young told us that we 'should have our hearts' desire in righteousness in the kingdom of God for what we had suffered on that trip.' Every night, almost, I have reminded the Lord of the promise made to me through the mouth of His prophet, and asked that all my children should be

good Church members and good people, for everything else is of little value to anybody without they are that."

I could not help recognizing the nobility and unselfishness of this prayer. She had not asked for immunity from grinding toil, nor for food for her starved and thirsting intellect, nor vengeance on her enemies, nor even for great wisdom for herself; *but all for her children.*

Now I stopped to consider the matter. I remembered that she, and her rather inferior husband, had a very nice family, who were held in universal esteem, in spite of the fact that their mother was considered an incorrigible gossip and mischief maker.

"We've always had to work hard, and many's the night Charles has read aloud to me. In winter, when it was too cold to get out, and in the evenings when the chores were done, we'd have such happy times. Even when he had to hold fat pine splinters to see to read by, and I would knit and sew. I've heard every word that's in the Church works and the Bible," she said proudly, "and that's what many can't say that could read."

"Indeed, it is," I answered, thinking of myself.

"Charles would have taught me to read; but the spinning and weaving, washing and ironing, sewing and mending, kept me busy, so busy, that even when I tried at night to read and remember what he told me I was too tired to think, and could not remember. Isn't it time they were coming; can't you hear the rattle of the wagon yet? Please go to the door and listen, for I feel that I'm going fast."

I knew that there was no possibility that they could get back for two hours yet, as it was barely midnight;

but I went through the other room and opened the outside door. Dead silence, though I strained my ears, hoping against reason that they were near.

"I can't hear anything of them yet, Mrs. Grayham; you must keep up your courage; there has not been time yet for the best team in town to go that distance and return," I said in answer to the mute questioning in the unnaturally bright eyes.

"Ah! well," she said with a sigh, "if they should not get here in time, you tell them all about it, and that I hope they will not grieve too much, for I feel that I had about finished my work."

I promised, while, in spite of my utmost efforts to be calm, the tears gathered in my eyes and rolled down over my cheeks. I took the toil-stained hand in mine, and could not help seeing that every finger nail was warped and twisted, the fingers were stumpy, and the thimble finger was creased indelibly.

"What are you crying about?" Mrs. Grayham asked me curiously, as though she thought none but her blood kin could be sorry, and even they must not grieve much.

"I will tell you something that has been close to my heart all these years. It has comforted the darkest hour, and sweetened the bitterest cup. Now that I know I am dying and there is no hope for me, it comes like an angel and wraps me in its shining wings. You have no occasion to feel sorry for me. When I was promised that other that I told you, the Prophet Brigham seeming to divine the great desire I had always had to learn, laid his hand on my head and said: 'Daughter, throughout the Millennium you will have nothing to do but to feed your

mind, and learn all the great truth, unmixed with error, concerning all the workmanship of the hands of God.' Won't that be grand! Nothing to do but read, and learn and study; to get all these things unmixed with error. And just think of it, there must be enough to last a thousand years! What is a little short life of toil and want, and suffering, of craving for reading and such things, and no time or opportunity to gratify it, with such a promise ahead of you?"

"This is living faith," I said to myself, while I watched with sinking heart the shadows deepen, and the pinched lines about the corners of the nostrils grow yet more decided. And I wondered who of the spoiled daughters of luxury and fashion,—of those who had shirked their duties and kept their hands shapely and white—which of these should toil while she took the long holiday that was to be the shrine of her desires. In the long Millennium she would gather up every last hope, round out every warped and stunted desire into perfect, satisfying beauty.

"Are they coming yet? I think I hear a sound," she said anxiously.

It was not yet one o'clock, but to satisfy her I went to the door again. I prayed, oh! how sincerely and humbly I prayed, that God would mercifully spare her to see those dear ones once more.

"I was going to make the girls some quilts this winter, and keep Sarah's children while she and her husband took a trip to the City."

Thus the small things in the narrow circle of her life walked hand in hand with the truths of heaven, and her noblest hopes for eternity.

"I am afraid I can't wait if they do not hurry. Please hold my hand,

and if I fall asleep do not leave me until they come, and then be sure to wake me. I am so glad the baby I was holding did not get hurt. Tell them there was nobody to blame, and how much I love them all."

Those were her last words. With them on her lips, and her hands in mine, that woman slept, but when *they* came—husband, sons and daughters, an hour later—I could not waken her, for she was dead.

When they came I slipped away and on my knees asked God to help me to realize the struggles and sacrifice of others, and keep me from the great sin of misjudging my brothers and sisters.

I did not see her again until she was dressed in her spotless robes, ready for the presence of God and angels, and felt that many who have been better loved and more highly commended, did not have so bright a record in the eyes of God.

I went to the funeral because her people seemed to wish it, and I told them of the last hours of her life, over and over again. Her noble sons and daughters bore testimony to her unselfish love and called her the best mother that ever lived.

I understand now that her thirsty soul and hungry intellect, inherited perhaps from her bookish ancestors, had been starved by circumstances and warped to duties, until like a famished animal, refused proper food, it turned and fed on the shreds of garbage, afforded by the trivial and contemptible happenings of a country town.

God never gave to one of His children a *bad* trait of character, but that gift which if properly cultivated would be the noblest and best, if perverted into other channels, proves a curse.

Thus, the force that would make a properly instructed man a power for good, might arm another hand to take the life of his fellowman.

I do not think Mrs. Grayham was a fabricator, that is not *gossiping* but a graver crime; but if the faculty she possessed for gathering facts, and if the imagination that clothed them in language, and colors that caused people to say "well when Mrs. Grayham tells a story it never loses anything in the telling," had been properly directed, and its possessor properly educated, these gifts might have made her famous as a historian, biographer, or great in some honorable calling requiring those special faculties.

Dear girls, most of the weaknesses of our associates have their rise in this way. Let us be charitable and forgiving, just going on doing all the good we can, and as little harm. Such things as this experience admonish us, that we must forgive everybody, and God will forgive whom He may, for He and He alone is capable of judging.

There is no doubt in my mind that her long cherished hope will be realized in eternity.

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

LUE.

Oh, beautiful city, with golden gates,
Oh, glorious world beyond death's tide,
The river all mortals must cross at length,
To reach the shore on the other side.

The beautiful shore, where storms never fall,
Bright summer land of immortal bloom,
Where never fear will the spirit enthrall,
Or nought that can harm find entrance or room.

There the Saints in peace shall ever abide,
After life's conflicts and trials are o'er,

Just over the river, beyond death's tide,
There redeemed ones meet to part never more.

Oh, joy and gladness! even here below,
To think of that blissful coming day.
When hearts that have burned in the furnace glow,
Shall there shine in glory ever and aye.

EIGHTEEN DAYS ON THE DESERTS.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 207.]

I FEEL it necessary for the benefit of those who did not live in the times I am speaking of to refer to the remarkable history of that army under Johnston; to the unrepublican, unnatural and remarkable spirit of the Administration which sent that army out here—the secrecy and celerity with which the whole thing was gotten up and put on the march. More remarkable was the inhuman design against an innocent and loyal people.

Just previous to putting the army in motion for Utah and during its march we got very small and unimportant mail from the states. Every channel of knowledge of what government was doing was blocked or cut off.

Wagon-loads were burned after they had started across the plains, and in some places emptied out among the brush—valuables taken and the remainder left lying there.

The first information of the approaching army was communicated to President Young on the 24th of July, when the army was well on the way. Their boasted design was to kill all the leaders and prominent men of the Church, then give the territory up for the soldiers to pillage, plunder and

ravish ; thus to make a final end of Mormons and Mormonism.

So secretly had all the schemes of the government officers been carried out that the fact that such an army was on the road to Utah was not known in San Francisco when Robert Walker and Henry Brizzee were there. The news came to them just after they landed at Stockton with the goods, while they were in Murphy's, and before we got out of town with all the teams.

Walker & Brizzee left all with Bro. Cownover and me, and pushed their way on over the mountains to Carson.

Before the last wagon had left the town, the constable of the place came to us and forbade that powder going one inch. He was informed that it had gone already. He was told that he had no more control over that than any other merchants' goods.

"Well," he replied, "I will raise a posse of men and overtake you and bring it back, for it shall never go to Salt Lake."

Brother Cownover coolly remarked that if he came after that powder, to bring his own winding sheet along or he would be buried in his every-day clothes.

After we got about ten miles away on the road a friend to some of the men that were freighting the goods, overtook us and advised us to keep a good guard and lookout as the constable was raising a mob to come and take the powder. We did not see anybody come to take it, but heard afterwards that he gave it up when he found he could not get men enough to make a safe job of it.

On the 22nd of September, one hundred and thirty wagons, comprising the whole Carson mission and

some few families from California started for Utah. The whole company traveled according to the instructions given by President Young, in one company.

When we were two or three days on the road a messenger overtook us and reported that a large mob would come to take the powder, but they never appeared. It is certain that an effort was made to raise a company for that purpose.

When we reached the sink of the Humboldt river, six men came into camp on horseback after we had camped—they rode through among the wagons as independently as lords of the realm—unsaddled their horses in a place that suited them and turned their horses out among ours. Our animals were all together and always when loose under a strong guard, both day and night ; Brother Cownover being captain of this guard. He saw the movements of these six men, and by the gift of God discerned their designs—that they intended to run off all our animals that night—accordingly, he put on a double guard, and instructed them with regard to the six strange men and their design, and gave orders that none of the six should get a horse or go among our animals until all were driven up next morning.

At midnight Cownover went out with the relief to change the guard and while on the rounds four of the six men came for their horses under the pretense that they wanted to travel in the night while it was cool. Cownover told them they could not have their horses then, that the band must not be disturbed.

They swore they would get them and started on. They were informed

that if they went any farther they would be shot, and that they must go to camp and stay until morning, which they did.

As soon as light, Captain Cownover divining that the six men were used to their morning's grog, took them a little good whisky which he got from Nixon. They drank it cheerfully and wanted to know in a little while if they could buy some. Brother Cownover told them they could get all they wanted; he got it for them of Wm. Nixon, and they soon got very talkative after imbibing pretty freely. They finally got very friendly, and at last became very liberal. Then the brethren came up and one admired their guns—repeating rifles. They had six repeating rifles and as many good pairs of Colt's revolvers, all of which they sold to different ones of the company, at fair prices, except one pair that was a gift from "father" and the man could not be induced to sell them at any price.

During their inebriated feeling of extreme friendship, they told the whole story of a plan they and fifty other men were to carry out; to stampede all our teams and run them off with the assistance of the fifty confederates who were behind a certain hill. Said they found the Mormons wide-awake, good fellows, and they would never go against them again. When they got a little sobered off they were ashamed to go back to their comrades, and continued on with the Mormons through to Salt Lake.

Near "Gravelly Ford," on the Humboldt, as we were camped one night, a great company of Indians came secretly upon us, had taken their position near by and were waiting for their appointed hour for attack,

which is generally towards daybreak. They had not been in their place long when it became time for our sentinels to cry the time of night, which is done in the following way :

Every man on guard being numbered. No. 1 begins at the hour appointed and shouts loudly, "Twelve o'clock," (or whatever hour it may be) "and all is well ;" or if anything is wrong sings out what is the matter.

These Indians hearing the guards all around the horses sound this same tune, or lingo to them, and the same sounds go all around and through camp, supposed their movements had been discovered, and that noise was the signal for us to attack them. They at once made a very hasty and somewhat noisy retreat, which was heard and noticed in our camp, but the meaning thereof was not known until some days after ; so ended that affair.

When we camped at or near the old Haws place on Humboldt, we were then due west of Salt Lake and at the place where President Brigham Young, in reply to an inquiry, "if it would not be a good idea to give instructions for some one to come across and let them know how the company is getting along," said, "somebody will do it anyhow."

Now, no one was liable to fulfill that prediction. I was a little afraid to mention such a thing, as it was in opposition to the general instructions from the Presidency ; but then, how would that prediction be fulfilled unless I looked to the fulfillment of it? I mentioned the idea of coming across to Brother Cownover and he favored the move of making the short cut home. We finally agreed upon going home that way, and not go around the lake. So we spoke to

some others of our design and got four more to join us, so as to be safe against Indians, making a company of six.

We reached Salt Lake City on the 25th of October, one week before the company got in. We unsaddled at my house, got a good meal of victuals and then walked to the President's Office and gave our report. A reporter was called and it was all taken down as a matter of record. President Young and Heber C. Kimball were present and both expressed themselves as well pleased with our labors.

Thus ended our trip which has now passed into the domain of history.

OUT FROM THE REALMS OF GIRLHOOD.

L. M. HEWLINGS.

OUT from the realms of young girlhood,
Its dewy budding and bloom,
From 'neath skies of rainbow colors,
Woven in fancy's broad loom,
Whose myriad wheels of motion
Are to sweetest notes attuned.

And from whence fair ships go sailing
Over Utopian seas.
Rounding magnificent islands,
Richly freighted argosies;
Wind, storm and tempest defying,
Making each voyage with ease.

From this realm of castle building,
In airy mystical heights,
Where birds of imagination
Are taking wonderful flights,
And soaring over creations
Of brilliant marvelous sights.

Yea, from this fairy-like Eden,
To womanhood's busy clime,
Into fields of beauty golden,
Of blossom and fruit sublime,
Now passes the young girl maiden
Through the voiceless gates of time.

There's action and firm endeavor,
Built upon achievements grand,
Devotion to duty ever,
Service of heart and hand.
To which time shall add new lustre,
And priceless homage command.

There's patient self-denial,
That the world's praise never won;
Simple acts and deeds of kindness
That are left on earth unsung,
That shall glow with His approval,
And most welcome words, "Well done!"

There, too, the perfect and real,
In garlands of friendship twine,
Rare pearls, with star-gem'd ideal,
Are laid upon love's pure shrine.
Until finite, with infinite blending,
Beneath the impress divine.

There's wondrous paths of endurance,
O'er these extensive plains,
Difficult problems to work out,
And heights and depths to attain,
That must have heavenly guidance
Full fruition to obtain.

May peace like dew of Hermon,
Be thine we devoutly pray,
In the domain of women,
May you hold most gracious sway,
As queen of hearts, move ever,
Throughout life's checkered highway.

THE BEAUTIFUL IDEAL.

LUE.

WITHIN the inner temples of our natures, there dwells an ideal song—born spirit—seeing and yet unseen, deep within the streams of life, making the common waters harmoniously musical, binding with shining threads fierce tempest winds, walking over the dreary earth like a beautiful night-vision, showing dimly by soft glowing light celestial worlds above. "The Beautiful Ideal" stirs the soul with deep and happy thoughts, when life nears the hues of hope, and when the world is dark and gloomy it leads us within its true home, makes us breathe the soft air, and gaze upon the

golden sunlight, painted with its own beautiful colors. Through it sparkling rivers flow gaily along, catching and sporting with the bright beams above or give back the silvery light of the gleaming stars that look lovingly upon its calm bosom; or we wander amid the roseate chambers of dawn, when the happy sky-lark weaves the sweet clear wishes of song, and holds through the ideal of our nature secret communion with the oread, that sinks in mist adown the mountain's side. This wondrous unchanging part of our being, this inhabitant of our heart of hearts—communes with all the beings heaven has made, finds a music in the wind "that makes the green leaves dance," that plays across the stream, answers to its own pure song. Among the stars of evening it finds a secret sympathy—a holy feeling—answer there. It needs not words or language, it mingles with its kindred essences of purity and hope. This beautiful ideal stirs within us the desire to be noble, to search for the living fount of true wisdom, to commune

with the skies, it gives to us the glorious shapes of heaven, yearnings to soar beyond our mortal state,—oh, there is a truth in the fiction of the unseen worlds! There are bright lingerers by the forest and stream! there are winged essences of life that look forth from the soft stars, that tremble in the sweet flowers, mingling in thought with the deeply beautiful of our souls. It is the clear moonlight track upon the waters of our youth, the whispers by which the ideal speaks to its sympathetic ideal; the secret and unaccountable affinity by which the beautiful of our nature is drawn to the beautiful of another nature, and with it holds pure and lofty communings. This something that unites the children of earth to the spirits of a finer race, this lofty aspiration, this subtle something that makes life sunny golden, and gilds our path with joy—this mysterious, yet beautiful ideal is the love of the soul that desires the pure, the bright, the unattained taking its flight upward toward the ever-shining way.

CURRENT ISSUES.

THE MESSIAH CRAZE.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

To the Editor of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL:

YOUR communication has been received. In response, I send you a few of my reflections on the subject of the, so called, "Messiah craze" among the Lamanites. I shall not attempt to go into the subject elaborately, or critically. The fact that extraordinary manifestations of some kind have de-

veloped among certain of the tribes of the much abused remnants of this much favored land is almost universally acknowledged and believed by the general public.

I take this for granted, without attempting to adduce evidences of the fact. Just what these manifestations have been, is a matter of some doubt, in my mind, not as to their evident purpose, judging from the many newspaper reports of the main features of

the manifestations so much talked about, for it seems clear that the purpose or object thereof has been to awaken in the benighted minds of these degenerate people a belief and faith in and ultimately a knowledge of a crucified and risen Redeemer, and the righteous precepts which He taught. "Thou shalt not kill" was and is one of the great commands of God. "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," "Thou shalt not commit adultery." These are among the great commands written by the finger of God upon the tables of stone in the mount.

These have, perhaps, been the most abused and the least understood of all the precepts of the gospel among the Lamanites (or Indians, so called) upon this continent. Not so much so in regard to "bearing false witness," for to the world they have been almost dumb—not even their piteous cries against the wrongs perpetrated upon them by their "pale-faced" neighbors reaching the ears of mankind—but theft, adultery and murder have been their deadliest sins, and against these this "voice crying in the wilderness" to the "roving redman" has declaimed, and they have been enjoined not to kill and not to steal, but to live in peace.

There can be no doubt as to the character of the source from whence these precepts have come. But the manner in which they are said to have come, and the agency or agencies through whom they are said to have come, are the features of this so-called "Messiah craze," as claimed by the reports we have heard, which are shrouded in mystery and which cause me to doubt.

That God will manifest His pur-

poses to the Lamanites in His own time and way, there can be no doubt in the minds of those who believe in the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon—for in that book this fact is made unmistakably clear, but just how He will do so in every particular, and just what agencies He will use to bring about His purposes in this regard, may be matters of conjecture, beyond what has actually been revealed. One of the agencies, we know, will be the Book of Mormon itself. Through the medium of the Holy Priesthood, which has been restored to the earth in these latter times, God will also operate to accomplish His will. So far, however, but little of good has been effected through either of these channels, on account of the extremely benighted condition of the minds, and the wild, nomadic habits of the red men. And for many other sufficient reasons they have not been susceptible to the impressions of the Holy Spirit, nor capable of rising to the comprehension of its power.

The time had not come, and is not yet come for them to receive the message and the work bequeathed them by their fathers, as designed of God—but the time will come, and may be nearer at hand than many anticipate. That these supernatural manifestations, if they indeed are such, indicate the beginning of that time may without inconsistency be believed. To suppose that the work will be accomplished in a day—or in any very brief period—would be folly. God has not heretofore worked, nor will He be likely to so work among this remnant of His people. Their fall and degradation came slowly, by degrees; and in like manner will their redemption, doubtless, come to pass. Yet He will

cut His work short in righteousness, and it behooves the Saints to be always ready.

That the Lord will hasten their enlightenment by means of dreams, visions and heavenly manifestations when the time shall come, and that holy messengers may appear to them from time to time, and that men among them shall yet be inspired of God and raised up as teachers to instruct them in the truth, we cannot doubt, for these things have been promised in the last times both in the Book of Mormon and in the Bible, and also in the revelations to Joseph Smith the Prophet. But all these things will come to pass as God has determined, in His own time and way. And blessed will he be who shall be worthy to bear the message of good tidings and the offering of peace, the word of God and the means of redemption to the seed of Joseph, to whom the promises are made, and woe to him who shall despise and scoff in the day of God's power.

With reference to who the personage is (one or more) who is claimed by the Lamanites to have visited them, there appears to me to be room for grave doubts. From all the reports I have seen upon this subject, it is not at all conclusive to my mind that he was indeed the Messiah. Upon this point we must consider the sources of our information; it has come to us second handed, through interpreters and writers whose knowledge of the Lamanitish tongues may or may not be very imperfect, who have absolutely no knowledge of the ancient history of the race, and of the purposes and promises of God concerning them. That they know the scriptural account of Jesus, the Son of God, His cruci-

fixion, resurrection, and ascension on high, with the promise to come again in like manner as He ascended, and this only, we need not question; but knowing only this and nothing more respecting this matter, they might easily be misled by the accounts given by the actual witnesses themselves of these phenomena, and much more likely to be misled by the reports coming from persons far removed from the actual witnesses.

But suppose Porcupine himself related to a good interpreter, and that interpreter translated the story to a Bible Christian that he, Porcupine, met a heavenly messenger near Walker Lake in Nevada, and said messenger taught him the lessons of Christ's birth, life, death and resurrection, laying stress upon the manner of His death, the wounds in His hands and feet and side made upon the cross, that that same Jesus would come again and redeem His people and restore them to their own lands. And so vividly were these impressions made upon the mind of Porcupine, and so earnestly expressed by him, what more natural conclusion could said Bible Christian reach than that the Messiah Himself had really appeared to the untutored Lamanite, as it was thought he himself claimed?

And yet to a Latter-day Saint, who knows something of the history of those people and of the promises made to them by their forefathers, hearing the same story, would conclude that perhaps one or more of the three Nephite disciples who tarried, whose mission was to minister to the remnants of their own race, had made an appearance to Porcupine and perhaps to many others, and taught them Jesus and Him crucified and risen from the

dead, and that He was soon to come again in power and great glory to avenge them of their wrongs upon the wicked and restore them to their lands and to the knowledge of their fathers and of the Son of God.

This would be a very natural conclusion and not at all inconsistent with the established principles of the gospel and our knowledge of the manner of God's dealings with the children of men. While it is more than likely that Christ might send messengers to the Lamanites to prepare the way for His coming in the fullness of time, it is highly improbable that Christ Himself would appear to a people so utterly unprepared to receive and comprehend Him.

True, the Father and the Son appeared to the boy Joseph in the beginning of this dispensation, but he was a chosen instrument from eternity to open up the last dispensation of the gospel, and God had prepared a chosen band to join him in that work. But Moroni, John, Peter, James and John, and divers other messengers were sent to open the way and prepare the foundations of this great work and restore the records of the ancient people of this continent to the world. The foundations of that work having been laid, the authority of God established, the order of the Priesthood and the laws of the Church revealed, shall we look for these things to be ignored, or for the knowledge of God to come through the appointed channels?

While messengers may come from God, they will come in harmony with revealed and established truth, and not in conflict therewith, nor in conflict with the order of heaven which exists on the earth. The object to be attained by such manifestations as the

Lamanites claim to have had, admitting the same to be true and from God, can be no other than to begin the preparation of the Lamanites to receive a correct knowledge of God and of their fathers, and of the holy gospel already revealed and established among men, that they might believe, obey and be saved thereby.

Far be it from me to wish to close the channels of communication between the Savior of the world Himself and the remanants of Lehi. No one can be more free to admit His perfect right and power to visit whom He pleases, at His pleasure, for the channels of communication between God and man cannot be cut off nor closed by man, nor ever will be while God has a purpose to accomplish by revealing Himself. But that we may not be deceived, led into error, "tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine," the foolish vagaries or the cunning craftiness of men, or follow the false cry of "Lo! here is Christ, or there," God has instituted the true order of communication between Himself and man, and has established it in *His Church*, and to this truth all mankind will do well to take heed, lest they be deceived. That which is in harmony with this is of God, that which is contrary to it is from beneath. It is in perfect harmony with the order of heaven for ministering spirits or messengers from God or Christ to visit the Lamanites or any other people, as Cornelius of old was visited, and as Christ visited Saul, and for the same purposes.

THINK not those faithful who praise all thy words and actions, but those who kindly reprove thy faults.

◁ THE WORLD ▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

NOTED WOMEN—THE TWENTY IMMORTALES—A MUSICAL SOCIETY.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Noted Women.—

THERE are 120 female physicians in New York City.

THE widow of Senator Riddleberger has taken editorial charge of the *Shenandoah Herald*.

MRS. SENATOR INGALLS says that her husband has always been a hero to her.

AT public meetings in London the presence of ladies at the reporter's table is rapidly becoming the rule rather than the exception.

NINE young Irish girls recently graduated from Dublin University with the degree of B. A. In their examination papers they ranked above men.

MRS. CAROLINE LE CONTE, an accomplished student of Columbia, S. C., has been appointed State Librarian.

THE etiquette of the court of Holland requires that the little Queen-regent shall be addressed as King Wilhelmina.

MRS. AMELIA BARR, the novelist, has a larger income from her literary work than the Chief Justice of the United States receives from the country for legal services.

RHODA BROUGHTON, one of the most pleasing of English novelists, lives at Oxford, where she took up her abode ten years ago. In all, she has written about thirty books, but she has

allowed only half of them to be published.

SOMEONE who has recently been traveling writes home a description of Pompadour Villa in Florence, that is now the home of Amelie Rives Chandler. With true love of luxury and southern instincts she has fitted up the Villa and entertains lavishly. She has completed another novel, of which Henry Stoddard, who has seen the manuscript, says sententiously, he thinks the pruning knife will have to be used before the book is published.

EMMA ABBOTT's will, made in May last, has been filed in the Probate Court of New York. A sum which will give her father \$400 a month, and a similar provision has been made for her mother, are the first bequests. To her husband's mother she gives \$100,000. Her brothers Leon and George are to receive \$25,000 each. Their children, her sister's children and the children of her late husband's sister will receive \$5,000. Vas Houghton receives \$10,000. D. A. Casadine, secretary, \$5,000, and the Congregational Church of Gloster, Mass., \$5,000. Each of the following churches receive \$5,000: Plymouth Church of Brooklyn, the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Madison Avenue Baptist Church, South Avenue Presbyterian Church, Church of the Divine Paternity, Citadel Square Baptist Church, Charleston, S. C., Rose Hill Methodist Church, St. Luke M. E. Church, New York. The residue of the estate is to be divided equally among the following: The Foundling's Asylum of the

Sisters of Charity, the Children's Aid Society for the support of the News-boys' Lodging House, the Home of the Friendless at Newark, the Chapin Home for Aged and Infirm, the House of Mercy, St. John's Guild, Hebrew Benevolent Society, the Sanitarium for Hebrew Children, Mrs. S. T. White of Brooklyn, and her friend, Mrs. Sarah Bird. As to these two ladies the testatrix says, she trusts the amounts they receive will be devoted to charity.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the Philadelphia editor and philanthropist, long ago earned the thanks of women, and especially of newspaper women, by his rule that on his paper women should have the same salaries as men, when doing the same kind of work. A recent interview, reported in the *New York Mail and Express*, is the following from Mr. Childs:

"Women are advancing rapidly and I am glad to see it. They should have an equal chance with men. The other day I employed a chemist—a woman—and I pay her \$1,500 a year, the same price I should pay a man. I make no difference in the salaries paid on my paper. I employ many women writers, and they do just as good work and receive just as good pay as men. My writers have instructions never to write alleged humor about the mother-in-law, or any joke at the expense of woman. If you will notice the columns of the *Ledger*, you will not find the facetious flings at the opposite sex, which characterize the so-called humorous paragraphs in many newspapers. It is not right to poke fun at women; they deserve and should have our deepest admiration and respect. I always tell the women writers on my papers to stand up for their sex. It is almost

impossible to predict the future chances of success for women. Many of them are now earning salaries equal to their male brethren. The professions are open to women and they are advancing all along the line. They should be encouraged as much as possible."

The Twenty Immortelles.—

The *New York Critic* has had its readers vote for the Twenty "Immortelles" in literature. It gives the result from what it deems "the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood. The figures after each name indicate the number of ballots received: Harriet Beecher Stowe, 268; Frances Hodgson Burnett, 241; Mary H. Murfree, (Charles Egbert Craddock), 215; Julia Ward Howe, 204; Elizabeth Stewart Phelps Ward, 203; Sarah Orne Jewett, 193; Mary Mapes Dodge, 182; Constance Fennimore Woolson, 149; Edith M. Thomas, 146; Margaret Deland, 142; Adeline D. T. Whitney, 125; Celia Thaxter, 123; Amelia E. Barr, 123; Lucy Larcom, 118; Rose Terry Cook, 104; Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), 102; Harriet Prescott Spofford, 97; Louise Chandler Moulton, 97; Mary E. Wilkins, 96; Blanche Willis Howard, Twefel, 84.

MR. AND MRS. RIDER HAGGARD are making a tour of this country. While in New York they were deluged with cards and invitations. Mr. Haggard complains that our copyright law is very unjust to English writers, who can do absolutely nothing to protect themselves. He says his books have been mutilated to suit the exigencies of printing offices. The matter, he says, "now

rests with the American Congress," and he thinks English writers have more cause for complaint than do the Americans. Strangely enough, our own authors think just the opposite.

THOSE who are reading the charming sketches of English life in *Illustrated American* by Elizabeth Bisland perhaps do not know that she is a southerner. Her talent as a writer gave her entree to the literary circles of New York, where she has recently been engaged in journalism, and as she has many personal attractions, her social success was immediate. Although not much above medium height, it is said she has dignity and stateliness, which give her the appearance of being taller than other women. She left New York last spring for London, on a visit to some friends whose acquaintance she made during her tour around the world. She has become so enamored with foreign life, that it is pretty well decided she will remain abroad for the present. She has taken lodgings in London and set up a little establishment of her own, undertaking no end of social duties in addition to her literary work. She is writing a serial story and contributes frequently to the magazines. She is also planning to go to the south of France at an early date, as the climate of London affects her throat. Miss Bisland was born on a plantation in Mississippi, and began newspaper work in New Orleans. Her relatives on her mother's side are from New England.

THE QUESTION OF CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA is now being agitated both in that country and in England. As agitation sometimes means extermination when applied to a wrong, we may hope that this cruel, degrading custom

will be exterminated. It is a question that appeals to every woman's heart in the civilized world, destroying as it does so many millions of her sex, it deserves to take precedence of all other social and political questions. The facts that are being made known concerning it are these, children in arms can be married to men of mature years, and then legally claimed by the husband at the age of ten years. This claim is nearly always acted upon by the husband, and the cause of the English government in countenancing this atrocious custom is akin to inhuman indifference. It seems to verge upon the spirit which controls the policy of civilized governments in dealing with inferior races. As exemplified, for instance, in our treatment of the Indian question. The enormous mortality among these child-wives is shown in recent statistics, but the government is loath to attack native prejudice and superstition. Now is the time for those who have the welfare of the heathen at heart, to bend their energies where they may effect the most practical benefit. Civilization and education may sometimes effect reforms, where religion is powerless to meet the demands of the case in hand. The older civilization of India is something that is much vaunted by those who affect Esoteric Buddhism. It seems, however, that it is powerless to eliminate the primeval savage in man.

THE "WOMAN ABOUT TOWN," who writes a column for the Evening Sun each day is one of the brightest newspaper women of New York City. Her name is Helen Watterson. She has read much and read well, and began her career as a journalist, as so many

others have done on a small paper as mere reporter. Her beginning was made in this line in Cleveland, Ohio. Afterwards she taught in Woster University, Ohio, classes in English composition. About a year ago she became connected with the *Sun* and has made a bright success of the woman's column.

A Musical Society.—

In the last issue of the *YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL* I told our readers about a literary club, which I thought would present some practical ideas of a similar one.

Women, as a rule, are not averse to small beginnings. They recognize the fact that almost all the projects for their own advancement have been born from the thought of some fertile brain, the only capital required for carrying it to a successful termination being faith and the work of willing hands.

Such, doubtless, was the idea of Mrs. C. B. Rohland, of Anton, Ill., when she sent out postals inviting all the musicians of the place who were in good standing to meet at her house. By musicians in good standing I mean those who were sufficiently advanced to maintain a permanent interest in the works of the great composers, whose names are synonymous with the wealth of musical thought and expression, that we as heirs of the ages have come in possession of.

Mrs. Rohland's home was a singularly appropriate place for a gathering of this kind; situated upon the high banks of the Mississippi, overlooking the little city, and the wooded hills of its opposite banks, that just then had put on the indefinable signs of breaking into bloom. The long parlors were

roomy and full of the belongings of culture, chief among which was a finely-toned piano.

After discussion the following constitution and by-laws, a summary of which I will give, were adopted:

A musical director and his assistant directors were to be elected every year. The duties of these should be the arrangement and adoption of programmes for each meeting, which would be fortnightly.

Members who were required to participate were given four weeks notice in advance. A failure to carry out the part assigned to her, would incur a fine of ten cents unless sufficient reason were assigned for her inability to do so. A second failure would merit reprimand as well as fine, and for a third she would be expelled from the society. A fee of one dollar was required from each new member, and a fine of ten cents for tardiness or non-attendance was also agreed upon, to insure a small sum for the treasury to defray the expense of what stationary and printing were needful.

New members were elected by ballots upon which the assembled members were required to write "yes" or "no," three "no's" being sufficient to exclude an applicant.

The aim of the society was to cultivate and encourage only the compositions of the best masters. The society met at the house of members in turn. As may be supposed the sessions were highly enjoyable, and stimulated an earnest cultivation of that most beautiful of all arts—music.

The programmes consisted of from eight to ten numbers, which were divided between instrumental and vocal music, an essay on some musical

theme, and a selection read upon the same subject.

About once in six weeks or two months, an afternoon is devoted to a composer, such as Beethoven or Chopin, when only the productions of that composer are rendered. An essay treating of his life and an analysis of his works are also read. The society is called after Mendelssohn, and has been the means of developing much of the latent musical talent of the community.

In March of each year the birthday of the society is celebrated by a recital given to the general public. Male musicians are invited to take a part, for the society proper is composed exclusively of women, and is a prosperous and well managed organization.

EVERY now and then one hears of an instance of ingenuity on the part of the working girls, more especially those who belong to clubs, and so get the benefit of contact of wise and tactful women. Fourteen of Miss Grace H. Dodge's Club girls, have lately gone into a pretty enterprise. They have established themselves on a

co-operative basis in the manufacture of dainty baby clothes. A little money has been put into the plan from the outside. If the girls succeed and anything is left above their wages, the profits are to be parted in three, one portion for the stockholders, one for the girls to be divided according to their salaries, and one for an emergency, and enlargement fund. "I do not know of a pleasanter place," says a recent correspondent, "in the city of New York, in which to spend half an hour than in the sunny little work-room above the store, especially if one happens in about 4 o'clock when all the wee smocked frocks and long robes are dropped, while quaint blue and white cups and saucers and the shiniest little kettle are produced, and everybody has a merry ten minutes over afternoon tea. The girls take to their work as gaily as if they regarded it as an endless succession of jolly sewing bees. They are interested in their task, interested in one another, and interested and enthusiastic over their scheme. They are about the only really happy-looking sewing girls I have ever known.

◁DRESS.▷

EARLY SPRING FASHIONS.

DO YOU understand the value of a flat iron in making your own gown? Nothing gives a home-made frock such a professional air as hard pressing, and nothing is such a "give away" on its domestic manufacture as the lack of it, for a dress maker, of no matter how small pretensions, knows full well its importance, and

whatever else she does or does not do, her flat iron's service is never overlooked. Hard pressing and proper whale boning are half the battle successfully won in home dress making.

And now the sensible modern woman slips on a knitted wool garment that covers her in one piece from her neck to her ankles (the latest improvement making it double-breasted), she draws on over this black wool stock-

ings, and if she wears corsets, a pair of black ones, then with a good heavy flock petticoat, (and, by the way, it is no longer "underskirt" now, it's "petticoat") she is perfectly and delightfully comfortable in every sense of the word. I have worn this under-apparel all winter and think it the best outfit going.

Pale gray is very much worn and is becoming to almost any one. For years a favorite costume of mine has been a pale gray gown, plainly made, with ruchings of white in the neck and sleeves. There is a quaint Puritanical look that is pleasing to almost every one.

Ruching in crepe lisse, embroidered chiffon, and various other materials which fall down over the collar and sometimes well over the shoulder, are much worn, but they are trying to many faces—I look like a fright in them myself. Elderly ladies should wear such full, soft neck wear, particularly laces, but girls do well to stick to plain linen bands and pretty checked or dotted silk ties. By the way, you can get a half a yard of surah, and by hemming them around with silk of the same shade make yourself two very pretty ties, which will wash and iron like calico.

There are on display in the shops as summer novelties, black bodices, some of them embroidered in purple and yellow, and some of them in plain black. I thought as I looked at them that it would be an easy thing for some expert little woman with a "skimpy" purse to make a good imitation in black lawn with a pretty pattern stamped on it and etched in black or purple. What a handsome dress it would make for an elderly lady!

The trimming for hats and bonnets is now made up of a few little loops or feathers standing high in the back and front over the almost flat crown. Strings are worn very much. They are in narrow velvet ribbon, or piece velvet cut bias and folded in what milliners call a French fold. These are about three and a half finger lengths from the back of the hat or bonnet to the end of the girdle, and are pinned across just under the chin. They are quite as becoming to young as to old.

And now that it is no longer good form to have under garments trimmed with a great lot of tucks and embroideries, and wealthy women are paying out large sums of money to have their linen hand made, the poorest little girl who reads this article may have under clothing her wealthy friend might envy. In the first place, get the very best material you can afford. I've always had a dream of linen myself—but don't despair if it's only unbleached muslin; bleach it carefully and go to work. Fell all the seams by hand stitching the hems in the same way. Then get linen or cotton floss, or even the fine cotton that comes in balls for making tidies, feather stitch about the neck of your corset covers and the neck, sleeves and down the front of your night gowns, and, if you can afford it, edge it with a narrow piece of Torchon lace; if you can't afford that, use a good piece of rick-rack braid, and you needn't be the least bit ashamed of your underclothing. They would be pretty, too, trimmed in hem-stitched ruffles of Lonsdale.

No matter how plainly a child is dressed, if her frock be only home-made flannel without a particle of

trimming, if some pretty, neat little neck arrangement is added it will give a "cared-for" appearance, more to be admired than fine clothing. I have made for my own little girl of six years (they would be equally appropriate for children from two years of age to twelve) little turn down collars made from left over embroidery and tucking left from her summer's frocks. I go about their manufacture in this wise: I take two pieces of the embroidery or tucking, or whatever I am going to use, and make each piece six inches long and two and a half inches wide—this allows for hems and the turning in at the neck—then I hem them around three sides with a narrow hem, leaving the top edge raw to turn in when sewing it on a piece of tape or strip of cloth; and now if you can afford it edge these little strips with narrow Torchon lace or embroidery, you can get a very good piece of either in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch widths for $11\frac{1}{2}$ cts. a yard; then sew them on a piece of tape or straight piece of cloth, and you have a very pretty turn down collar in two pieces, the tape to be basted inside the standing collar of the dress. I use

also hem-stitched and tucked ruffles of linen lawn.

Pretty cuffs may be made in the same way, only in one piece, and to turn back over the sleeve. I have been using lately for my little girl just the plain linen cuff, the same size as I use for myself, and they give a very dressed up look. These and plain linen collars are much used for children now-a-days.

A word as to doing the hair: The latest thing is to wear it low, just a little above the nape of the neck, and either pinned flat to the head in fine braids or twisted first in a French twist and then arranged in two smooth, compact loops on either side, like a figure 8. If you have hair that parts nicely and it is becoming to you, you will be in the very height of fashion to part it down the middle and wave it softly on each side, drawing it down demurely well over your ears—then you will have the satisfaction of knowing your coiffure is just like Mrs. Kendall's or Jane Hoding's; but if you have an abominable cow-lick, like myself, never try the experiment.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

AT the late R. S. conference of the Utah Stake of Zion, held in Provo, Presidents John and Cluff both addressed the sisters, and among other important instructions, pleaded earnestly with the mothers to cease building up the doctors and drug stores in our midst. Said President Cluff, the doctors and druggists are getting enormously rich, and they are doing it at your expense. Our people

are fattening them daily, and daily as a people are we drawing away from the simple truths and principles of this part of our religion. President John followed in a powerful exhortation to the sisters to return to the early faith of the Saints. He related one instance of the power of God which occurred in 1861, while a company of Saints were crossing the plains. A little girl, a twin daughter

of Brother Jenkins, of Missouri, got under a wagon, was in fact thrown out and fell under the wheel. The wheel passed directly over her head and the scalp and bony plates of the head were opened clear across the top, like the leaves of a book. There seemed no hope for the child's life. Brother John called for some white silk and Sister Penrose, the wife of Brother Charles Penrose, of Salt Lake City, happened to have a little. The head was drawn together by Brothers Penrose and John, the latter putting in the necessary stitches, and then Brother Penrose administered the oil, and Brother John sealed the anointing and behold the child lived and was speedily healed. She is living to-day, or was a short time ago.

Another thing which Brother John told the sisters made a very deep impression on all present. He remarked that on a recent trip on the cars, he had for a traveling companion one of the Gentile physicians of this city. The doctor was commenting on the perfectly startling death rate and the universal sickness which has spread a pall over our fair county. He said he had never seen anything to compare with it in all his experience. Brother John asked him what was the cause of the terrible mortality among the children.

"Ah," asked the doctor, "don't you know?"

"I think I do," answered Brother John, "but I wish you would tell me what you think about the matter."

"Well," said the doctor, "the real reason of this recent mortality is that the doctors kill them. The doctors have given more and stronger medicine to the children than a big, healthy man could stand. Now," he continued, "I have ninety-three cases of

sickness among children, and out of that whole number I have only lost one patient."

"How do you account for your success?" asked Brother John.

"Oh, easily. I give them no medicine. Not one drop. I have them kept warm, fed properly, and nursed carefully, and that is the whole secret of my success."

Mothers, wives, sisters, what do you think of that? Here you have the plain, simple directions in the Doctrine and Covenants for your guidance, you have consecrated oil and can call in the power of the Priesthood, no matter how poor and destitute your circumstances may be, to assist you in this labor of love and healing, and yet the moment your children complain of a little illness you are off for the doctor, and generally get one not of your own faith. It had seemed to me that in order for some of us to have faith in a doctor he must be either an apostate or a full-blooded Gentile. Then we can feel that we have got the skill of man on our side, while we leave the Priesthood to stand aside. Let me not be harsh in these things, for oh, I know how bitterly hard it is to stand aside to see our children die, refusing with our last remnant of strength to have a Gentile doctor called in and try his skill. But with all that sad experience behind me, I must testify to you that it is and will be far better for our loved ones to die, and go unspotted to God, while we stand firmly by our principles, than for them to be saved to us in this life, if it can be done by the skill of one not of our faith. We have no promise that our loved ones shall live to the Lord even if spared, only by compliance with the plain

directions given in the Doctrine and Covenants. While we know, if they die while we are doing our duty, they die to Him, and glorious will be their resurrection. Would you, my beloved sister, have your child spared to you, with the uncertain dread that, having failed to keep the command of God, your child might live and that, too,

not to the Lord? No, ah no! Better let us, our children and all we possess be laid in the friendly shelter of the grave than to prolong an existence which has not the promise and blessing of God upon its continuance! Shall we not unite as one voice in giving this resolve to the listening ears of angels?

◁HYGIENE.▷

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

COMMENCEMENT.

CACTUS.

JUNE 30th, '89. From January till June; a long stride indeed, even for the professed keeper of a diary to make. But in looking over my journal, I find so little of special interest during the interval, and so much that would be but a repetition of former papers, that I have decided upon the heroic step above mentioned.

Suffice it to say, that the long period from Christmas holidays to spring vacation, in April, wore slowly away. There were the same three to four daily lectures in the mornings, while the afternoons were employed as usual in the laboratories or at clinics. The only variety afforded were the quizzes and an occasional call for examination.

By the time the April vacation arrived, the snow, within a few days, had disappeared as if by magic, leaving in its stead a vast deluge of mud. Soon the grass came peeping out everywhere. Robins, blue-birds and woodpeckers took up their abode in the naked woods, making the welkin ring with their cheery voices.

Ere long the trees put forth their buds, and the lithe, graceful squirrels came forth from their hiding places. Buttercups and daisies put forth their starry faces among the green grass, and in the secluded spots the blue-eyed violet hung its modest head. In short, almost before we were aware of it spring was here with all her charms.

Tired out with our long siege of hard work—this was to us the most trying season of the year. The bright sunshine, lovely flowers and singing birds beckoned us to take long walks in the grand old woods, and revel in the beauties of nature. But duty and stern necessity chained us to the dingy and ill-smelling laboratories of art and science, which, interesting as they are, can never compete in interest or success with the great laboratory of nature, set in motion by the Master-hand of the universe.

But all things, even lectures, quizzes and examinations, must have an end, and thus it transpired in this particular instance.

The 7th inst. saw the Freshman released from his school and title. He is a Freshman no longer, but has gone forward one step to make room for

those to come, and to whom he will do as he has been done by. He is a "Junior just now."

One week later the Junior became a Senior, and the Senior stepped into the dignity and title of M. D.

It is a great pleasure to the student thus to reap the reward of his labor as he goes along, and a great stimulus to further effort. He knows that what he has already accomplished is at an end, so far as his college course is concerned; henceforth he will never be questioned as to his knowledge of the subjects passed. This leaves his mind free and untrammelled, allowing him to rest preparatory to grappling with newer and weightier subjects.

There are a few, however, who do not share these feelings of pride and station. These are they who, because of lack of ability, or more often of application, have failed to comply with all the demands leading to this happy state, and have hence been "plucked," or have one or more "conditions" staring them in the face. Many of these get discouraged and never return; others turn their steps toward less stringent institutions, and by paying a sufficient sum of money, with little personal effort, succeed in buying diplomas. Thus, a flood of "quacks" are yearly turned adrift, to gull a credulous public with their hollow and high-sounding titles as specialists or compounders of wonderful "cure alls," having about as much virtue as their creators have brains.

Happily for humanity this class of student belongs to a very small minority. By far the greater number are earnest, interested workers, who prosecute their studies with an honest purpose in view. Hence, the majority graduate with honor, and many reach

a high standard in practical life. As in all other branches of knowledge, a few only attain to great eminence.

This week, being the last of the school year, has been one of much interest and importance. The senior classes of every department have received the just reward of their long and arduous labors in the form of a sheet of parchment, tied with a blue ribbon. Simple in appearance, yet how much does it represent! How many hours of toil by day and poring over books and notes by night! How much anxiety and how many sacrifices of comfort or pleasure! None know of these things but those who have had a similar experience.

A brief description of the exercises of this "Commencement week" would, no doubt, be of interest to my readers. I will therefore insert it here, as I think it as appropriate as anywhere.

Each graduating class has a day set apart for its use, which is called "Class day." They are expected to occupy it in such a way as to be a sort of graduation jubilee for themselves and entertaining to the public, who flock in great crowds to see and hear them. The order of exercises is somewhat as follows:

Music.—By some band employed by the class.

Address.—Usually by the President of the class.

Class Poem.—By some member who has shown poetical talent during the course.

Music.

Class History.—As its name signifies, being a history of the class from the beginning, its successes and failures. The ludicrous part of its existence is particularly dwelt upon.

Class Prophecy.—This foretells the

future state in life of each member, and requires no little ingenuity on the part of the writer to make it interesting and witty. Some very funny hits are often made, especially on those who have shown any peculiarity of character or manner. It is usually written in rhyme and in the form of a vision.

The exercises usually close with music, or the singing of college songs. A portion of the class exercises are always held out of doors, when the weather will permit under the lappan oak. This is a large oak tree, situated on the Campus, between the library and the literary building. A platform is built around the tree, and a great number of seats are improvised for the spectators.

The last Thursday in June is always set apart for Commencement day. The classes form in procession in their various departments and march to University Hall, where they are seated in their respective places. The graduating classes occupy about one-half of that huge room. After they are seated spectators are allowed to enter and take seats.

Upon the platform are seated the President, members of the Board of Regents, and the various faculties of the institution.

During the seating operations the committees appointed to receive and distribute graduation presents are kept very busy. Load upon load of beautiful floral offerings, books, canes, umbrellas, and articles too numerous to mention, come rolling in from the admiring friends or relatives to the successful student.

Occasionally will be seen, after the exercises, some one who has been a social favorite, staggering beneath his

load of flowers, looking as though he were about to embark in a floral enterprise; while near by, may be another, equally deserving, who, lacking those qualities which gain him friends and acquaintances among the giddy throng of fashion, walks along singularly free from any incumbrances in the way of remembrances from his friends.

At 10 a. m. the vast assemblage is called to order by the President.

The exercises open by music and prayer. This is followed by the valedictory address, given by the President or some eminent scholar.

After more music is rendered, each class is called upon the platform in its turn to receive their diplomas. The rack full of scrolls, tied with blue ribbon, is presided over by the President, who hands them to the Dean of the department represented, who in turn hands one to each member of his class, with a few words of congratulation and encouragement. From two to three hours are thus consumed, during which time the audience amuses itself by scrutinizing the personal appearance of the candidates, and watching who gets the most graduation presents.

The exercises break up with music and a benediction. The graduating classes immediately adjourn to the Alumni dinner; the audience to their respective homes.

By evening nearly every student has departed for his home, and the erstwhile busy and interesting university town becomes suddenly as still and quiet as a funeral. This continues throughout the summer, until October brings back the old flock, together with many new ones to tread in the

paths of those who have moved further on.

I had almost forgotten the grand farewell given by the Senior classes the evening before Commencement. A great platform is built upon the Campus, adjoining the main building, over which is stretched a huge tent. The inside is decorated with flowering plants, flags, Japanese lanterns, and the college colors—yellow and blue.

Arches are built over the long path leading to the front entrance of the main building, and these, as well as the great halls, are decorated with innumerable Chinese lanterns, making a scene akin to fairy land.

Each Senior pays a fee of ten dollars, for which he receives ten tickets, which he has the privilege of selling to his friends.

When the hour for gathering arrives, the streets and Campus are lined with spectators, anxious to view the costumes of the favored parties as they pass along the aisles and under the decorated arches.

Entering the building, a march is instituted through the long halls and

reception rooms, until the hour for beginning the ball. When the time arrives the march is continued into the ball-room. Dancing is then indulged in until midnight, when supper is called. Each couple has been provided with a refreshment ticket, having a number on it, and they go into supper when that number is called. Refreshments consist of coffee and cake, fruits and ice-cream. Dancing is then continued until near morning.

It is a beautiful scene, not soon to be forgotten. The great pavilion, with its unique canopy; the soft, bewildering lights of the many colored lanterns; the beautiful decorations, the handsome men and lovely women, with their vari-colored costumes, all go to make up a scene oriental in its splendor, fairy-like in its appearance.

Thus end the pleasures of Commencement time. The Freshman looks on with delight, and with a little sigh longs for the time to come when he, too, can take active part in the festivities, and be the observed among observers.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THERE is one feature of this persecution from the United States Government, and the consequent Manifesto recently issued by the Presidency of the Church, which has received some laughing comment from numbers of people, but only once or twice have I heard the matter spoken of in the grave and serious manner which it assuredly deserves. I have not the statistics of this territory beside me at this moment, but it is a well known

fact that there is a preponderance of females over the male population of the Territory of Utah. Now, just add to that fact, the number of miners, roughs, adventurers and dissolute men generally which have entered into the count, then remember that as a people we have rarely among us a young man over the age of twenty-six unmarried, and there is something in the matter to set our girls, their mothers and fathers to thinking.

Go into any settlement of this territory, visit the meetings, the places of amusement, parties, theatres, or any like gathering, and you will at once notice the great preponderance of girls over boys, young women over young men. Then, subtract, if you are acquainted with the people present, the young men who are not as respectable as they might be, those whom you would object to have your own daughter or sister marry, and the result is something startling. It may well cause you to ask where are all these nice and really beautiful young women going to find a husband and a home?

Heretofore there has rarely been seen among us such a thing as an old maid; but wait ten years! If the present order of things prevail here then that does now, you will find some of these girls whose unbridled dispositions have led them to accept sin rather than remain old maids, and then, after that I believe I am safe in asserting that at least one-third of the remaining girls will have faded into a hopeless, helpless old maidenhood.

Oh, exclaims one of my bright young readers, I thought this manifesto made the men feel bad. I didn't think I had anything to do with the matter! You didn't? Well, just wait ten years, and then see if this manifesto hasn't as much significance for you, sitting at home with your empty dreams, as it has for the young married man, who has had his choice from a surplus of girls as good and good-looking as you are, and who now has, at least, the comforts of home, with one wife and a growing family of children. If you are inclined to philosophize, your reflections will run something after this strain. "What then

have I done to the United States Government, that I am denied the privilege of a husband and home of my own? Am I not more than willing to take a lesser share of a good man's time, but all of his affection, and is not my neighbor ready to give me a portion of his home and maintenance, while his wife stands ready to share all this with me for her present good and eternal welfare? Why must I dwell forever alone to please public opinion?" Then, again, will come the more serious side of the reflection! You will say, "what right had the government to demand that I should never have while on earth the privilege of living the highest law of God! The law that crucifies the flesh that it may sanctify the spirit; the law that marks the way to eternal progression?" While your neighbor is saying to himself, and his wife is telling him that sorry was the day when men undertook to crush what God had planted here upon the earth.

This is no fancy picture of what might well happen in the course of ten years, but what I most particularly wish to call your attention to now, is this fact! That you, as young women of Zion, have as much interest in this matter as do your mothers and fathers. See to it that not one word of foolish, silly rejoicing passes your lips for what has been done. If you speak of it at all, let it be in the most solemn and sacred spirit. Beware how you treat lightly the things of the Kingdom, for there will come a time when your words will be known, and you will be held accountable for them. Let your hearts rather be lifted up in earnest prayer for the God of heaven to come out of His hiding place and give to His people the succor and help

they so sorely need. I can venture to make one more prediction before closing this article: Before the Saints receive again the privilege of celestial marriage, there will be a far higher veneration and respect for that sacred order than has existed in the past. Husbands will appreciate their faithful and devoted wives, wives will have more charity and respect for their husbands, while wives will not make for themselves and each other so many unnecessary burdens.

And to close, young girls will find that not all the advantage of plural marriage belong to the married men. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted !

WE are very proud to be able to present to our readers the present number of this JOURNAL. Last number we had a very fine article from the pen of one of our soundest, deepest thinkers, John Nicholson, on the Indian Question. This same article suggested to President J. F. Smith many thoughts, some of which he has put into language to enrich this new department of ours and to feed the bright, eager minds of our young women. Let me advise you, girls, to persuade your fathers and husbands to read these articles. They are very valuable to every one in the Church, and we are sure you will appreciate them.

REALIZING the necessity of some financial help in this journalistic enterprise, Sister Taylor sanctioned the choice of Sister Ellen Jakeman as business manager of the JOURNAL. Sister Taylor, accompanied by Sisters Jakeman and Gates, went up to present the matter before the Presidency

of the Church. President Woodruff said some very kind and complimentary things about the JOURNAL and heartily approved the new appointment. Accordingly, Sister Jakeman was blessed and set apart under the hands of the Presidency of the Church, President George Q. Cannon being mouth, to act in the capacity of business or financial agent and manager of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL. We solicit for her always your faith and prayers and your substantial assistance, dear girls, whenever she shall visit you in your towns.

THESE words of encouragement come from a distant State:

ATCHISON, KANSAS,

January 20th, 1891.

My very dear young friend :

SUSA YOUNG GATES : At the opening of the new year I had planned in mind a warm, tender greeting for you, which was assuredly carried out in spirit if not in letter. Now, although several pages have been turned in its first month, we hope it is not too late to give the usual greeting and the wish for "a happy New Year," with strength and grace given to carry you safely through all its straits and hard, rough places. May you be aided, fortified and sustained in all efforts and labors for reform, in the development and advancement of true knowledge, wisdom to open doors of blessed opportunity, inspiration to walk therein and make the work of this year a glorious crown to the past. And may you abide in the presence of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always."

Yours in faith, hope and charity,
LUCY M. HEWLINGS.

OUR SHOPPING DEPARTMENT.

CAN girls have anything to do with finances? Yes, very much. If the women of a household, the women of a community, the women of a nation are extravagant and waste the substance of the house, the community, or the nation, that house, that community, and that nation will never be successful in money matters. Every woman who reads this JOURNAL should know her duty in regard to financial matters, and then do it. Few will dispute the fact that it is the policy of wise people to build up, by our patronage, those who are known to be true, honest and worthy. It is neither a wise nor a prudent course to spend our means wherever we get the lowest prices. Now, I who have lived in the country the most of my life, know the hearts of the sisters who live in our country towns; and know, too, how foolishly we act sometimes, when we come up to the city at our regular Conferences and spend the hard-earned dollars we have saved to get supplies in the metropolis.

It is to be a guide and a real friend to these, the readers of this JOURNAL, that this department has been organized. We have taken the trouble to secure the advertisements of the business houses in the city who are worthy in every sense of the word to receive the patronage of our country sisters, as well as the dwellers in the city itself.

There are one or two firms not yet visited, but by next fall, we shall be in a position to say to our readers, you can safely deal with each and every firm mentioned in this directory, and we guarantee that you will receive

courteous treatment, and that you will not be cheated by catchy bargains into buying one article at half price, while you are fooled in the purchase of all the rest of your goods.

We add this request: if you are not perfectly satisfied with the treatment you receive in any or all of these shops, report the matter to this JOURNAL, and if there are good grounds for your complaint you shall receive recompense, or we will not advertise that firm again. We are determined to make this department a perfectly reliable guide to every woman in this territory.

One thing more, if you will kindly take the trouble to mention to the clerk where you go to trade, that you saw this Directory and were guided by its counsel in your purchases, you will be doing a great favor to the JOURNAL, the merchant with whom you are dealing, and to your own indirect interests.

R. K. THOMAS' DRY GOODS STORE.

It is a pleasure to begin the directory with the name of this firm. For of all the business men of Salt Lake City none have been more liberal and more interested in the cause of woman's advancement than has been Brother Thomas. Beside his big heart, he has a big brain, and has developed a magnificent business, where the very best goods, the finest supplies, and the richest and prettiest novelties can be purchased. If any of you girls want a new dress, you can depend on the word of his clerks for the latest novelties or the most durable

materials for your purpose. To mention one small thing, which will prove to you how complete in every detail is this establishment, if you buy a new dress there, you can order buttons to match the same, and they will be made to order in the establishment. All the pretty neck wear, hose, and such like womanly belongings will be found in abundance in this store. The address is 26, 28, 30 and 32 East First South street, which you will find one half block east of the Jennings' clock corner, on the south side of the street.

EVERY woman wants a sewing machine of her own. And I am glad that I have the firm of Young Bros. to speak of in this connection. Because I have used a Domestic Machine for five years, and it is as good today as it was the day it came from the shop. I can with all heartiness tell you that the Domestic is a very excellent machine. It has the advantages of the other machines, and a few belonging exclusively to itself. You will never regret getting one, and you can depend on the Young Bros. giving you the best terms for your money. This firm also keep a fine line of organs, pianos, and other musical instruments. Don't fail to call and see them, and witness the wonders performed on the Queen Domestic Machine.

If you decide, while you are in the city, to buy a lamp, some china, a set of dishes, glassware of any description, or a pair of vases for your mantle, I want you to go into Little & Roundy's store, a half block north of the clock corner, on the west side of the street, and tell them that the JOURNAL sent you there. You will find one of the most obliging clerks,

and prettiest and daintiest line of china and glassware that ever coaxed money out of a beauty-loving woman's pocket. It will pay you to get a set of dishes here, for there are sets as low as ten dollars, and I can assure you the packing and shipping of them will be done in the best and most scientific style. I have had glass globes packed by this firm and sent clear down to Dixie, without the least injury. They keep all the latest fads in table decoration, as well as the standard wares and solid dishes of every kind.

THE Thirteenth Ward Co-op. is a firm that depends on the strict honesty and integrity of manager, clerk, and of the goods themselves to advertise them to its patrons. But I am pleased to be able to advise our country sisters to go in there while up in the city, for you will find there the same pleasant, friendly, informal atmosphere that once characterized the stores of our people, and you will be sure also of getting some of the best bargains in the city. This firm often buy and then dispose of job lots of goods, and the profit to themselves, if small, is advantageous for the thrifty and economical housewife, who finds she can purchase good, if unfashionable, gingham at seven cents a yard, and other bargains at like figures, is willing and anxious to come again. By job lots, is meant goods in quantity, that, because of their becoming a little out of date as to pattern or texture are unsalable in the nobby dry goods' stores, and are sold for less than cost. So, if you girls want cheap goods, try this reliable and yet cheap establishment.

It is very likely that some of you may want to buy a set of bedroom or

parlor furniture while up in the city. You can with the utmost assurance of getting the worth of your money in this direction, go into the store of S. R. Marks', just opposite the south gate of the Tabernacle. There you will find yourself surrounded by a bewildering choice of all sorts and kinds of furniture. From a clock shelf to a five hundred dollar parlor suite, you will see everything to furnish and make comfortable your dear little home far away. Tell them the JOURNAL sent you in there to look at their pretty things, and buy whatever you need or want with perfect confidence.

ANOTHER well known Salt Lake firm that does not advertise outside of the city, is that of Solomon Brothers' Shoe Store. They say truthfully that one pair of shoes made in their excellent establishment is the best advertisement they can have. This writing, then, is to persuade you, my dear readers, to go in there while you are in the city and get your foot measured for a pair of the best fitting shoes that you ever wore in your life. After that you will be a willing advertiser of those shoes. I, who have tried them myself, speak with assurance. Be sure and mention the JOURNAL when you go in there.

WHO that lives in the confines of this territory does not know the firm of Dinwoodey? Who is there, of our old residents, that have not slept on one of his bedsteads? Now, if my readers want to see some of the most beautiful and costly, as well as the cheapest and most durable things in the furniture line, just step into Dinwoodey's new establishment, one-half block west of the clock corner. You will be repaid

for the looking around. For he has the most magnificent store in Salt Lake City.

ANOTHER firm, almost as old as the Main street itself, is that of Calder's Music Store. The same reliable Mason and Hamlin organ, and all the well established piano makers, have their agencies in this store. If you want anything in the musical line, from a guitar string to a Steinway piano, go into this store and be well suited.

THERE is one more dry goods store which I wish to recommend to your attention, and that is the People's Equitable Co-op. Store. You will find good bargains, courteous treatment and a fine lot of goods in this establishment.

YOU may not need a good flannel dress this spring, unless you are from Bear Lake; but take our advice anyway, and go into Cutler's Store, and see the many and beautiful things that are made in our own territory. It is our duty to build up home manufacturing, and the Cutler Brothers have made it a pleasure as well.

LASTLY, but by no means leastly, don't neglect to go into the long established picture gallery kept by jolly Brother Savage, and have a picture of yourself taken while you are in your Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. He does, it is well known, the very best work in his line west of the Missouri river. There are no poor pictures turned out of his shop, at least I have never seen one, and I have had dozens taken there. He charges no more than do your amateur country photographers, and does his work in the highest style. Go in and try him this spring.

THE Salt Lake Equitable Co-op. is another establishment that aims at and really accomplishes an important result, that of giving the people cheap, good and salable goods. They make small profits and get quick returns. All who want bargains will do well to go there with their money.

FOR all kinds of stationery and books, for school supplies, and all kinds of toys, birthday cards and novelties, go into D. M. McAllister's book store and get the worth of every dollar you spend. They are thoroughly reliable. If you want books at wholesale, try this firm. If they have not what you inquire for, they will send east at once for the desired article.

S. P. TEASDEL'S four stores are as familiar to the dweller in Utah as the Arsenal Hill. So when you want to do some satisfactory trading, and especially if you have dried fruit or produce to exchange, go to genial Brother Teasdel and secure a genuine bargain. He is the man that suits every customer.

Go to Johnson & Pratt's drug store for medicine and any sort of dainty or pretty toilet arrangement; you will certainly be suited there. Anyway, go in and get some 'soda water from Parley, or joke a little with irresistible Charley for five minutes. You will want to go again.

DURING conference you must get something to eat. The only Mormon establishment where you can get a meal for a quarter, that I know of, is S. F. Ball's. There you will get a well cooked, substantial dinner. I

can recommend this place from a long experience.

INSTEAD of saying anything myself about the Woman's Co-op., I will give the letter addressed to this JOURNAL.

W. C. M. AND M. I.,
123 E. 1st South Street,
Opposite City Hall,
January 22, 1892.

DEAR SISTERS: You are perhaps aware that the women of this Stake have organized a Co-operative Mercantile and Manufacturing Institution for the building up of their temporal interests, with the sanction and hearty approval of the First Presidency of the Church. We therefore desire you to assist us in this work and ask others to do so, by speaking in your Relief Society meetings and elsewhere when and wherever you have an opportunity, by soliciting patronage and urging the sisters to take shares, which are so low as to come within the reach of all (being only \$5.00 a share). We have a dress-making apartment connected with the store, and hope soon to add the millinery. All our millinery goods will be new and of the latest styles. We make a specialty of temple clothing and burial suits.

We also have an Employment Office attached, through which we expect to furnish Mormon places for our girls from outside towns who wish to go from home to work.

Trusting that you will interest yourself in this enterprise, as upon your support and patronage in a measure depend our success, we subscribe ourselves,

Your sisters in the gospel,
M. I. HORNE, Prest.,
M. Y. DOUGALL, Vice-Prest.,
GLADYS WOODMANSEE, Sec.

How much faster our shoes wear out because our feet are very long and narrow, or very wide and short, and we can't get shoes to exactly fit them. Now, if you will go into Spencer & Lynch's shoe store you will find every style of footwear imaginable. Take your children in there and get shoes that will easily last them until you come up to the next conference, while they will be cheaper than those you buy at home. Try and see. You will only need one trial to convince you.

AND now, girls, when you come to the city you will travel a portion of the distance on the cars. Therefore, let me advise you, whenever and wherever possible travel on Rio Grande Western. The regular day coaches are the most elegant and certainly the most comfortable of any I have seen in the United States. The ladies toilette room is clean and nicely fitted up with looking-glass, combs, brushes and a marble wash basin. At the end of the coach or car is a large plate glass mirror, and a long velvet covered lounge, upon which more than one wearied woman has reclined for an hour, while she poured out blessings upon the road which has provided her so great a luxury. One other thing, every one connected with this railroad so far as I have had any experience from manager to porter, treats everybody with a kindly civility that is more than pleasant.

It seems superfluous to tell the girls that they are safe as to conscience when they spend their money at

Z. C. M. I., and they will also get the best quality of goods for every cent spent in this magnificent institution. You don't know, girls, what a noble work this firm has done for years in keeping down prices and forcing all smaller stores in the territory to deal honestly with the people. Apostle Moses Thatcher, whose genial smile lighted up our interview with the manager, suggests the strong intimation that strictly cash customers are desired at Z. C. M. I.

THE firm of Hardy Bros. & Young are very popular with city customers because of the excellent stock of groceries, dry goods, notions and shoes kept by them, and also because of the kindly courteous treatment given to every body who enters the store. One thing, remember, in regard to this firm, the larger the sum you spend here, the better terms you will get. Try them, sisters.

WHEN your fathers or brothers who may be store keepers, want to lay in stock, just tell them Spencer Clawson can give them better terms on dry goods than can those who are retailers and general merchants. The reason of that is, he is a specialist in his line of goods.

Now, girls, report the result of this department to your local Presidents and ask them to report at our General Officers' Meeting in April, also in October at the General Conference. We are anxious to know how our experiment succeeds.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◁ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▷

VOL. II.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL, 1891.

No. 7.



NELLIE COLEBROOK.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

NELLIE COLEBROOK.

IN A sermon which President George Q. Cannon recently preached at a Stake conference, he made use of the Biblical expression that Jesus Christ would not judge humanity "by the

hearing of the ear nor the sight of the eye."

This is indeed a comforting thought, and one entirely in keeping with the character, mission, sacrifices and great love which Christ has proven that He

bears toward us; but while we dwell here in imperfection we have no other way of judging the conduct and motives of each other except by the hearing of the ear and the sight of the eye. We are, indeed, pledged by sacred promises to throw the mantle of charity over every act of our brothers and sisters, and our repeated failures to do this is brought home to the conscience only when some brave, strong heart, purified in the fire of adversity and suffering, dares draw the veil, and for the benefit of those yet to come, give up the secret contests of the soul.

The subject of this sketch was born May 1st, 1848, at Chattenham, England. Her father's family were professional men, and her father, although educated for a physician, did not follow it.

Her mother's family had much to distinguish them, and in this family was invented the famous drill machines which have since been used in tunneling under rivers, and for various other herculean tasks. These machines have been greatly improved upon since their invention, but it is quite consistent for an American and a Latter-day Saint as well, to be proud of the fact that the conception of so grand a principle germinated in the brain of an ancestor. Her grandfather Colebrook was three times elected mayor of Essex.

Mrs. Nellie Colebrook's mother, whose maiden name was Purce, had a miracle wrought in her behalf in her girlhood. She was run over at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and the result was a broken foot. This was neglected and resulted in a twisted knee, and for eight years she went on crutches and was incapacitated for those heartier amusements that occupy

the time and attention of young people generally, and she turned to scripture reading. One idea haunted her continually—that of the "wedding garment," indeed she really worried and fretted about it and refused to accept the highly spiritualized sectarian version, insisting that it *was a veritable garment*.

After a severe illness of the nature of brain fever, from which she showed some signs of recovery, she had what we would call a vision. Twelve personages entered her room and passed around her bed, following one after another until her bed was surrounded. They each pointed to her as they walked, and the last one, who seemed to be the superior, stretched out his hand and laid it on her head. He told her among other things that they wore the wedding garment; that she should live and should go to "Zion." Told her what to use for her lame limb and how to use it. And while she gazed at them through the beautiful light that filled the room, they were gone. She was commanded not to tell all that was said to her, but that portion she did tell was considered a dream and accepted as a sure premonition of death.

The doctor very much desired to remove the crooked limb as she rallied from her illness, but she clung to her promises and insisted on using what the person in the vision prescribed, and in three months she was able to walk.

Being a very practical person, she did not spiritualize the promise that she should go to Zion, and was ready for the gospel when it came. If any proof or testimony was wanting to convince her that the Zion she had found on earth was that Zion named

to her by the heavenly messenger, she had it when in the endowment robes, she beheld the wedding garment worn by the twelve angels.

Her conversion is equally interesting. She was a young bride of a few months when her mother, who had received word that a valued young lady friend had been converted to Mormonism, sent her young daughter (Miss Maria Colebrook) to talk with this lady and if possible prevent her going to Utah. While at the house earnestly and vehemently protesting against what she chose to consider a useless sacrifice of her friend's life to a fancy, she was seized with the symptoms of spasms. Her friend proposed that she should be administered to, but she scornfully refused, saying, "I would not permit such low creatures to touch me!" However, on the symptoms becoming more pronounced, she consented to the administration and was instantly healed, and although she had suffered all her life with these spasms, she never had a recurrence.

She came to America on the *Henry Ware*, in 1850, which was so miraculously saved by a light sent from heaven when they were on a dangerous reef. This vessel had the most disastrous voyage of any vessel that ever arrived in port finally with no lives lost.

Lest our readers shall begin to wonder whose biographical sketch this is, I will just say that Nellie Colebrook was a child of nearly two years of age, and twice on this voyage her life was saved by just a hair's breadth.

Her parents settled in Salt Lake City, and in common with other of the early Saints passed through many bitter trials of hunger, poverty and toil. Little Nellie knew what it was

to be without enough bread, and Mrs. Colebrook sold a magnificent Brodia shawl for one hundred pounds of flour and then took the sack of flour and divided it into small portions and sent it to her friends.

Times improved, but while Nellie was still a little girl in short dresses, an incident occurred that has become historical, although the name of the "Mormon girl" was not given. When Gen. Connor was making efforts to get possession of the contents of the arsenal, and the people had determined on burying what they desired to retain possession of, and Mr. Colebrook and his assistants were just back of the arsenal hill really engaged at the moment in the task, Gen. Connor and three aides rode up to the arsenal and demanded of Miss Nellie, who had been left there as a sort of guard, if Mr. Colebrook was there.

"No," she answered promptly.

"Are there any cannon kept here?" the General proceeded to inquire.

"I don't know," she responded.

"Are there any guns?"

"I don't know."

"Is there any powder?"

"I don't know."

The General's patience gave out here and he swore, of course, and remarked that being a Mormon they could expect nothing but evasive answers. In this matter she acted without instructions, even to the locking up of two or three children who were with her, lest they should not be discreet in answers should questions be put to them.

During the next few years she received such education as her health and circumstances would permit.

Brigham Young wrote a letter requesting Miss Colebrook's parents to

allow her to play on the stage. She accepted the invitation, and the people of Salt Lake City and many others still remember how she could delight an audience, be the character which she interpreted tragedy or comedy. It was not strange that her beauty, grace and talents attracted to her many men not of the faith of her people, men of polish and refinement, as the world goes. It was almost impossible to avoid association with this class, and from the companionship of those who had no faith she soon lost the light herself. A proposal of marriage from a Mr. Brooks was favorably considered and the wedding took place.

The trusting young bride willingly forsakes the idolized mother, the happy home and hosts of admiring friends to travel east with her husband, looking hopefully forward to a realization of all her bright anticipations of happiness, she walked forth on a path of roses—to return, alas! like many others, on a path of thorns! The story told with such unfailing certainty sooner or later in every marriage out of this Church was again repeated with nothing of its characteristic misery, woe and repentance lacking.

In a tenement house in a far eastern city the oft-wronged wife was left to battle with want and loneliness unspeakable until brought home by indignant and grief-stricken parents. A degree of solace came to the mother's heart in the life of a son, but in speaking of this unhappy marriage the lady said, "I did not find one hour's happiness; one disappointment followed another, with sorrow and trouble of various kinds, until I felt that I could endure no more. Then a divorce."

There were a number of well-meaning people, no doubt, who sought to

assuage her grief by taking her to all sorts of places of amusement, and they even went so far as to plan a new marriage for her with a wealthy gentleman who was not a Church member. One evening at one of these social parties, a man, thinking no doubt to entertain the apostates present, shocking as it seems, began caricaturing ceremonies in which he had once participated as holy. This was the man who was then aspiring to the hand of Mrs. Nellie Colebrook. This act filled her with a disgust and loathing that were unspeakable, and her feelings must have appeared in her face, for she leaned slightly forward and looked at him. His eye caught hers and he immediately desisted, and such a thing was never again attempted in her presence.

One of the ladies who witnessed this episode, called the next day and said, "I am glad you rebuked him," but Mrs. Colebrook replied, "It was not I, but God who rebuked him," and that was the truth, and she did right to give the glory where it was due.

In spite of all that her mother had experienced, the daughter wandered in thick, spiritual darkness. Her mother's testimonies did not satisfy her any more than to see another drink will satisfy the thirst of the beholder. She looked upon the wreck of her ruined life, and felt there was nothing worth living for, and nothing worth dying for. She read the popular works of infidels, and tried to believe there was no God, because He had not answered her prayers when she had prayed against light and knowledge; because she was in the terrible unhappy position in which she found herself. And for three years she never prayed.

Then came her mother's last illness and her dreadful suffering. When the conviction forced itself upon the mind of the daughter that nothing but death would relieve her mother from suffering, she knelt by that bedside, and in her anguish prayed that God would give to her a testimony of His existence. That that testimony should be for death to be painless and peaceful. Holding her mother's hand, the prayer had scarcely left her lips until it was answered. There was a quick, warm pressure of the hand, an electric thrill through her entire being, and death came peacefully and painlessly as she had prayed.

Then came long months of struggle between yearning conviction and sensitive pride, the desire to again belong to the true Church, and the shrinking from making advances of that nature. During this period of her life, her son was taken very ill and his life despaired of. There was one good Church member, Brother Dean, who came to see her, administered to the child, prayed for and with her, comforted her, and seeming to divine her thoughts, proffered her baptism. The child restored to health, she gladly accepted, and the ceremony that made her once more a member of the Church of Jesus Christ was performed.

She said that it seemed to her that she had just began to live then. Peace, confidence and hope were once more hers, and the long struggle of doubt, darkness and despair was over. Shortly after joining the Young Ladies' Improvement Association of the 14th Ward, she was chosen to preside, her adaptability to her calling was readily recognized by all, and by earnestness, diligent labor and loving consideration for the members of the society,

she soon won their respect and affection. For a number of years she has occupied the position of Counselor to President M. A. Freeze, in the Salt Lake Stake. She has faithfully performed every duty. One great object of her life—one aim in her ministry to the daughters of Zion, for which she is willing to sacrifice every personal feeling or interest, is to prevent as far as it lies in her power, other young ladies from making the serious mistakes of her own young lifetime. With penitence and humility she confesses her faults—trusting they may be as a guide-post to other wayward travelers. And her voice is often raised with all the earnestness of her soul, and the eloquence born of mighty suffering—pleading with the young ladies of Zion to turn away from and set their hearts as a flint against the tempter that will allure and deceive them into a marriage outside of their own faith.

Her thorough conversion to the gospel and sincerity have been tested by her acceptance of the principle of celestial marriage, and while she clasps another little son to her once storm-tossed but now peaceful and contented heart, she firmly avows that with all the sacrifice and inconvenience of such a union in these troublous times when the Saints are enduring scorn and persecution, she has found a tranquil satisfaction and happiness beyond anything known or expected in years gone by. She has had numerous testimonies and experiences since that time, many that would make interesting and profitable reading, but a biographical sketch in a magazine can at least be but an imperfect outline of so eventful and now happy a life.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE VALLEY.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

A PRINCELY hall where joyful year by year
Nature's rich heirs the seasons come to dwell,
Bringing the choicest of their treasures here
To deck the valley each one loveth well.

I choose for mine the spring's fair chambers
where

Her dainty taste with perfect art has wrought,
And look upon the works of beauty rare
Whose humblest grace bears imprint of high
thought.

The richest fabrics grace this perfect room—
Rare tapestries of foliage fold on fold,
Rugs woven fine in nature's subtle loom—
Their mottled green run through with white and
gold

Of daisies and of buttercups—designs of screens
In leaves and blossoms placed at every turn—
Fringed willows and laced branches, trees that
lean

Where flickering fires of the sunlight burn.

Splendors of art outspread before our gaze—
Rare canvases of sky and lake, with forms
thereon

Of cloud and shadow-dawn's pale-tinted haze
And sunset scenes in red and amber drawn—
Fair visions traced, memories of dreams en-
rolled.—

Dawn's jeweled chambers which the mist en-
shrouds;—

Spired temples with their tale of ruin scrolled
In sombre pigments of the western clouds.

And on the glazed stretch of lake, low hung
Adown the west, reflections throng in hues
That light the rainbow-flakes of color flung
Like wreaths among the water's theme of
blues.

Here priceless bric-a-brac of flowers piled—
Stained cups and goblets known of bird and
bee—

Quaint corners with rare pinks and pansies
tiled

And tinted rose shells breathing mystery.
Exquisite panels of long lanes and streams
And columned poplars, with a distant frieze
Of purple hills—their edges traced in gleams
Of silver snow—the painted spray of seas.

These the fair trappings of the place where
spring

Best loves to while away her life's short
dream

Lulled by such airs as through the lattice sing
Without a note of discord in their theme.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 251.]

BRIGHT and golden dawned the
following morning, and eager,
expectant Helma could hardly wait
until all were ready, at about eleven
o'clock, to start for the creek.

At last the Bishop's folks had come,
and they, with Gwyn and Helma and
the three younger children were all in
a spring wagon, and comfortably
seated on three spring seats arranged
for the occasion. Then the Bishop
came along in his buggy, and as Jacob
jumped into it and seated himself, he
asked of Gwyn,

"Where is Will?"

"I think he intends to ride Nig, and
Chloe is going to ride here," answered
Gwyn; but just then Will and Chloe
both came galloping up on horse-back,
and the little party started off, in the
midst of cheery "good-mornings,"
and "how-do-you dos."

"What a graceful rider Chloe is!"
remarked Ida Smith, as they watched
the two equestrians riding side by side
a few rods in front of them.

"I shouldn't think Edward, with his
hot temper and suspicious nature,
would allow Chloe to go about with a
young, handsome man like Will, as
she does," said Fanny.

"Edward is in the canyon; perhaps
he wouldn't like it if he knew what
they are doing," was all the explana-

tion Gwyn ventured to make. And then the children called attention to the autumn scenery, and they all talked of other things.

They had reached the place appointed at the creek, Will had unharnessed and unsaddled the horses, and the women and older children had gathered sticks and started a fire when Bishop Smith and Jacob arrived.

Then the sacred ordinance of baptism was attended to for eight-year-old Helma; her clothes changed, the wet ones hung on the willows to dry, and presently all hands were ready to try their luck at fishing.

"There will not be many fish caught, I'll venture to say, where all these chattering children are," observed Will; "I think I'll go up the creek aways and find a quiet nook to myself."

"Suppose I go, too," said Chloe in a low, soft voice, unheard by other ears than those to whom her words were addressed, and, perhaps, the angels. "If we don't talk the fish will not be frightened, and two hooks will catch more than one," she added with a winsome smile.

Surprised looks were exchanged between the other ladies of the party, when Will and Chloe started off, as real, genuine lovers might have done, separating themselves from the remainder of the company, but no comments were offered upon the subject.

A short distance from the spot where they left the others, the two crossed the canyon road; and still a little further up the stream, they found a quiet nook, such as Will thought to look out for, and there seated themselves upon the saddle blanket he had brought and spread upon the bank for that purpose.

It does not matter whether it was half an hour or two hours, or what length of time they spent there, their heads bent close together that they might whisper to each other without frightening the finny inhabitants of the slowly running stream; or whether they caught five, ten or a dozen fish, large or small. The one circumstance here to be related, which made that Friday afternoon a notable one in the lives of three individuals, is of vastly more importance than all else that transpired with them that day.

Edward had been more prosperous in his canyon work than he had anticipated, and was returning home with his load of wood earlier than his wife had any idea he could do. And being early, when he came to the creek the thought occurred to him that he might as well stop and cut a few willows and throw on top of his wood, as there were no bad places to pull over between the creek and home, and as he was needing willows right away to mend the fence to his calf-pasture.

For this purpose he left the main road before reaching the creek in order to find better willows for his use which grew farther up the creek.

He had cut the willows and loaded them upon his wagon, and was driving down the creek to the crossing, when he came to a small opening in the brush, and looking across the creek he beheld a sight which seemed for the moment to freeze him stiff. Will and Chloe sitting close together upon the opposite bank, like two school children, smiling into each other's faces while they fished and whispered.

Edward wondered if he could really be awake, or if he were in a frenzied dream. He bit his tongue to try to assure himself, clinched his

fists, and actually tore his hair. The two on the opposite bank could scarcely have felt more terrified had the eyes of some wild, ferocious beast been glaring upon them, than they did at Edgar's terrible looks. He could not speak, he was choking. But he motioned spasmodically for Chloe to go down to the crossing and meet him there.

She arose with white, frightened face and handed Will her fish pole, saying,

"I will have to go."

"Shall I go, too,—will it be best?" Will asked hurriedly.

"No, it will be better for you to stay," Chloe exclaimed as she hastened away.

Will sat for a moment with both fishing-rods in his hands, trying to feel composed; trying to think that no wrong had been done because none had been intended, and that no harm could come of it. But he could not resist the feeling which prompted him to get up and go where he could see how Edward would meet his wife when she should reach him. And to his infinite disgust, chagrin and anger, he saw the husband seize his wife by the shoulders and shake her as if he intended to tear her in pieces.

"The coward! to lay rough hands upon a woman!" muttered Will between his clinched teeth. "Why don't he come at me? or shall I go after him."

But he saw Chloe climb upon the load in an agitated way, and Edward was up, too, and had started the team towards home before he could have reached them.

Will went back to his fishing, solemnly hoping that none of the party farther down the creek had been

near enough to witness the disgraceful scene which he felt Edward had made with no reasonable excuse for having done so. Very different, however, were Edward's feelings on the subject.

The next day being Saturday, Edward did not go to the canyon, but busied himself about home during the morning hours, and in the afternoon hitched up his team and went for a load of willows from the creek.

All he had said to his wife, and her answers, since his return from the canyon had only served to tantalize him more and more; and as he worked that day he felt much like the weather appeared, clouding up and preparing to burst forth in a violent storm.

It was evening when he reached home with his load of willows, and as he drove into the yard he was exasperated beyond measure at seeing a man enter the kitchen door. He believed it to be Will, but could not determine in the darkness. Hastily stopping his team he left it standing, and taking his rifle from the wagon, he stepped quickly but noiselessly toward the house.

"I'm expecting him every minute," he heard Chloe say. And Will's voice answered,

"Well, I'll call again, tonight or in the morning."

"No, you will not, Will Hillon; you will never cross that door-step again!" Edward muttered fiercely to himself, stepping backward until he stood against a fence-post where he knew Will would climb over to go to his uncle's.

It was too dark for one coming from a lighted room to observe another standing against a fence; so Edward remained unnoticed, with his gun

raised ready to fire it off when Will stepped upon the bottom rail of the fence. The spirit of murder was upon him, yet his better nature asserted itself and he shuddered at the thought of taking the life of a fellow being. But jealousy and revenge are strong powers when they unite together, and the hesitancy which Edward felt was but for an instant; then with a firm though rash grasp he pulled the trigger. There was a flash as of lightning, a sharp, heavy sound, and then all was quiet. Instead of the shot being fired from the gun, however, it had gathered dampness while lying upon the wagon, waiting for the ducks which did not come to the creek that afternoon, and the powder "flashed in the pan," causing the gun to "kick" tremendously. Edward was knocked against the fence with such force as to nearly stun him, and before he could draw a second breath, the man he had thought to shoot had dropped from the fence and seized him by the collar.

"Who are you, some crazy loon?" gasped Will's voice close to Edward's ear as the two men grappled.

"You shall know who I am, Will Hillon," retorted Edward. "My gun failed to kill you, but my hands shall not. You shall know that I am the avenger of my wife's honor and my own wrongs!" While saying this he was desperately trying to grasp the throat of his antagonist.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the latter, "is it you, Edward Grange? Hold on, Edward," he continued, "you have mistaken your man—I am not Will Hillon, but Jacob Howe!"

Edward's grasp upon Jacob relaxed almost as suddenly as if he had been shot.

"Jacob Howe!" he murmured very faintly; Jacob—my—best friend—and I—have killed him!" and Edward Grange, the tall, strong man sank upon the ground helpless and motionless.

Jacob raised the senseless form into a half sitting posture; chafed the cold face and hands; and finally blew a long, strong breath into the rigid face. Then Edward slowly revived, and as he leaned his head against Jacob's shoulder, he wept and sobbed like a little child.

"Can you forgive me, Jacob, can you ever think of me as a friend again?" he asked at last, amid his sobs and tears.

"Why not?" said Jacob, "you haven't hurt me."

"But I tried to," answered Edward, "and, but for God's mercies, should have shot you dead. I thought it was Will, though, and thought I ought to kill him."

"You must never think so any more, Edward," Jacob answered emphatically. "Will and Chloe have acted very foolishly, I know; but he is the soul of honor, and would not knowingly do a mean thing to save his life. And Chloe—surely you have more confidence in her true, womanly nature than to imagine she could be really false to you. Try to believe in their honor and truthfulness, notwithstanding they have deeply and cruelly wronged you by their childish thoughtlessness. Try to forgive as you hope to be forgiven; and educate your wife by gentle, persuasive means to do as you wish her to do. This you never can do by giving way to an evil temper yourself."

"My wicked temper has always been my worst enemy," said Edward, "and when my rights are trespassed upon as

they have been lately, it is impossible for me to control it."

"Impossible in your own strength, Edward," Jacob reasoned, "but if we rely upon the Lord, He will enable us to overcome all the evils of our natures; not all at once, but by careful, persistent efforts all our lives, we shall get through without doing any very bad thing which would mar our peace and disturb our rest forever."

Edward now attempted to arise, and with Jacob's help he tottered to his feet.

"Shall I look after your team for you?" Jacob asked.

"Oh, no!" answered Edward, "I am better now and can attend to it myself."

"Well," said Jacob, "I'll step to the door and tell Chloe you are sick; that will prepare her for you; and I would say but little tonight, if I were you; say nothing to anyone of what has happened."

"That is good advice I know," replied Edward; "what a good friend you are to me, Jacob, I wish I deserved such friendship."

"Be true to yourself hereafter, Edward, and you will deserve all the good you'll get," was Jacob's answer as he turned toward the house.

Edward clung to him and said,

"You do not know what I have suffered in my feelings lately; no one can ever know."

"I can imagine something about it," responded Jacob. "I am naturally inclined to be jealous and suspicious myself, and know how the poor, weak human heart may be tortured; but Gwyn has been so kind to me, so true to me, she has helped me much to overcome. Let me tell you one thing that I have learned,

Edward," continued Jacob, "there is no surer way of bringing about a separation between husband and wife, of creating discord and killing love, than by yielding to the spirit of jealousy and allowing it to manifest its unreasonable and unholy selfishness. Only think of it, Edward, what an awful thing it is for a husband to suspect his wife of unfaithfulness to him! What woman, with a spark of human pride in her nature, could meekly bear such an accusation? Who would not retaliate? Look at this matter fairly. Now is the time to begin over again, and win back what you have been losing, your wife's affections. You are sick; she will nurse and comfort you; then you should praise her ability, and speak appreciatingly of her kindness. Humble yourself and ask her forgiveness; be charitable, and when she follows the wise example you thus set for her, forgive her with all your heart. Be lovers again and forever."

Edward pressed Jacob's hand warmly, and although he could not speak, he felt that the admonition of his friend was what he needed, and resolved to follow it to the letter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PLEA FOR MARRIAGE.

Inscribed to my friend Lillis A. Wood.

CACTUS.

LILLIS, fair flower of womanhood,
I look upon your form of stately grace,
As lithe and supple as the wild gazelle,
Yet mingled with a gentle dignity
That well befits thee. There I see
Fair nature's charms in modesty displayed,
Untrammelled by the vain world's artful guise,
Which ever seeks God's image to deface.
Upon thy broad, smooth brow of marble hue,
And in thy calm, dark eye serenely bright,
Religion her unerring impress laid,

And marked thee as her own beloved child.
This thine outward seeming, who can tell
What is thine inner life, what hopes and fears
May even now hold counsel in thy breast!

Thou'st said to me that it is thy belief
That thou can'st live a better, holier life,
Devoted more to God and human kind,
By treading o'er the path of life alone,
Taking for authority the words of Paul:
" 'Twere better not to marry."

Know you not
'Twas on this self-same rock the ancient church,
Seeking the ord'nances of God to change,
Lost both His Spirit and divine approval?
Opprobrium cast they on His primal law
Given in Eden to every living thing,
Beginning with our own progenitors.
Oh, think you not that we should rather heed
The Master's mandate, than the advice alone
Of him who was but workman of His plans!

In the beginning God made heaven and earth;
Prepared the latter for the blest abode
Of His dear children. His most perfect work
Was man; and, having placed him there,
His wisdom vast foresaw his lonely state.
Immediately the mandate was sent forth.
"Prepare for him an helpmeet; 'tis not good
For man to be alone."

'Twas done;
And when our father from his dream awoke,
Entranced he gazed upon the virgin form,
Of his God-given bride. Not until then
Had joy supreme been his.

He called her Eve:
"Mother of all that lives." In Eden's bowers,
Monarch of all around he held his sway,
While Eve, as queen and priestess, walked be-
side.

And laws were given them their lives to guide
By God, their constant visitor and friend,
Foremost of which was Nature's primal one,
That every living thing, both man and beast,
Bird, fish and insect, tree and plant alike,
Should reproduce its kind. Thus should the
earth
Continue in its state Elysian.

Marriage, we find, a sacred ordinance is,
By Heaven ordained for the good of man.
And should we further search through Holy
Writ,
We'll find His approbation there expres'd
For those who raised up offspring unto Him
In truth and purity. As witness those

Whose duty 'twas to found the royal line,
Whence sprang our own dear Lord beneficent,
The Redeemer of mankind. Men were they
Who talked with God and saw Him face to face,
As one man with another. Said by Him
To be of that most perfect mold and make
That would entitle them a place to fill
Within His heavenly kingdom.

Furthermore,
Thus spoke the prophet in the olden time
Inspired: "Man is not without the woman,
Nor woman without man, in the Lord."
Proving, as clearly as does sun the day,
That *mutual exaltation* was His plan,
Who made and placed them here upon the
earth,
With equal privileges but different paths,
Which running side by side, so coalesce;
Both are required to make a perfect whole.

STAND BY YOUR COLORS.

CECIL FORTESCUE.

THERE are people in our Church,
and especially young and inexpe-
rienced people, who consider it good
policy to avoid a direct answer or even
to be guilty of denial when cornered
on some principle by an opposer of
our faith. Policy is the first cousin of
falsehood, and is, besides, a coward.
Those who rejoice over the smirched
honor of a person who resorts to the
methods of hypocrisy are as aware of
the contemptible character of your
cowardice as you are, and the estimate
in which they hold such persons will
be evidenced in the following truthful
circumstance.

The place was a mining camp, and
several ladies who were visitors from a
neighboring settlement had been in-
vited by the wife of a contractor to
come in and rest and drink a cup of
chocolate. The offer was gratefully
accepted, and it being warm weather,
one of the visitors chanced to be seated
by a window which opened upon a
yard, in which the men and teams em-

ployed by the contractor were then preparing and being prepared for the noon rest and refreshment.

There were perhaps half a dozen Mormon boys from the near settlements employed there, and some of them the lady knew quite well.

The proprietor, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a meditative look upon his face, but a sharp twinkle in his eye that belied his meditation, approached the group as they stood about a huge wooden box under a spout, where they were washing, preparatory for dinner.

"I say, Tom Brown," said the contractor to the young man nearest him, "are you a Mormon?"

There was insolence in the questioner's tone and attitude, but the young man answered promptly and without the least sign of anger, "No, sir, I am not a Mormon."

The contractor spat out a quid of tobacco, took a oath, saying that Tom Brown looked like one, and proceeded to question the next.

"I say, Jack, are you a Mormon?"

"My folks air," Jack answered, "but I don't take much stock in it."

"Well, you're considered a good Mormon when you're at home, ain't you?" and he gave him a sly poke in the ribs and a knowing wink.

"Yes" said Tom Brown, anxious that all should be in the same position as himself, "he attends the Mutual Improvement, the Sunday Schools and Relief Societies when he's home; ha! ha! ha!"

"That's such a big one that I'm surprised it didn't choke you. They think I'm rather a tough case on religion, and you know I only go to meeting to see my girl home," was Jack's quick retort.

This reply seemed to satisfy the contractor, for without another word he passed along to the next boy and asked the same question.

"No, sir," very curtly.

To the next he put the same query.

"I was baptized when I was eight years old, but don't hardly think you could call me a Mormon, sir, for all that."

The lady, who was unable to avoid hearing all this, was shocked and grieved beyond expression, for she knew that some of these young men stood on a different footing than the one their words indicated in their native homes.

There was still another in the group, and as the contractor approached him he partly withdrew and turned his back, but the man followed him up and asked the oft-reiterated question: "Are *you* a Mormon, Bennett?"

Quick as a flash the youth turned about, his eyes blazing with indignation. "Yes, sir, I am a Mormon. What have you got to say against it? and what business is it of yours?"

"I have nothing to say against it and it's no business of mine. I've been summoned to serve on the jury; can't get excused, and want to leave my business in the hands of an *honest* man," and he cast a look of scorn on those who had denied their faith because they thought it would make them unpopular.

"If you will accept the position your pay shall be doubled, and you may hire another man to drive your team while you just look after things."

Bennett was perhaps as much surprised at the turn affairs had taken as anyone present. But let this assurance rest in your heart, that truth and honor are everywhere appreciated, and

falsehood and cowardice seldom deceive.

BABY BOY.

BELLE.

Lines written on my boy's second birthday.

The birds are caroling glad and free,
The flowers nod to a passing breeze,
The earth is glad as glad can be,
The birds are aflutter with joy in the trees.
At last, so it seems in my joy
When I look at the curly head of my boy,
Who is two years old,
With his locks of gold,
And his bonny blue eyes
Like summer skies,
With his cherry lips
So sweet to kiss
And his cheeks of a hue
E'en the roses miss.

There is nothing but joy in all the earth,
There is not a cloud dims the azure skies,
The breezes are singing a song of mirth,
Or it may be the praise of my boy's blue eyes.
May his future life be as pure and fair
As the clustering rings, of his golden hair,
And his heart as true
As his eyes of blue;
Those bonny blue eyes
Like summer skies.
Oh, keep him pure
Dear Lord above!
And ever worthy
Thy holy love.

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 257.]

"THE tables are quite turned since we last met, my very dear sir. If there had been a spark of honest manhood in you, it would have shown itself possibly on that occasion, but there was not. That these articles are true, and yourself the man, you have given the strongest testimony by coming here. If the man is a criminal who steals from the rich, what are you who

have taken the crusts of honest toil from those who were dying of starvation? If they are dishonest who cheat their equals in hazardous games of chance and speculation, where all are armed for like combat, all ready to resort to the same methods, what are you, in your well-fed insolence, you, who have refused to old age, helpless youth, virtue smitten by an adverse fate, and those poor wrecks of humanity, touched by a finger of disease, and utterly hopeless in their blighting misery, the pay for labor done? Mr. Lawson," and Dager's form seemed to dilate and expand as he towered above the astonished man, "you are a coward, you are utterly devoid of honor, of the feelings and impulses that make mankind one common brotherhood. Nothing but your lack of power prevents you from being a tyrant of the most despotic and cruel order. You are the kind of a man that could oppress a woman or a child, whom you happened to fear, if there were none to defend them. Nothing but stupidity makes it possible for such a creature as you to sleep in a bed at night. Robber of poverty, insulter of misery, are you not afraid that some of these trodden worms will turn? Are you not afraid that the knife of the assassin, the bullet of the robber, the torch of the incendiary will take *vengeance*, where *justice* could not be obtained? Go! and remember that a Nemesis is upon your track, that not an hour of your life shall escape the eye of criticism, the pen of exposure."

Unable to utter a single word during this denunciation, surprised and fairly overwhelmed, Mr. Lawson made a threatening movement toward Dager, who folded his arms and said deri-

sively, "I have no fear of personal violence from you; tyrants are always cowards."

Then he dismissed him, and closing the door after his rather hasty exit, left the discomfited fool in the hall to recover his breath, collect his scattered self-respect and depart at his leisure.

I call him fool advisedly; the man who goes to a newspaper for satisfaction of this nature is a fool then, if he were never one before, and all who have gone on such errands will testify that this is true.

The "boomers" won the election. Their administration in all its revolting details cannot be reproduced, but it will not be hard to understand that they fostered every vice, concocted schemes, *sub rosa*, voted public property to boodlers, oppressed honest labor, and protected monopolies; and their subsidized organ got many a thick slice from the public pie, for using the noble and flexible English language to conceal always their motives, and often to hide their acts.

The town was suffering from overgrowth; it would take years as the matter then stood to restore the natural equilibrium; but the "boomers" still boomed, and a great amount of public work was heralded in the form of city and county buildings, streets and parks; but it was always "unavoidably" postponed.

Thus the summer drifted by, and Dager worked steadily along; but there was less toil, and more of pleasure in his occupation than ever before. He knew that the paper was a moral success, an artistic success; but a financial failure. He knew that Mr. Farce, his friend and benefactor, was paying the expenses of the office out of his

private bank account, and it hurt him when he discovered this fact, even when he had honestly earned his money, to take it and spend it.

There was more of happiness, because he was in love with Mary Grey. How different was the feeling that possessed him now, and that other he had experienced! The one a firebrand flung across the abyss between earth and hell; the other the dew of heaven on thirsty flowers.

For months they had come in daily contact, their acquaintanceship developed gradually into evenest, frankest friendship. Her quiet dignity had at first amused him, now it rested him. Her diligent application to business was a revelation in the character of woman. It is said that men are to a great extent unable to apply themselves to business when women are in the room; but this did not apply to the ward of Mr. Farce.

The men who object to women for this reason, also used the same one to prevent their being admitted to the exclusive schools. But experiment has shown conclusively that the men who could not apply themselves where women were present, did not do so when they were absent.

They would have us believe they were excessively gallant, while throwing an aspersion on the sincerity of the motives of women in entering these places. But a truce to this. Dager was in love with her, but had never said so, for the reason that he did not believe it would do him any good.

Once he had hinted to Mr. Farce the state of his feelings, but he had chosen to ignore the hint altogether, and Dager had not been able to summon courage to repeat it.

There was so much of quiet joy, of satisfying happiness in being near her, watching her as she passed in and out, or turned the leaves of the ledger with swift fingers, in listening even with averted face to the music of her voice, that he dared not risk a curt dismissal by hastening a denouement. All she said or did was idealized in his eyes; but why discant, or attempt to explain the raptures of a man in love.

The old tramp had so far relaxed as to allow Dager to visit his cellar, to accept of dimes and quarters without comment, but had never taken him into his confidence, nor explained his strange words uttered in an unguarded moment.

One day as Dager passed up the street from a visit to this strange being, a new poster attracted his attention. It was simple enough, but it reminded him of the words of the tramp: "*Are you a Mormon,*" for on the white surface of a sheet of blank print paper, neatly lettered, was the following announcement.

Services will be held in the Hill School House, tomorrow evening at half past seven, by a Mormon Elder from Utah.

This was followed by the missionary's name.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER the discovery that her husband could be guilty of a false inference that was a lie in reality, Mrs. Lawson withdrew more and more within herself, shunning all private conversations, treating him with that perfect politeness and consideration that makes familiarity impossible, and yet disarms complaint.

Mary Grey was her one friend, and amidst the beauties of "Rose Cottage"

this bride of less than a year lived the most wretched creature that can well be imagined. It was impossible for her to lay aside the teachings of her mother and father, the pure and holy principles imbibed from day to day through all the hours of her life to the day of her marriage. It was like the flesh of her flesh and the bone of her bones. The allurements that had seemed the desirable things of life when viewed at a distance, on nearer inspection proved to be false, wicked and terrifying, their deformity and hideousness covered with the purple and scarlet, the fine twined linen and jewels that deck the mother of harlots.

I do not mean to say that all the people of the world are vile; that all wealth is dishonestly acquired; that all politics are manipulated in the interest of rings; that honor is dead, and patriotism, a fleshless skeleton, dressed in rags and jeered by statesmen, but something very nearly akin to that does exist. Those who will not take mean advantages, who dare resist perverted public opinion, who will not lock arms with vice and oppression, must either withdraw from public life altogether or submit to the fate of a martyr.

There is no doubt but if Mrs. Lawson's parents had been as careless in teaching her in the days of her tender youth, as some of the fathers and mothers are today, she would have condoned the sins of others, tolerated and finally partaken of them herself. But the knowledge she possessed confronted and distressed her at every step; the lines, so consistent with their professions, which she knew those parents lived, and "the teachings of her mother came back to her in the day of her sorrow, and the words of truth she

had heard were a staff to her soul," according to her father's prayer. Could that father in his far away Utah home, perplexed by a thousand cares and duties, struggling still to walk in the light, to do every duty and be worthy of the favor of God,—could he have known that the prayer he had given voice to on the morning of his eldest daughter's marriage, was burned into her memory, was the sweetest thing in all the new life to which she had gone, his secret self-reproach that some sin of his had cast her out of the fold of Christ, would have passed away. Those who live nearest to the foundation of light are often beset by temptation, weighed down by anxiety and doubt. They must walk by faith, doing the duty of the hour, uncomplainingly, giving the results into the hands of the Father, even when to their short sight, the dearest hopes of life are shattered like brittle glass. Remember always that the love which passes comprehension, holds the threads of destiny, that "earth has no wound which heaven cannot heal."

Mary Gray had confided the story of her life to Mrs. Lawson, and that cemented the friendship that kindred tastes, and circumstances began. Perhaps she was the only person who knew Miss Gray's entire history, though some of the outlines were also known to Mr. Farce.

Mary Grey's mother, an English girl, when young had been converted to Mormonism, but had allowed her love for a man to step between the love of Christ and her soul. This man had entered into a solemn agreement with his bride, before the ceremony to take her to Utah, to live among the Latter-day Saints, and never to oppose her in her religious

convictions. After the marriage, having no religious scruples, he had found one way and another to delay the departure, until a son had been born to her. After that, seeming to weary of her, he used her religion to insult, goad and torture her. He even went so far at last as to accuse her of decided preference for different Mormon Elders who visited the district where they resided. He became, in time, by fostering this spirit, a most active opposer, spending time and money, besides what intelligence God had given him, and more energy than he had ever displayed in any other cause, to raising mobs, spreading scandals, and otherwise hindering the spread of truth.

Finally when he had been guilty of some infringement of the law, he wrote a most cruel letter to his wife, and under an assumed name took passage in a ship bound for America, and they never heard from him again. Shortly after Mary's mother died, and one of her two elder children. They were buried at the expense of the parish to which they belonged. The Mormons residing there, some of them Mrs. Gray's life-long acquaintances, took charge of the two little orphans—Mary but a few weeks old—the presiding Elder promising the mother in her dying hour that he would find places for them, in good families in Utah. As a matter of necessity the children were separated, the boy being given to a family who emigrated immediately, and Mary consigned to the care of a lady who shortly afterward lost her husband; and without consulting the presiding Elder, allowed the little girl to go with a family whose faith was so weak that they apostatized before reaching Utah, and went to

California instead. Mary was so young when her mother died that the memory of her was but a shadow, the very name of her brother had been lost, as well as that of the Elder who promised her mother to look after her children when she was gone.

Indeed the story itself had been pieced together from fragments told her by the people who brought her from England, in their endeavors to set her against her mother's faith. She had been a servant to those people until Mr. Farce had rescued her, sent her to school, encouraged her womanhood, self-respect and self-reliance, and made her independent of all the world, himself included. "And," added Mary at the end of this recital, "he has never been in love with me for a minute, but he respects me; and I honor him above all the men that I have ever met, but I do not love him in that way, the least little bit. Were it not for the way my father treated my mother, I could wish that sometime he would take me by the hand and say, 'Mary you are my own daughter.'"

These two women became very intimate, and Miss Gray would listen for hours while Mrs. Lawson told her of Utah. Their domestic life, their amusements, their religion. Of the requirements made of men in those vital matters of honor and virtue held so highly by the world. Their conversation was not confined altogether to religious topics, but every phase of life, their travels across the plains, the famine, the grass-hopper and Indian wars, the agriculture with irrigation, the advent of Johnston's army, the primitive method of manufacture, and last, but by no means least, their educational systems, both secular and

ecclesiastical. Among the thrilling and dramatic were many amusing incidents; and while Mary Gray listened like one charmed to these recitals, giving in return her fullest confidence, Mrs. Lawson never went farther than generalities. The sorrows of her life were also the secrets of another; and even to this nearest and dearest friend she had no right to betray that which did not belong exclusively to herself.

Mr. Lawson intimated several times after his visit to the printing office, in which he had been so badly worsted, that all, even friendly acquaintance, between his wife and Miss Gray should cease, accusing her of having reported the articles to the paper which had so enraged him, though he could not have given a semblance of a reason for the theory.

Mrs. Lawson listened to her husband stumble through the request, said nothing and made no changes in her treatment of her one only friend.

Mrs. Lawson had persistently refused to accompany her husband to lecture, ball or theater after that wretched night. He fretted because she did not confide her secret to him, because she did not come and nestle in his arms as she had once done; that she did not weep out her hopes and fears on his breast.

He would be irritable, moody and intensely attentive and considerate by turns, but every succeeding mood was received in the same way.

He had already forgotten the expressions he had made to her, the words he had used to heap insult and indignities upon her, and at the same time upon her people, kindred, religion, home, and everything that lives in sacredness in the memories of good

people, but she had not, and never could.

A great dread of death was upon her, that nameless horror that can never be expressed in words, but which fills the soul of every woman who becomes a mother, when she walks through the valley of the shadow of death, and to the very brink of eternity and looks beyond.

Often in the waning months of that golden summer she had prayed to God for His sustaining grace, prayed in the deepest humility, with a perfect realization that she had sinned against light and knowledge, but had asked that He would be merciful to her and spare her for the sake of that noble father who was striving so hard to serve Him, who had commended her to His keeping. She was no longer angry that her father had said, "Protect my misguided child from the consequences of her disobedience."

Daughters of Zion! do you crave a fate like this? The picture is not over drawn, for while Mr. Lawson was morally blind and of a faulty disposition, he was not a deliberately wicked man, and many of those who have sought in marriage the girls of our faith have *intended* to deal dishonorably by them.

One cool, gray morning late in the year, after a night of wretched anxiety, the nurse came to the library to tell Mr. Lawson that his wife had given birth to a son, but her life was by no means, as yet, assured.

A noted physician, a male doctor, was in charge of the sick room, and, as is the custom of the world, the father of the infant was excluded. For hours he had wandered up and down in an agony of hope and dread, long-

ing for and yet fearing the announcement.

"Did she ask for me? May I see her?" he asked.

"No, she asked for Mary Gray, and you can't be admitted just at present," answered the nurse, who was one of those thoroughly competent persons who love to tyrannize just a little and reign supreme, if only for a few hours. Having had strict orders from the physician to do so, she said, "It would perhaps be as well to send for this person she is asking for, this Mary Gray."

At midnight the tiny bundle, that meant the launching of another human soul on the turbulent stream of time, was laid in the arms of this unhappy man, by Mary Gray, with a hopeful assurance that Mrs. Lawson was sleeping naturally and there was room to hope for the best.

She lived. It takes a great deal to kill a strong young person who has been brought up according to the Word of Wisdom. It takes a great deal of sorrow and disappointment and suffering to even make them willing to die.

Mrs. Lawson had not yet reached that point before she became a mother, and now as the days and weeks went by and she watched the bodily development of her son and the look of intelligence that soon superseded vacancy, she felt that to be his protector and guide she could endure everything that fate could inflict while he was left to her comfort—while he needed her.

The letter she had sent home months and months before, still remained unanswered, as she had requested, and as often as she longed to write to them—to hear from them—she was restrained

by the memory that to receive letters from or to write letters to them was probably to have them read by her husband if he felt so disposed; and feeling that she could neither explain the situation to those at home nor bear further humiliation, she restrained the desire.

And while the good seed they had planted in her soul was growing toward bloom and fruitage, her parents were mourning over her as one whom the seductions of the world had entirely overcome.

Again the rainy season was upon the town. Like the germs of disease that winter frosts enchain, only to launch again in tenfold virulence beneath the blaze of the next August sun, so the desperation and wickedness that had grumbled and slept through the pleasant days of the long, warm summer, awoke to new life when stung by returning cold and hunger.

The element that had inaugurated the "Boom" and kept it alive, now turned itself into a political arena, and a most bitter fight for the possession of public offices was waged; both parties being wrong, the majority shamelessly and insolently so, the minority making a semblance of regard for Constitutional right and regard for the liberties of the people, to gain votes; but each class had in their hearts the greed of success, of power and gain, and the opportunity which these positions would give them to reward their friends and ruin their enemies.

The paper on which Dager was employed could not take either side, and while resorting to neither personal abuse nor misrepresentation, endeavored to awaken the people to a sense of their power, their position and what awaited them in case either of the

warring parties got into power, and were accordingly treated with animosity by both parties, while the people, shame upon them, would rather build up a successful and unscrupulous tyrant than a friend whose success is doubtful.

The rival paper had stood by the "boomers," right or wrong, and they rallied to its aid and made the paper a paying institution, while those whom the "anti-boom" organ had labored for were unable to reward, and would perhaps have reasoned, as many Utah people do with regard to special productions: "Since their labors were for principle, virtue should be their only reward."

Mr. Lawson, whose interests were somewhat identified with the other real estate men, and hating Dager as he did, joined all his forces with the corrupt and triumphant party, without a thought of the future of his native city, of the future of his nation, only the gratification of the hour, the triumph of a moment.

One evening, just in the gray of the dusk, Mary Gray entered the pretty sitting room of Rose Cottage, where its gentle mistress sat in delicious joy in her one priceless treasure—her baby boy.

After the greetings were over, warm and sincere, the visitor, unable to conceal her excitement, said, "Dear Mrs. Lawson, the town is billed with posters saying a Mormon Elder will preach tomorrow night in the Hill School-house!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WE are too apt to misjudge the dispensations of Providence, when we wish them with our own wishes.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

PROPHECIES OF THE COMING FORTH
OF THE BOOK OF MORMON, AND
THEIR FULFILLMENT.

THE prophets of past dispensations have furnished us with a great variety of inspired predictions of the establishment of the Church of God in the latter-days. By His Spirit and power, they saw from afar the condition of mankind in this boasted age of civilization. They clearly beheld and understood the combined darkness and religious mythology of eighteen centuries which have bound the nations in religious ignorance, imprisoned the minds of men in gross darkness, and when self-made priests would make merchandise of the souls of men. They saw that men had denied the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and adopted one in His stead who had no body, parts or passions. They saw the down-trodden condition of the seed of Jacob trampled under the feet of oppressive tyrants, robbed of their franchise in every land and clime. Scattered like sheep without a shepherd, they saw all this and more which caused them to weep in anguish and sorrow. They prayed the Lord in their behalf, that a remnant of their descendants might be preserved on the earth in the latter-days to whom the words of inspiration spoken by their fathers should be imparted and received. They manifested a divine submission to their own fate while on earth. In the midst of persecution they became strong in the Lord; having received one assurance, that their labors would not be in vain; that truth would gain dominion over error

and righteousness over sin. That the glory of ancient Israel would be restored. The veil was lifted. They gazed in the visions of God on the dispensation of the fullness of times with joy and adoration. They sang, they worshiped, they prophesied in prose and poetry of the restoration of the gospel in the latter-days.

Isaiah, referring to the remnants of Joseph, says, "And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be, as of one that hath familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust." Again, "And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I cannot; for it is sealed: and the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned. Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men: therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work and a wonder; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid." And again, "And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness. The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor

among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."

"Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together: I the Lord have created it."

The Psalmist says, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven."

In the 1st Book of Nephi, Chapter 14, we find the following: "And it came to pass that I beheld the remnant of the seed of my brethren, and also the book of the Lamb of God, which had proceeded forth from the mouth of the Jew, that it came forth from the Gentiles, unto the remnant of the seed of thy brethren, and after it had come forth unto them, I beheld other books, which came forth by the power of the Lamb, from the Gentiles unto them, unto the convincing of the Gentiles, and the remnant of the seed of my brethren, and also the Jews, who were scattered upon all the face of the earth, that the records of the prophets and of the twelve apostles of the Lamb are true."

In the Second Book of Nephi, Chapter 27, it is thus recorded, "For behold, the Lord hath poured out upon you the spirit of deep sleep. For behold, ye have closed your eyes, and ye have rejected the prophets; and your rulers, and the seers hath he covered because of your iniquity. And it shall come to pass that the Lord God shall bring forth unto you the records of a book, and they shall be the records of them which have slumbered.

"And behold the book shall be sealed: and in the book shall be a revelation from God, from the beginning of the world to the ending thereof. * * * Wherefore, at that day when the book shall be delivered unto the man of whom I have spoken, the book shall be hid from the eyes of the world, that the eyes of none shall behold it save it be three witnesses shall behold it, by the power of God, besides him to whom the book shall be delivered; and they shall testify to the truth of the book and the things therein. And there is none other which shall view it, save it be a few according to the will of God, to bear testimony of his word unto the children of men: for the Lord God hath said, that the words of the faithful should speak as if it were from the dead."

The late Apostle Orson Pratt, said in a discourse delivered by him August 25th, 1878: "Moroni, being a prophet of God, would not join that nation in their wickedness and idolatry, and the only way he could preserve his life was to keep himself secreted and hidden from the knowledge of the Lamanites. While concealing himself from his enemies, he finished the record of the Book of Mormon. The latest date which he gives in the record is 420 years after the birth of Christ, according to the signs that were given on this American continent. Thirty-six years prior to this time, his nation was destroyed in what we term the State of New York, around about a hill, called by that people the Hill Cumorah, where many hundreds of thousands of the Nephites—men, women and children, fell during the greatest battle they had with the Lamanites. For thirty-six years

this prophet of God kept himself hid, and wrote as he was prompted by the spirit of inspiration, and finally hid up the plates of gold, containing the records in the hill of Cumorah, with the promise which the Lord gave him, that these records should come to light in the last days, and that he himself would bring them forth by his own wisdom and power."

This promise was fulfilled, for the Prophet Joseph informs us, "At length the time arrived for obtaining the plates, the Urim and Thummim and the breastplate. On the 22nd day of September, 1827, having gone as usual at the end of another year to the place where they were deposited, the same heavenly messenger delivered them up to me with this charge: that I should be responsible for them; that if I should let them go carelessly or through any neglect of mine, I should be cut off; but that if I would use my endeavors to preserve them until he, the messenger, should call for them, they should be protected."

In the month of June, 1829, the Prophet Joseph Smith said, "In the course of the work of translation, we ascertained that three special witnesses were to be provided by the Lord, to whom He would grant that they should see the plates from which this work (the Book of Mormon) should be translated, and that these three witnesses should bear record of the same, as will be found recorded in the Book of Mormon. Almost immediately after we had made this discovery, it occurred to Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and the afore-mentioned Martin Harris (who had come to inquire after our progress in the work), that they would have me inquire of the Lord to know if they might not

obtain of Him to be these three special witnesses, and teased me so much, that at length I complied, and through the Urim and Thummim I obtained of the Lord for them the following revelation:

"Behold, I say unto you, that you must rely upon my word, which, if you do with full purpose of heart, you shall have a view of the plates, and also the breast-plate, the sword of Laban, the Urim and Thummim, which were given to the brother of Jared upon the mount when he talked with the Lord face to face, and the miraculous directors which were given to Lehi while in the wilderness on the borders of the Red Sea; and it is by your faith that you shall obtain a view of them, even by that faith which was had by the prophets of old. And that after you have obtained faith, and have seen them with your eyes, you shall testify of them by the power of God, and this you shall do that my servant, Joseph Smith, Jun., may not be destroyed, that I may bring about my righteous purposes unto the children of men in this work. And ye shall testify that you have seen them, even as my servant, Joseph Smith, Jun., has seen them; for it is by my power that he has seen them, and it is because he had faith; and he has translated the book, even that part which I have commanded him; and as your Lord and your God liveth, it is true.

"Wherefore, you have received the same power, and the same faith, and the same gift like unto him; and if you do these last commandments of mine which I have given you, the gates of hell shall not prevail against you, for my grace is sufficient for you, and you shall be lifted up at the last

day. And I, Jesus Christ, your Lord and your God, have spoken it unto you, that I might bring about my righteous purposes unto the children of men. Amen.' "

The prophet continues: "Not many days after the above commandment was given, we four, viz., Martin Harris, David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery and myself, agreed to retire into the woods and try to obtain my fervent and humble prayer, the fulfillment of the promises given in the revelation, that they should have a view of the plates. We accordingly made choice of a piece of woods convenient to Mr. Whitmer's house, to which we retired, and having knelt down we began to pray in much faith to Almighty God to bestow upon us a realization of these promises. According to previous arrangements I commenced by vocal prayer to our heavenly Father, and was followed by each of the rest in succession. We did not, however, obtain any answer or manifestation of the divine favor in our behalf. * * * Upon this our second failure, Martin Harris proposed that he should withdraw himself from us, believing, as he expressed himself, that his presence was the cause of our not obtaining what we wished for; he accordingly withdrew from us, and we knelt down again, and had not been many minutes engaged in prayer, when presently we beheld a light above us in the air of exceeding brightness; and behold, an angel stood before us, in his hands he held the plates which we had been praying for these to have a view of; he turned over the leaves one by one, so that we could see them, and discover the engravings thereon distinctly. He then addressed himself to David Whitmer, and said, 'David,

blessed is the Lord, and he that keeps His commandments.' When immediately afterwards, we heard a voice from out of the bright light above us, saying, 'These plates have been revealed by the power of God, and they have been translated by the power of God. The translation of them which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear.'

"I now left David and Oliver, and went in pursuit of Martin Harris, whom I found at a considerable distance fervently engaged in prayer. He soon told me, however, that he had not prevailed with the Lord, and earnestly requested me to join him in prayer, that he might also realize the same blessings which we had just received. We accordingly joined in prayer, and ultimately obtained our desires, for before we had yet finished, the same vision was opened to our view, at least it was again to me, and I once more beheld and heard the same things, whilst at the same moment, Martin Harris cried out, apparently in ecstasy of joy, 'Tis enough; mine eyes have beheld,' and jumping up he shouted hosannah, blessing God, and otherwise rejoiced exceedingly. Having thus, through the mercy of God, obtained these manifestations, it now remained for these three individuals to fulfill the commandment which they had received, viz., to bear record of these things, in order to accomplish which they drew up and subscribed the following document."

The document referred to here, is the testimony of the three witnesses. See one of the fly-leaves in the Book of Mormon.

Compiled by DAVID JOHN.

Provo, Utah.

PROPHECY.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

WHEN the Saints were driven from the state of Missouri it was a very surprising circumstance that we could not understand; after having been called there by the word of God, that we, then, must leave the country.

We had been instructed that in Missouri was the most hallowed spot on earth—the very land where the New Jerusalem will be built. Now when compelled to hunt another country we naturally asked ourselves the question, “Where can we go? Where can we find another Holy land? How or when shall we get back to the consecrated spot for the New Jerusalem, that is to be built?”

No other land would answer for that one object, according to our understanding—and so it really is, but there will be only a few of us left to help another people build the New Jerusalem, according to the Book of Mormon, III Nephi, 21st chapter, 22nd, 23rd and 24th verses.

Such were the reflections of the honest followers of Jesus Christ under the leadership of Joseph Smith; and our only consolation, our only hope was, that as God had given us a Prophet he would certainly get us out of that trouble; he would tell us all how to manage and where to go or what to do.

O! what confidence we had in that man! what comfort we derived through our faith in God and Joseph Smith. *Then* he was a God to us.

Now, every Latter-day Saint must be in possession of the mind and will of God for himself or he is liable to not stand long.

How little we know of the great

future and for that one thing I feel very thankful!

Joseph finally led us to Nauvoo.

Well, and how can we build up Zion here? This is not Missouri.

Under Joseph's all-inspiring words we quickly resolved that “we will stay here as long as Joseph wants us to—he knows what is best,” so we all set to with all our mights to do just what the Prophet Joseph directed, and in a few months there was quite a town built up out of as near nothing as God ever made anything.

My father was living in a good hewed log house in 1840 when one morning as the family all sat at breakfast old Father Joseph Smith, the first Patriarch of the Church and father of the Prophet Joseph, came in and sat down by the fire place, after declining to take breakfast with us, and there he sat some little time in silence looking steadily in the fire. At length he observed that we had been driven from Missouri to this place; with some passing comments; he then asked this question: “And how long, Brother Huntington, do you think we will stay here?” As he asked this question I noticed a strange, good-natured expression creep over his whole being—an air of mysterious joy.

Father answered, after just a moment's hesitation, “Well Father Smith, I can't begin to imagine.”

“We will just stay here seven years,” he answered. “The Lord has told Joseph so—just seven years,” he repeated. “Now this is not to be made public; I would not like to have this word go any further,” said the Patriarch, who leaned and relied upon his son Joseph in all spiritual matters as much as boys generally, do

upon their parents for temporalities. There were then two or three minutes of perfect silence. Then the old gentleman with more apparent secret joy and caution in his countenance said, "And where do you think we will go to when we leave here, Brother Huntington?"

Father did not pretend to guess; unless we went back to Jackson county.

"No," said the old Patriarch, his whole being seeming to be alive with animation. "The Lord has told Joseph that when we leave here we will go into the Rocky Mountains; right into the midst of the Lamanites."

This information filled our hearts

with unspeakable joy, for we knew that the Book of Mormon and this gospel had been brought to light more for the remnants of Jacob upon this continent than for the Gentiles.

Father Smith again enjoined upon us profound secrecy in this matter and I don't think it was ever uttered by one of Father Huntington's family.

The history of Nauvoo shows that we located in Nauvoo in 1839 and left it in 1846.

The Church did move to the Rocky Mountains into the midst of the Indians or Lamanites—or more properly speaking the Jews—and here we expect to live until we move to the spirit land or the Lord moves us somewhere else.

◁ THE WORLD ▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

FOREIGN—GERMAN AFFAIRS—AFFAIRS IN CHILI—DOMESTIC—N. W'S. COUNCIL—WOMEN'S COUNCILS—A NEW IDEA.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Foreign.—

QUEEN VICTORIA is an editress, so Madame Albani tells us in her article entitled "Queen Victoria at my tea table," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She (the queen) spends much time every day at her writing desk. Not a day passes without the published "Court Circular" being carefully edited, revised and corrected by her own hand, and this important document is a model of accuracy in every detail. Madame Albani further states that the queen has an enormous correspondence, to which she gives her own personal attention.

She is assisted by her private secretary, who is a lady-in-waiting upon Her Majesty and maid of honor. Her own and all official correspondence is attended to in the morning (when she is in the Highlands) after her regular drive or walk, in which she is accompanied by some of the ladies-in-waiting, her servants and a favorite collie.

MISS LOUISE M. EDWARDS, of Annapolis, is to occupy the chair of oratory of Almira College, at Greenville, Ill.

German Affairs.—

News from the realm of the young German Kaiser for the past few weeks have been fraught with deep interest in Europe, because his own acts and the current of events have made him the pivot upon which the affairs of the

continent must turn, until Bismarck's policy has been changed; and the question of the moment now is, Will there be war?

This cloud of ever-impending war between France and Germany has again lowered since the recent visit of the Kaiser's mother to Paris, which was for conciliatory purposes. It has only precipitated matters, and the failure of her mission has been keenly felt by the Emperor, who intends for this reason, it is said, to recall Count Von Muster, and put some one in his place who will be more assertive of the dignity of Germany and successful in carrying out the imperial wishes.

The decision that no artist shall send a picture to the Berlin exhibition has revealed how impossible it is for a Frenchman to do or say anything inconsistent with the settled purpose of regaining Alsace and Lorraine and the ceaseless vigilance in watching and striving for the opportunity.

While this idea controls the French it is useless to hope for general disarmament. With France and Russia on either side of Germany maintaining vast armies and waiting for coveted opportunities, the Kaiser sees the Dreibund giving way under the strain of the situation, and how he will act now is a question that will test his resources to the utmost.

In the meantime, the ex-Empress is safe in England with her mother. The queen is said to have displayed more emotion in receiving her widowed daughter than at any time since the death of Emperor Frederick; she shed tears, which she was unable to restrain even in the presence of the court. The Kaiser sent a dispatch congratulating his mother on her safe arrival in England, and in it expressed some senti-

ments that were not at all complimentary to the French.

Affairs in Chili.—

AFTER many months the sanguine war in Chili has been brought to a close. Chili has been an aristocratic republic governed by people of large wealth, many of the deputies to its congress being rich men who have served without salary. It is also a very patriotic country, and many serve their country for the pure love of it.

Of late years the government has fallen under the control of a few wealthy men, and they have come to regard political position as a rightful inheritance. The Liberal party has retained power for a considerable time, and Balmaceda was elected by this party upon a platform representing the ideas of these liberal but wealthy aristocrats.

Under his administration the rich land owners launched out into different enterprises. The government encouraged the building of railroads in every conceivable direction, and the most amazing schemes were propagated, thus plunging the country into almost inextricable ruin, as the cost of building these railroads in a country with almost impassible grades, where land slides are caused by constant rains in winter, is enormous.

The Chilians of the younger school are highly educated and advanced in their ideas. The sons of the older families have been sent to Europe to study in foreign colleges. The result is, that returning they have introduced modern ideas everywhere. Naturally, progressive ideas have been communicated to the masses through their instrumentality, and a growing revolt against those who would subsidize the

government is the result. They wish to prevent hereditary presidency. They saw that Balmaceda was involving the country in a heavy debt and wished to retrench.

The homes of the wealthy classes of Chili are marvels of beautiful and chaste architecture, and wonders of interior adornment. This is especially true of the Palais Consino, the home of the famous Donna Consino, the richest woman in the world. Her beauty is no less celebrated than her almost fabulous wealth, and her fame has reached the United States. When a few years ago it was announced that Donna Consino contemplated a visit to New York, the news produced quite an excitement there. Her residence is by far the most luxurious in the republic in point of elegance, artistic decoration and modern comfort. The sculptures and paintings being worth a vast fortune, and the gardens and grounds are superb beyond description.

Domestic.—

THOSE who have read that a statue of Queen Isabella of Spain is to be erected by Harriet Hosmer for the World's Fair, may be interested to know that this gifted artist first began her career in St. Louis, and the Mercantile Library of that city is graced by an exquisite work of hers, Beatrice Cenci. The statue represents the girl sleeping in her cell, with a rosary falling from her unclasped hands.

WHEN MRS. TE CHA TAN, the wife of the Corean Charge d' Affaires at Washington, arrived in this country a few years ago she knew no English, now she can converse fluently in our language on any general topic. The

Coreans seem to be the most progressive of all the Oriental nations.

The N. W's. Council.—

AT the National Woman's Council that was held the last week in February, Mrs. Mary A. Lease of Wichita, Kansas, made a notable speech that was the talk of all Washington for several days afterwards. Her utterances are described by one paper as being incendiary in their tendency. The beginning of her speech was this:

"If God would give me the choice of living in any particular age and place, I would say, Let me live here and now in this day of the world's history. We are living in a day when old ideas crumble and are melted away. There is no difference between the intelligent woman and the intelligent man. We are living in a day when woman—the industrial woman—the Farmers' Alliance woman—are mighty factors in the political world. The dynamite of thought is stirring this world from center to circumference. The farmers are slow to act and think, but they are now thinking and acting, being compelled to do it by finding themselves on the brink of despair."

The same paper describes Mrs. Lease as being tall, angular and apparently bloodless. It is only fair to add that this paper is the *Globe-Democrat*, the republican organ of the west. From the same paper I copy what ex-Congressman William A. Phillips (Republican) of Salina, Kansas, says in regard to the Farmers' Alliance:

"The secret of the success of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas was the interest of the women in the movement. Women were taken into the

Alliance and were given an equal voice with men. They became thoroughly aroused, and they held the men together in the cause. I remember making a speech at a certain place during the campaign. Usually the Alliance members remained away from our Republican meetings, but at this gathering many of them were present. I delivered the strongest presentation of the claims of the Republican party, I was able to, for the opportunity was exceptional, I thought. I had made something of an impression, but shortly before I closed a big woman got up in the front part of the assemblage. She struck her hands together and exclaimed, 'You may say what you like. We are ruined by mortgages. Your party has done nothing for our relief. That's all there is of it.'

"She walked out. The effect of my long argument in behalf of Republicanism was swept away in a moment. I could see the influence of her words on the Alliance people. For my part I don't care how soon women are given the ballot in Kansas."

Women's Councils.—

THE sessions of the Women's Council this year were of unusual interest. It was at Albaugh's Opera House, which was crowded each day. The growing interest felt in these conventions tells more than pages of argument can that the movements for the advancement of women are meeting with general favor.

A paper prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is now in England, on "Matrificate, or Mother Age," was read by Susan B. Anthony. "Gains of the last three years," was the subject of a paper by Mary Seymour

Howell. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was loudly applauded when she came forward to speak on the topic, "The relation of the Woman Suffrage movement to other modern reforms." Mrs. Mary F. Seymour, the editor the *Business Woman's Journal*, read a very able paper on the "Occupation of Women to Date." Mrs. Seymour said "that the trite and hackneyed saying that there is nothing so successful as success has never been so forcibly illustrated as in the history of the industrial progress of women."

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS has been ill all winter. She makes her home at a hotel in New York City with her daughter. The life of Jefferson Davis upon which the two have been engaged for several years past, has been seriously interrupted: but as it was well under way before the illness came on, it will doubtless be finished during the summer. Mother and daughter, while very retiring, enjoy great popularity in the New York southern colony.

THE PRESENCE OF JOHN CHANLER in New York has given rise to a variety of rumors. It will be remembered that Mr. Chanler is the young New Yorker who married Amelie Rives, and the fact that his wife is bed-ridden, and has been so ill for the past six months in Paris, that she has been unable to leave the house is considered in contrast to the rather chimerical project that he is conducting for the aid of poor American art students desirous of studying in Paris.

Mrs. Chanler it is said has given up literature for good. The critics killed her. Her last story, "Was it a Crime?" was published in the *Fortnightly Review*, more than a year ago. She is ostensibly devoting herself to

art; but her illness, of course, has interfered with that. So that the strange rumors are based upon the fact that Mr. Chanler has left his wife under existing circumstances.

ONE of the most pathetic of modern instances is that chain of unfortunate circumstances that has brought Anna Dickinson through poverty and failure of health to the insane asylum. One of the brightest of the coterie of American women who have attained prominence, she has for a past generation battled bravely for the recognition of the industrial and political equality of woman. She has shown equal ability as a speaker. But the bitter disappointments and failures of years have wrought the complete dethronement of intellect, and as a result it is announced that by the Directors of the Poor, she was taken to the asylum in Danville, Pa. For the past two years she has given evidence of failing intellect, by prodigal and extravagant use of her means one symptom of her mania being shown by sending dispatches by telegraph to prominent people all over the country, and she purchased at one drug store \$40 worth of drugs and had them sent home. While in prosperity she was most generous to her friends and liberal with her means, and to see her now in the time of her greatest need and approaching age—for she is sixty years old—deprived of what comfort and nurture these can secure for her is one of the saddest instances of sorrow and disappointment.

THE ONLY WOMAN MAIL CONTRACTOR in the United States is Mrs. H. J. Langdon, and her home is in Oroville, California. She is known there as the "Little Boss." Her parents went to

the gold mines when she was a little baby, leaving her with relatives, and she at the age of four years was shipped around by Panama as an express package. She recently visited Washington, which was her twenty-first trip across the continent. She became a mail contractor from the fact that her husband died leaving her a dozen unexpired mail contracts. Now she follows the business as a matter of choice. Her object in visiting Washington was to get better mail facilities for a county seat on one of her own routes. To back up the petition of the people of that district she has a large photograph of the shanty saloon where under the law she is now required to leave the mail for the town. When Postmaster General Wanamaker sees that picture there will be a change of Post office for that county seat.

MRS. RIDER HAGGARD and Mrs. Stanley, both think American women keep their houses too warm.

SENATOR-ELECT PEPPER the Allied man who is to take Ingalls' place, says that he is "for the suffrage of woman whether she wants it or not." It is said that Ingalls owes his defeat to the women of Kansas as much as any other cause.

ONE of the most difficult and dangerous journeys ever accomplished by a woman has been carried out by Miss Isabella Bird, known to her friends as Mrs. Bishop. The object of the journey was to carry out a bequest of her late husband, an Edinburg gentleman, who left funds for the establishment of a hospital in one of the remote corners of the globe. The place was not specified, and Mr. Bishop's object was to secure the establishment in one of

the outlying parts of civilization where the need for such an institution would be most severely felt.

Cashmere was the locality selected by the widow, and there Mrs. Bishop has succeeded in carrying out her husband's wishes. But her mission accomplished she was not content to return home by way of India. Thibet lay too close at hand for the temptation to be resisted. Lhasa is perhaps the one spot on the earth's surface which most excites the curiosity of the adventurer. Russians and English have of late years made many unsuccessful attempts to penetrate the mystery of that strange town which is so religiously guarded against foreign intrusion. The novelty and difficulty of the attempt fascinated Mrs. Bishop and she set out for Thibet. But on the borders a great and insuperable difficulty presented itself. She was told that no obstacle would be placed in the way of her journey, but that the chief would inevitably be beheaded and every district that received her would be heavily fined for so doing.

Mrs. Bishop decided that she had no right to bring such severe punishment upon the heads of those who would entertain her. She accordingly turned her steps south-westward and passed through Beloochistan to Persia and America. On her way she met with many adventures and explored the sources of the Karun River. Probably she is the first European in modern times who has visited the sources of this river, and the scenery she describes is magnificent in the extreme.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* gives an account of a young lady from Washington who has a cattle ranch in Texas and runs it herself. No one supposed

her capable of doing such a thing, yet to the surprise of all her friends, she took a leap, so to speak, from social scenes at the capital to the back of a horse on a Texas ranch.

It happened in this wise: having a fortune, she invested part of it in a cattle ranch in Texas when such investments were thought to be very lucrative. She found some time afterwards that this investment was liable to be a loss if it was not looked into. Having no one to send to look after her interests, she went herself. Being a fine horsewoman, she made up her mind to utilize this part of her education, and she left Washington to take charge of her ranch. After putting it in running order and attending to her financial affairs, she again returned to the capital city. She spent most of her time while in Texas on horseback, and her pluck and courage won the hearty co-operation of the neighbors within the vicinity of her property. It has taught her the lesson of self-dependence, besides winning her much fame in her circle of friends.

A New Idea.—

HERE is a new idea of the direction women's energies are taking. Some public-spirited women at a winter resort in Florida have formed themselves into a society which they call the Village Improvement Association, and have assumed the duty of keeping the streets clean. They employ a man to pick up every scrap of refuse that litters the sidewalk or gutter. And as he is practically in the employ and under the direction of every woman in town, who keep a constant watch upon the streets, his work is thoroughly and efficiently done.

At intervals along the pavement

they have caused to be placed neatly-painted barrels with a bit of verse begging the passers-by to utilize them by tossing in them the bit of paper, cigar stump or fruit skin that they would otherwise throw on the pavement. They have also organized the children into a society that is pledged not to throw any kind of litter into the public street. That town is a model of cleanliness and proves that women are good street commissioners.

A WRITER in the *New England Magazine* has given some instances to prove that motherhood need not interfere with woman's usefulness in science, and gives a number of instances, among them that of Laura Bassi, for thirty years occupying the chair of professor of physics at Bologna University. She was only twenty-one years of age when called to it, and she married and became the mother of twelve children without interruption of her university duties. Her

home, where she carried on many scientific experiments, was beautiful in its orderliness and was the resort of lovers of learning.

Mrs. Somerville was the mother of five children by her two marriages, yet found abundant time for learning and writing her famous works on astronomy. Harriet Martineau writes of her home life: "It was delightful to see her always well dressed and thoroughly womanly in her conversation and manners, while unconscious of any peculiarity in her pursuits. It was delightful to go to tea in her house in Chelsea and find everything in order and beauty—the walls hung with fine drawings, her music in the corner and her tea table spread with good things."

ERMINIE SMITH, the eminent American ethnologist and mineralogist, used often to set out on her scientific expeditions accompanied by her four boys.

CURRENT ISSUES.

EVIL TENDENCIES.

A. H. CANNON.

THERE have probably been more accessions to the ranks of doctors and lawyers in our midst of late years than to any other profession or trade. If such has been the case the cause thereof must be that the Latter-day Saints furnish them employment and its consequent remuneration; because there are certainly not a sufficient number of non-Mormons in this territory to support the host of persons engaged in these professions.

If our people are really seeking a

settlement of their differences between themselves before the courts, and the dockets show that many such cases occur, then they are violating an express command of the Lord in going to law one with the other. Nor do I feel convinced that it is proper for Saints to go to law with those not of our faith except in the most aggravated cases. The Doctrine and Covenants (*Sec. 98; 23-48*) fully explains our duty in regard to our enemies, and if its beautiful suggestions were observed lawyers would not thrive as they now do in the midst

of the people. I hope to see the day when this class of learned men will occupy a higher plane than that which we have forced them to assume; a time when instead of being participants in petty quarrels, their abilities will be used in defending constitutional rights and explaining to the uninformed their privileges under our glorious government; or perhaps in the arbitration of international questions.

It is of doctors, however, and their enormous practice that I desire more especially to write at present. The time was in this territory when physicians numbered but few and the families were limited wherein their services were ever required. At present the conditions are changed, and nearly every family residing in the neighborhood of a doctor are visited to a greater or less extent by him. The general experience is similar to that of a prominent man in one of our stakes as expressed to me recently: "A short time ago we had no physician in our stake and it was rarely that we felt the lack of one, but since one located among us sickness has increased so rapidly that we can now keep two such professionals going night and day to answer calls."

If it is true that the host of doctors now in our midst find remunerative practice, then there must be some censure due to the Saints for a disregard of the Lord's counsel. For there has certainly been an increase of disease and a consequent greater demand for medical services, all out of proportion to the increase of population. True there may be local causes to assist in the addition to the death-rate, such as improper water supply, accumulations of filth, lack of air cir-

culation, etc., but these do not account for our great amount of sickness. The cause must be in our habits and food, and intemperance in various directions coupled with our inherited weaknesses.

I have no doubt we would very soon become a healthy and strong people if we would strictly follow the suggestions contained in the Word of Wisdom and the ordinary rules of health which common sense suggests; and then exercise faith in the ordinances of the gospel for the benefit of the afflicted, instead of sending for a doctor the moment we feel indisposed. This latter course shows a lack of faith. But unbelief is natural where disobedience has been practiced. It is quite reasonable for a person to feel doubtful as to the result of the "laying on of hands" when his own folly, indiscretion or disobedience has caused the sickness. But when one has observed the laws of health to the best of his ability and has kept the other laws of God, then he can ask in faith for restoration, in the hour of physical weakness, and his petition will not remain unheard or unanswered. Favor with God can only be had by obedience to His requirements and a diligent application of the faith which is born of obedience.

I do not wish to decry the profession of a surgeon, for I think it a very honorable and necessary one, but I would like to impress the Saints with the necessity of exercising more faith in the power and willingness of God to check the destroyer in our midst. It is a shame to us as a people that we neglect, as many of us do, the gifts of healing and the gift to be healed which the Lord has so mercifully given us. It is a disgrace that scoffers of our religion can come

among us, many possessing a mere smattering of medical knowledge and can speedily obtain a practice netting them thousands of dollars annually, while the great Giver of life, who knows how to provide every organ of the body with its full power of action, is unsought in the hour of sickness. It is a standing reproach to us that with the promised gifts of the gospel which we say are among us, we still place more reliance on the skill and knowledge of man, than on the power of God.

It may be asked, however, if we should not use human skill in times of sickness. Certainly, we should, but the skill and ability of those of our own faith should be employed, and not those of an enemy.

Among us there are physicians and surgeons who stand very high in the knowledge of medicine. Where doctors are needed these should be employed, and when they have done all that their wisdom or experience can suggest for the patient, they can then, by virtue of their Priesthood, administer the ordinances of the gospel and call forth that unseen but greater power which emanates from the Father of all.

We may sometimes feel that the gifts of the gospel were necessary in the infancy of the Church, but healings, speaking in tongues, etc., are now supplanted by skill and experience, and are no longer necessary. This is the argument of the world concerning the gospel as taught by Jesus. It is a false theology which creates this feeling, and the Saints who entertain it are in great danger. Just as necessary now as ever are these promised signs to the Saints and where

faith is exercised they are just as abundant.

Some will say that they have been faithful in following the order of the Church as commanded by God, in regard to their sick, and yet they have died. That may be so, but remember, there is a time for all to die—some in infancy, others in childhood, maturity, or old age. But it is the privilege of the people to so live that they may know something concerning the purposes of God in respect to themselves, and those dear to them and thus not be disheartened at the result. We may be certain of this, however, that faith and careful nursing will save more lives than medicine.

It is my personal belief that many lives have been sacrificed to our folly in neglecting the plan admonitions of the Lord with regard to the care of our bodies, in the time of health and the attention to the sick among us, and until we can be more diligent in practicing those things which have been revealed, we will be afflicted in body, and the destroying angel will enter many homes to lay his cold hand upon those we love.

IN St. Petersburg a high medical authority and professor has for years past injected a fluid under the skin of his patients to rejuvenate old people, and with fair results. Every injection cost \$20, and thus the wonderful man accumulated millions. He did not hesitate, before court, to give the names of his patients, members of the highest aristocracy. His injection fluid was distilled water. Oh, faith cure!

IDLENESS travels very slow, and poverty soon overtakes her.

◁DRESS.▷

SPRING FASHIONS.

ELEANOR CROUCH YOUNG.

WE ARE really having our winter now, and heavy wraps and felt head gear are the wearing apparel of these spring days.

The stores, however, have purchased their spring stocks, and while the snow is falling outside, they are gorgeous with Korah moires, (a new fabric somewhat resembling sateen) challies, India silks and embroidered batistes.

Everything is gaudy, but women of the best taste are already tired of the flashing jewels and gorgeous flowers that characterize the spring hats and gowns. Unless an extravagant price is paid for these novelties they have a decidedly cheap, paltry effect.

Some of the millinery—in fact, one may say most of it—fairly makes your eyes ache with its remarkable blendings of brilliant colors.

A bonnet or toque of ecru with a little gold mixed in would offer a restful diversity and go well with anything.

The broad-brimmed, black hat is always pretty. I have purchased one for myself and will trim it in high-standing loops of ribbon with a few white thistles to enliven its sombre-

ness. For evening wear I have a little gold and ecru bonnet, which will go particularly well with black or white. Ecru gloves, of the same shade, will make a pleasing ensemble.

Gray and yellow are fashionable shades and are most artistic. Gray alone is still very much worn, as is also a pale shade of ecru, just the color of coffee with plenty of rich country cream in it.

Cut-away jackets in tan, gray, black and blue sail under the jocund appellation of "blazers," and are to be worn during the first spring days to brighten up dark gowns, and are a comfortable adjunct to summer toilets, to be donned in the cool evenings over thin dresses.

Waists and skirts of different color and quality are hailed by us all with delight; red waists are again worn with black skirts, ecru with brown, and white with navy blue, etc.

The parasols are airy and fantastic, but should be indulged in only by women with long purse strings; plain black silk are always appropriate, always fashionable, and go with anything.

Little ruffles around the bottom of the skirt are reviving again, much to the delight of everyone.

HOUSE AND HOME.

MY VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

ON no occasion in my life and experience did I ever so fully realize the necessity of and efficacy of prayer.

When I left Millard County as a delegate to the N. W. S. Convention, to represent the suffragists of that county, I was entrusted with several important commissions that the people interested thought that I may be

able to execute for them, all of which I was successful in accomplishing satisfactorily. I had asked for the prayers and faith of the Latter-day Saints and I have no doubt I had them, and, as one good brother told me, I had his confidence; without such aid I could have done little or nothing; as it was, I did not fail in anything I undertook to do, consequently my trip was a most pleasant one.

I was received by those whom I had known before I came to Utah, in obedience to the gospel call, with the same kindness as of yore; and not only did I meet old friends, but I made many new ones.

To have the privilege of meeting and mingling with so many great, good and notable men and women is one that cannot be over-estimated.

I had the honor to be received by President Harrison at a private interview, as well as at a public reception, and also by the Attorney-General, by both of whom I was most graciously and kindly received, and my statements listened to with attention and sympathy. Having business at the census office and general post office, I was received by the officials with the utmost respect and attention, as was also the case in all the state departments where I had business to transact. What surprised me most, perhaps, was to find how little our people were known or understood, the picture of our home life was a revelation to most people with whom I conversed, many expressed their surprise that I could look so jolly, (as they were pleased to term it) seeing that I was a Mormon.

To me it was an inexpressible pleasure to be enabled to remove many prejudices and erroneous ideas from the minds of inquirers concern-

ing our people, and to point out to them the progress we are making in commerce, literature, art and science.

Among the most distinguished men and women I had the pleasure of conversing with were William Lloyd Garrison, the truly liberal-minded son of the slaves' champion in the old emancipation campaigns, and who is following in the footsteps of his noble father, using his interests and talents to obtain for women equal political and social rights with her brother, man.

Senator Carey of Wyoming, who fearlessly came to the front to represent the women of the infant state. The Reverend Mr. Hinckley is another who did honor to his calling by boldly advocating woman's just cause, and the venerable Mr. Blackwell, of Boston, husband of the amiable and talented Lucy Stone, who deserves more than a passing notice, as does their daughter, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell. Miss Willard, president of the National Council of Women, must be seen and heard, gavel in hand, presiding over that brilliant assembly, to be thoroughly appreciated. Miss Susan B. Anthony, whose life has been devoted to the cause of her sex's freedom is too well known to need any eulogism from my feeble pen.

Where there are gathered together so many that are great and noble, it seems invidious to name a few, even though they may be among the pioneers and leaders in the fight of Right against Might. In Washington I received many pressing invitations to visit at the residences, but time did not permit me to avail myself of many, much to my regret, for the few calls I was able to make were most delightful ones, and convinced me tha-

the invitations were given in the true spirit of hospitality and friendship.

Should I live and be able to visit the World's Fair in Chicago, I have several pressing invitations from ladies residing there, to make my home with them during my stay. With one of these families I spent a most pleasant day, on my way home, and to whom I am indebted for a drive to some of the principal places of interest in the city and many agreeable calls and introductions.

These attractions I appreciated the more as they were not alone tendered to myself personally, but through me to those by whom I was delegated and whom I had the honor to represent.

I know and realize that of my own strength I could have done none of the business I undertook, but through the prayers of my brothers and sisters combined with my own, I was upheld and assisted by that power which was never appealed to in sincerity without the needed help being given.

It is vain to expect any advantage from our profession of the truth, if we be not sincerely just and honest in our actions.

COOKING RECIPES.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

WHITE HOUSE BROWN BREAD.

ONE quart Indian-meal, one quart rye flour, one pint sour milk, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful salt; this bread takes longer to bake than graham.

FRICASSED EGGS.

Make a good milk or cream gravy, break your eggs carefully so as to keep the yolks entire, pour them one at a time into the gravy, and let them cook five to ten minutes, or until hard. This is a nice side dish and very easily made; season the gravy well. The eggs look better if lifted out and trimmed around the edges, making them look round and smooth when served. They should be served either on split, warm biscuits, or toast.

INDIAN PUDDING.

Two cups Indian-meal, one cup molasses, two quarts of milk, two eggs, butter size of half egg, one tablespoonful ginger. Scald one quart of the milk and pour it boiling on the meal, stirring well, and next the cold milk; butter, eggs and ginger. Boil in well buttered tin five hours, and serve with cream.

◁HYGIENE▷

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF ZION.

BY A GRADUATED OBSTETRICIAN:

To my young Sisters in Zion:

IT IS not a rule that very many comply with, in fact, I do not think it can be called a rule at all, to write to our friends, keep on writing when they

never answer us. And the thought came to my mind just now when I sat down, and before I knew, it formed itself into these words: "I must either be a little 'silly' or else I must be very 'patient.'" But never mind, I will not stop to criticise my own dear self too long, for fear I might give up my letter writing altogether, because I

have just a few words more that I would desire to send to my younger and less experienced sisters.

The experiences gained in a lifetime change the ideas of a person. We do not look at matters with and through the same light when we are fifty years as we did when twenty. You and I differ a great deal in our ideas today, but in the course of fifty years we will come closer together and harmonize better, will we not?

When I look at my younger sisters, at their actions and doings in general, I feel in my heart to pity them many a time, because it seems as though they have not the necessary wisdom to enable them to profit by the counsels and warnings they receive all the time from their more experienced brothers and sisters. It takes wisdom to receive benefit from these sources; but the people of today have more confidence in knowledge, because it costs more to get it. Wisdom we can get by praying for it only, while knowledge can only be gained when we have passed through the fire. How wise are the ones who pray for wisdom!

As I said above, there are just a few things on my mind that I wish to speak to you about. One thing especially was brought to my mind because of a conversation I had with a doctor some time ago. I asked him if he really believed that the medicine which he so frequently recommended to others for their ailments and sickness would be beneficial to himself if he should be taken sick with the same sickness.

He looked at me and I looked at him. He answered, "To be sure, if I should be in earnest, I would not take it myself. But I cannot help giving it to others, because they would not be

satisfied if I told them ever so much, how to eat, how to drink, how to dress and how to bathe and breathe, and all these things, but did not prescribe medicine. They would not be satisfied—especially women," he added. "But I try as much as I can," he said, "not to give anything that will hurt them very much, and"—with a smile on his face—"fool them a little, you know; put a little flour in some water and then tell them to be very careful, just take the dose I prescribe, not one drop more, because it is a serious medicine. Women, you know, appreciate us very much if we make a big story out of their affliction—prescribe some very costly medicine—send to some foreign country for an excellent instrument to use for a certain affliction. Tell them their sickness is of such a nature that they must not work for several months, that they must be kept in good humor, pleasant society, and in the worst cases take a trip to another country. This is the way a doctor must work if he expects to be popular."

These were the main subjects of our conversation, and, to be sure, I felt sympathy for the poor man, he was too cowardly to speak out his own convictions for fear of losing his popularity and a brilliant living. And, sisters, if it had not been that I knew he was speaking the truth, I would have stood up with all the authority a little woman can have and defended my sex, but as it was, I thought it wisest to be silent, only sorry in my heart to know that man—with whom we desire to have equality—should have a perfect right to look on woman through that light.

It is true that women in general ask for a great deal of sympathy. There

is a tendency—too much, I think—to always imagine ourselves the “weaker vessels;” and especially is it injurious to the welfare of humanity in general to appeal for that kind of sympathy spoken of above.

Now, I wish that I could encourage my younger sisters to be more firm, more wise, more self-controlling, and, in fact, more proud, than to be guilty of such criticism. You know very well that when you are sick there is a much better, much wiser, much nobler way through which you can be better, than that.

Sisters, let me tell you there is nothing that nourishes your ailments as much as it does to always speak about them. I used to tell my sisters when they were complaining of their nervousness that the best remedy for it was, never to let a single soul know they were nervous, and they would be surprised to find the excellent effect. But I am sorry to say that this is the last remedy they will try. It seems as though they must speak of it to gain sympathy, and that is just what nourishes the complaint.

Likewise in the sickroom, or outside of the sick room, when you meet your sisters who are broken down in health, let your sympathy be real—if they need help, be sure that you help them, but be also sure that you do not tell them how bad they look, nor tell them that you are so afraid that it is that or the other sickness, which he or she had over there, and she died, and that you, if you were in her place, would be awfully afraid o. s. f. Do not show your sympathy this way, because it is a killing sympathy.

There is another subject I would like to say just a few words about before I close.

It is to those of my sisters who have received such grand blessings as entering the house of the Lord, where they have been washed and anointed and had holy garments placed upon their bodies. Do consider, sisters, what it meant. Were not your bodies dedicated and consecrated that they should become holy, and holy garments placed upon you as a protection? Just remember how you stood there, holy before God, with the grand promise that if you would keep His commandments it should be a seal and protection to you during life. Was all that done for nothing? Was it only to be in power for that day, or a few days, or a few years? Do you not consider your body dedicated or consecrated and dressed in holy garments today? If you do, how can it be possible that you when you are sick (I am only speaking to those concerned) can allow even a man who has no regard for those sacred ordinances, but in place of it put them to an open shame, how can it be possible, I say, that you can allow such a man to touch that dedicated body, allow him to meddle with parts of your body which are set apart to be holy—how can that be possible? Have you put away all those claims of holy protection? Do you not consider yourself any longer the owner of these blessings? How can you let a man who uses liquor, uses tobacco, who swears be allowed to touch that dedicated body of yours?

Those are the words I desire to bring before you. And may God through His Spirit and power work upon your souls to see the seriousness of your situation before Him, is the sincere desire of

HANNAH SORESENSEN.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THERE is one feature of this religion of ours, called Mormonism by the world, that to me is the strongest proof of its divine authenticity. That feature is, the constant development of new and beautiful truths to the individual and to the Church. I have wondered in my own mind if there is, was, or ever will be a time when any known or unknown intelligence will compass every truth, or become acquainted with every force and law of matter and space. I think not.

Go as high as we may in our highest flights of imagination, we will still find in that world of fancy, beings, who, like ourselves, are striving for greater knowledge, higher spheres of intelligence. Does this thought not fire your minds with glorious ambition, girls? Think of it, God has revealed to this people the mighty principle that there is no such thing as a stopping place in the onward march of progress and truth.

Ask any religionist, any thinker whether he possesses religious convictions, or is of that class known as Free Thinkers, what his views are as to the world beyond this, and he can tell you nothing but the old story of bliss, rest and heaven. This heaven to be a sort of eternal holiday, where there is no work, no sin, no change from eternal bliss and eternal monotony. They have no conceptions of the great plans which have been shadowed forth in the revelations received by our Prophet and Seer.

I wish to bring this somewhat high-flown beginning down to a practical basis for the readers of this JOURNAL, as my endeavors have always been to

make these pages a practical help, not a mere stringing together of words and theoretical ideas; so now, I want you to draw a plain application of this principle to yourselves and study over it, pray over it, and bring it into every day use. Whatever you learn in this life is so much working capital for the coming existence. Don't imagine for one moment that the doors of death will open to your minds all the light and knowledge of eternity. Don't think that when you die you will have any more light and knowledge than that which you have gained by exertion, either in this existence, or in some former state of being.

Some of our people fondly imagine that because we have embraced this gospel, when we reach the other side we shall be at once ushered into the realms of light and intelligence that are now occupied by the Gods and those who have spent the years of existence on this planet in constant study and improvement. I do not mean by study, that alone which is compassed in books and schools. Far from it. One who learns all the lessons of obedience to law and principle, even if ignorant of book learning, will be in a far higher state of progress in eternity, than he who acquires all the learning of the schools, but remains fractious and disobedient to the laws of God!

The highest point to reach, and the one which you and I, dear girl, are surely striving for, is to learn every scrap of book learning possible in our various circumstances, and to add to that the intelligent obedience to every known law and principle of the gospel. If that is our aim, blessed will we be,

for the eternal Gods can know no higher!

One more word: what you neglect to learn by book study or by obedience to law in this life, will, if you wilfully slighted those opportunities, furnish your share of what the sectarians call "hell-fire and brimstone," not only in this life, but for unnumbered ages to come. This should be a daily thought with us all, and spur us on to renewed efforts each new day of our lives.

The year of ninety-one will be remarkable in the history of this Church, in that it has been the open door of death to more old veterans than any previous year of our history. At this moment, that noble and sweetly kind father to the people, who has spent a lifetime of unceasing toil for God and this kingdom, the great man known among us as Squire Wells, lies in his last narrow home awaiting the final rites of respect and reverence from

friends and kindred. It is not possible for mortals to conceive the exquisite bliss now enjoyed by this faithful, earnest student and servant of divine law. If the imagination were to mount on the highest wings of love or fancy, that fancy would be to the reality of his present state as the faint and fitful spark of a glowworm compared with the matchless orb of mid-day. Oh, think of it, ye relatives and friends left behind! His spirit, freed from earthly ailments and earthly conditions, sees the great eternal splendors spread out for his higher mounting, and then, beyond that, still other higher and more glorious paths to tread, and, armed as he is now, with a fire-proven shield against death, sin and temptation, he gazes with immortal delight at the surrounding floods of light and love, and bathes in their matchless glory, with songs of praise and thanksgiving to that great, eternal One who has made his progress possible!

◁OUR GIRLS.*▷

Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Having received a copy of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL, I have been reading the article signed by yourself and counselors, entitled, "Be ye not unequally yoked together," and I desire to say to you that I consider the reading of it alone is worth more to me, and I think should be to every father of a family, than the subscription price of the JOURNAL for a year, and I commend it to the careful

attention of all the readers of the JOURNAL, and especially to the young women of Israel. The subject is worthy the attention of all.

I hope you will not allow this to be your last effort in this direction, and that God may bless you in your labor to instruct, enlighten, warn and admonish, in all kindness, the daughters of Zion upon this and kindred subjects.

Wishing you, the JOURNAL, and the Editor abundant success in the good

*All communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

mission assigned you, and that you have so cheerfully undertaken, I remain your friend and brother,

JOS. F. SMITH.

Y. L. CONFERENCE.

THE Utah Stake conference of the Y. L. M. I. A. was held in the Provo meeting house, February 28th, 1891.

After the opening exercises, Brother H. H. Cluff arose to make a few explanatory remarks. Said that Prest. Zina Lyon had sent in her resignation, but unfortunately the letter had been mislaid.

It was moved, seconded and carried that it be received.

Brother John, by request of Prest. Elmina S. Taylor, spoke in regard to appointing a new president. Stated that Prest. Smoot and his counselors considered it necessary for the president of the Young Ladies Association to reside in Provo. Mrs. Donna M. Meecham was then nominated to fill the vacancy and elected by unanimous vote. It was the request of Prest. Smoot that the former counselors should be re-appointed, if they would serve. All the former officers were re-elected, and were set apart by the proper authorities, and the board now stands: Mrs. Donna M. Meecham, president; Miss Ida Coombs and Mrs. Ellen Jones, counselors; Miss Evelyn Billings, secretary; Miss Emma Thatcher, ass't secretary; and Mrs. Emma Simons, treasurer.

Prest. E. S. Taylor then addressed the meeting. Spoke earnestly of the necessity of sustaining the officers, not only by our faith, but by our prayers and our works; endeavor to make the meetings interesting by our united ef-

forts; striving to increase the membership by the missionary labor of every member. Said that every young lady who was a member of the Church should also become a member of the Association.

Was grieved to see so many of our young people becoming careless, and some of them carried away by the waves of infidelity. Now is the time to exert our influence in the cause of truth. Each one must work out her own salvation and exaltation, keeping themselves pure and uncontaminated, fasting and praying for an increase of faith and interest in the associations, as well as the spirit of the same.

Spoke of the necessity of correct reports. With the sanction of the Presidency of the Church we have decided to hold an annual conference in October, near the time of the general conference, and trusted that every Stake would be properly represented. Advised the Stake secretary to keep a sufficient number of blanks on hand to supply all the branch secretaries, so that the reports may be handed in and compiled in time to reach the secretary of the Central Board not later than September 15th.

Urged the necessity of each obtaining a testimony of the truth of this work for themselves, and being prayerful lest they be led astray, as many unfortunate daughters of Zion have been who have listened to the flattering, seductive influences of the wicked and designing, and made shipwreck of themselves. Closed by exhorting all to rise above every unholy thought and desire, in order to gain an inheritance in the kingdom of God.

Prest. Donna M. Meecham felt in accepting this position that she was very weak, but desired to be more

humble and energetic than ever before, that she might, with the assistance of the members and former officers, who have so willingly accepted their positions, be successful, and prayed God to assist her.

Ida Coombs was interested in mutual improvement; regarded it as a school wherein all could be benefitted and prepare themselves for another life, becoming honored women in the Church and kingdom of God.

Ellen Jones desired to be humble at all times, do her duty and work with the object of mutual improvement in view.

Evelyn Billings trusted all would be pleased with the appointed officers, be awake and alive to the various duties and responsibilities resting upon them, and be prepared to endure whatever trials may be brought to bear against them.

Brother David John arose and testified to the truth of Sister Taylor's remarks. Knew they were dictated by the Spirit of the Lord. Counseled the girls that ere taking that most important step in life, choosing a husband, they seek unto the Lord humbly and prayerfully to be guided aright, and not entail misery upon their parents, themselves and their offspring.

Sister Taylor desired the number of subscribers for the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL given in each branch report; also every society to pay to the Stake treasury one dollar per year.

With closing exercises conference adjourned until 7 p. m.

Convened at the appointed time, Prest. Donna Meecham presiding.

After opening exercises, Brother G. H. Brimhall, by request of the president, made a few remarks. Had expected some of the Presidency pres-

ent, and felt somewhat delicate about attending these meetings, but had listened to powerful sermons from the sisters, especially that delivered by Sister E. S. Taylor in regard to young ladies choosing a companion for time and all eternity. Thought the young ladies were certainly setting a better example of dignity and respect than the young men are, although there are hundreds worthy of leading any young lady to the altar, yet the majority are wayward and wild. Considered the young ladies of this Stake were in advance of the young men. Spoke some length in regard to proper amusements and the necessity of the same.

Sister Meecham regretted Sister Taylor's absence, but felt it was unavoidable. Thought many had received great testimonies through attending these meetings, and were better able to resist temptation.

Miss Ida Coombs spoke for some time in regard to the efficacy of prayer.

Mrs. Ellen Jones testified to the benefits derived therefrom, especially in attending to secret prayer. Hoped all would so live that their daily acts would bring a great reward and be an example to the world.

With closing exercises, conference adjourned for six months.

EVELYN BILLINGS,
Secretary.

CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

OF all peoples who have figured and do now figure in history, there are no people who have played a more conspicuous part in the drama of human existence than have the children of Israel, the household of faith.

Their history from the beginning seems to represent the two extremes that the body and mind are capable of enduring, that is, they have either been reduced to abject slavery, or they have been prospered, and have received blessings that have been given to no other people dwelling upon God's footstool.

The history of the tribes of Abraham is one that would, if discussed thoroughly, fill volumes; but it is not the aim in this article to be elaborate, but rather to briefly outline the story of this people, and take a glance at the position they occupy today.

It is a subject that every Latter-day Saint should understand, because of us being so closely allied to Jacob's children.

Abraham, the favored of Jehovah in ancient days, was much beloved of God because of his great faith; and unto him it was promised that his seed should be as numerous as the sands on the sea shore, or as the stars in the firmament. In accordance with this promise God gave unto Abraham and his wife Sarah a son, whom they called Isaac.

When Isaac had reached years of maturity he married Rebecca, and unto them were given two sons, Esau and Jacob. Esau manifested a widely different disposition to Jacob, his brother; but we will not speak of him, but of Jacob, as he is the one who mostly affects our subject. Jacob married four wives, and unto them were given twelve sons.

Unto Jacob God gave the name of Israel, hence his descendants are called the children of Israel.

On account of the famine that occurred in Egypt, while Joseph, one of Jacob's younger sons, was ruler there,

Israel and his other sons were forced to leave the land of their inheritance and came into Egypt. Here they lived and prospered, becoming very numerous and wealthy, until the Egyptian monarchs fearing their increase and influence, reduced them to a state of bondage.

In this lamentable condition, Moses, a mighty leader and lawgiver in God's hands, led them across the Red Sea, across the wilderness of Arabia, into the land of their fathers, their promised Canaan.

Here they had power to kill their enemies and subdue the land, and on the eastern shores of Asia they founded a mighty commonwealth. From the hour of their entrance into that blessed land the sun of prosperity shone upon them. God blessed them abundantly, both temporally and spiritually. The land produced in all its strength, and Israel became a mighty nation. Day by day they became more powerful; they built cities of magnitude and magnificence. Their public buildings commenced to be the envy of the world, until, under Solomon's reign, they reached a point that they have never since known. So under their God-directed kings their ship of state knew no wrecks, their mariners and captains were ever preserved. Under these flattering conditions success alone could be the result of their labors.

But, alas! these weak, frail mortals fell into error, suffered disunion to come into their midst, by dividing themselves under Solomon's two sons, Rehoboam and Jeroboam. Under these circumstances they were in a fit condition for a foreign foe to come in and subdue them; and such seemed to be the inevitable fate that awaited them.

Not long after their dissensions they were besieged by the Assyrians, who readily took them captive into Media. From this place Judah and Benjamin found their way back to the fertile valleys of the Jordan, the land of the olive and the fig. The other ten tribes wandered into northern Europe, from thence they wandered into a country unknown to the world, except through revelation. Remnants of these tribes were scattered throughout many of the European nations. Ephraim being most largely represented by those who lingered and remained on the way.

Judah saw times of prosperity and righteousness, times of wickedness and decay, alternating with times of peace and plenty, bloodshed and famine. They became so corrupt that they knew not the God who came to redeem them, and wilfully nailed him to a cross. Then was the cup of God's wrath full; then were the Romans allowed to tear them asunder as a nation, and sift them through the nations of the world.

During the middle ages those remnants who had remained in Europe had so thoroughly disguised themselves by mixing with other peoples that they were lost to the world, until those bearing authority from God, laden with tidings of great joy, came unto them. Lo! Israel heard the cry of her Redeemer! They were His sheep, and knew His voice, and readily did they gather to the fold He had prepared for them in the highland fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. Here they came in contact with another branch of the "olive tree," that was to leaven the whole lump—the poor savage, the untutored Lamanite—who has running in his veins the blood of

Joseph. That blood that naturally leads him to worship a divine power and to look for the coming of a Messiah.

We have briefly followed Israel from the time of her infancy unto the present time. Have seen her in her joys and in her sorrows; observed what a remarkable part she has played in the world's history in the past. Now let us take a casual glance at the place she occupies at present.

Pick up the most insignificant papers of the day, and what are the main topics that present themselves? *The Mormons*, the *Jews*, and the *Indians*, or Ephraim, Judah and Manasseh. The icy barriers of the north have buried nearly ten tribes from our knowledge, but the three remaining tribes are still notoriously eminent. But, alas! how is that notoriety brought about? Their prominence is due alone to the persecutions to which they are forced to submit at the present time, at the hands of so-called civilized nations.

Ephraim has had his homes despoiled; her temples burned and stolen; has been beaten, driven and killed by violent mobs. Manasseh, likewise, has been robbed of his lands, cheated and killed at the hands of lawless commissioners and wilful thieves, without redress. Judah has wandered over nearly the entire footstool of God, without finding a place to lay his head, save in the land of the Mohammedans!

And for what? Why should these remnants of the mighty kingdom of Israel be maltreated? This is a question that cannot be answered, so far as the persecutors are concerned, from any reasonable standpoint, save that men are impelled by some unnatural

power. We can understand in but one way, how it is that men who are otherwise rational beings can raise their voices in defense of such treatment. And that is by admitting that they are prompted by Satan, who has always figured in persecuting God's children, and again makes his assault upon the sons of Jacob, striving to crush the faith, the desire to worship God that is inherent within them. Trying again as he did in the eternal worlds to rob God of His glory.

But so sure as he was defeated there, so sure will he be defeated here. Therefore fear not, Ephraim, because the last vestage of liberty is being wrenched from your hands, and your people made bondsmen! Fail not, Manasseh, because United States soldiers are marshalled on your borders, ready at the slightest provocation to annihilate you! Despair not, Judah, because you are stripped, beaten and reduced to servitude by a tyrannical Czar. For so sure as the sun shining in yon firmament is brighter than the other heavenly lights, so sure shall your triumph be greater than that of your oppressors. For thou art of that same Joseph, who was called a dreamer and unvirtuous, and who was cast into prison. And like him you shall shake off your shackles and save a nation from a famine of servitude! Then shall the Pharaohs of this and other nations dress you in purple and fine linen, put the chain of gold around your neck, the sceptre in your hand, and bid you rule.

Alice Reynolds,

17th Ward Y. L. M. I. A.

As adversity leads us to think properly of our state, it is most beneficial to us.

My Dear Young Sisters:

I DO wonder if I can write anything that would benefit you? I think I will try for surely we can do nothing without trying, and I always feel that I should like to be the humble instrument in the hands of God of doing something to help roll along His kingdom. Of course, if I can in a measure overcome my faults and failings and live the life of a consistent Saint, that in itself is a great work, but I believe that in listening to or reading the testimonies, trials, temptations or pleasures, as the case may be, of my sisters, and in mingling my thoughts with theirs, that I shall gather strength and faith and be better enabled to perform that work; and I do think that as daughters of Zion we should do everything we can to improve ourselves and our talents, whatever they may be, that we may not be considered slothful handmaidens, but that we may grow in wisdom and intelligence, that we may become fitting helpmeets for the servants of God and fitting mothers for the children that shall help bear off this kingdom triumphant.

Sometimes we think we have a great deal to contend with, but I tell you, my sisters, when I read of the trials that our sisters passed through in early days, I feel ashamed that I ever thought I had a trial, and I think of the many blessings we enjoy at the present time in spite of persecution. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, most of us in comfortable homes, and all of us surrounded by friends. What a contrast to the picture some of our aged sisters could draw! Many of them could tell us of no homes nor shelter in the dead of winter; no food, their children sick, a howling mob behind,

a wilderness before, and as if this were not enough, many of their husbands were on missions, or else in prison, and with all they had to contend with, what must have been a trial in those days, the doctrine of plural marriage; how could they have endured all this had it not been for their unbounded faith in God? Just think of it, and then think how grateful to our heavenly Father we should be, and how we should love and respect those sisters that

have set us such noble examples and how we should endeavor to live so that we may be willing and able to endure anything and everything that our Father sees fit to sift us with; for you know He says He will have a tried people, and I do hope that we may stand the sifting, that our dross may be consumed, that we may be found amongst the wise virgins with oil in our lamps ready to meet the bridegroom. R. M. F.

Salt Lake City.

OUR SHOPPING DEPARTMENT.

THE merchants of Salt Lake have received our plan of putting them before the people in a very warm-hearted way. And since our last No. was issued we have received quite a number of new advertisements. All of these firms like those spoken of before, are our people and the girls will be perfectly safe to deal with any firm advertised in our pages.

THE Co-op. Wagon and Machine Co. are so widely known that they need only be called by name. The incorporated Co. are composed of a number of firms who were gathered under one head by Heber J. Grant, and who, instead of doing a business of a few thousands a year, now import whole trains of implements and machinery. I happen to know that when this firm declare a dividend, even if it reaches up to fifty thousand, before any further disposition is made of the money, the titling is at once taken out and paid into the Lord's store-

house. Certainly a firm pursuing this policy deserve to prosper.

THE Western Shoe and Dry Goods Co. have certainly one of the neatest and most attractive interiors in the city. The exquisite cleanliness of everything makes the stock exhibited very enticing to buyers. Their goods as implied in the title of the firm, consist of shoes and all sorts of dry goods and dress goods. During the Conference season, they are giving to every customer who buys \$5.00 worth of goods, a dress pattern. This has already proved a grand success in the matter of calling new customers to their store.

THE distressing circumstances of the recent burning out of the Co-op. Furniture Co. has enlisted the deep sympathy of every one in behalf of the firm. Being a new enterprise, and also being but fairly under way, this heavy blow has partially crippled the

members of this firm. However, nothing could daunt the brisk courage of their manager, Bro. Williams, and once more they have set up business, being located at 61 and 63 S. West Temple St., opposite the Herald office and a little north of the corner. Their loss will, however unfortunate to them, prove a great gain to all who trade with them, for their stock is all new and of the best and most modern styles. To attract attention they will, during Conference, offer some astonishing bargains. Every member of this firm is a thorough Latter-day Saint and our girls will take great pleasure in going there for anything they may need in the furniture line.

THE Utah Cracker Factory is a wholesale firm, but I want the girls whenever they go into our country stores to ask if the cakes and crackers they are buying are from this excellent firm. If not, insist upon your store-keepers getting this Co's goods, for they are made of the purest materials we can testify from personal observation; and then if you want a sample while at Conference for your lunches, just step into the shop and get a 5lb. box for 25cts. Isn't that cheapness itself?

THE familiar faces of Sorenson and Carlquist, the furniture dealers, look up at us from nearly every city paper. They deal in an extensive line of furniture, and are always anxious and willing to exhibit any or all of their fine stock to prospective buyers. Try them, girls.

Now girls, when you come up to Conference, I want you to go to Read-

ing's, the Florist, and see the lovely flowers in his seven extensive green-houses. You can get beautiful plants in bloom already potted, pot and all, in prices ranging from 10cts, to \$100. I have had some of these flowers in constant bloom for years; and you can take back to your weary mothers no prettier present than a lovely plant in bloom. You can get likewise any kind of bulb, flower seed or slip and the florist will mail them to your address.

AFTER you have got flower seeds, get your brothers and fathers to go over to Sears and Jeremy for their lucern seed, peas and beans for planting and in fact for every known farm and garden seed. Their seeds are all acclimated, and will be more productive by far than the imported truck. Also find here hay, flour etc., etc.

THE BURTON GARDNER CO. is another good Mormon firm! and the spring mattresses and wire goods manufactured here are as trustworthy as the men who sell them. They are making a specialty of machine fixtures of all sorts, shapes and kinds.

THE Salt Lake Supply Association are a unique firm who take an order from any member of the Association for any grade or class of goods and supply the goods at wholesale rates, shipping them to customers. The yearly membership fee of \$4.00 is all the profit they make, and certainly they are reliable and trustworthy, for our business manager has tried them and proven their faithfulness and capacity to her entire satisfaction. So I confidently recommend them to our readers.

THE SPENCER & BYWATER CO. is a firm of enterprising young men who, because of the excellence of the goods they handle, such as stoves, ranges and all kinds of hardware, deserve a call from every reader of the JOURNAL. May be I can speak more positively of their ranges next fall.

THE UTAH STOVE & HARDWARE CO. while dealing in all kinds of hardware, make a successful specialty of tiles and mantelpieces. In some of the best houses of Salt Lake as well as in the most elegant residences in adjacent cities are seen fine and beautiful tiled fireplaces and mantles put in by this firm. I have seen some of them and can confidently recommend this firm to all our wealthy readers.

P. W. MADSEN's name is very familiar to country people as well as city dwellers. He keeps now as he has ever done a good stock of furniture, and one thing I can say of him, his prices are not fancy ones, but are such as meet the demands of the people. He is very courteous in his treatment of customers.

WATSON BROS. are contractors, builders and stone cutters. There is scarcely a cemetery in Utah that does not contain one or more of their chaste and elegant tombstones so that their names are almost household words. During their twenty-five years of existence they have put in most of the finest blocks in Salt Lake City and Fort Douglas. They modestly refer to the fact that they are known to the

public as the firm who do not make mistakes. This is indeed a proud title.

If you girls want any jewelry go into Henry Reiser's and you may be sure that what you get there is just what Brother Reiser tells you it is. He keeps everything from a baby's bib-pin to a gold watch. You can get good gold or good plate jewelry there, just as your taste or purse demands.

THERE was a mistake made in speaking of the firm of Hardy, Young & Co., in our last number. I called them Hardy Brothers & Young in the Shopping Department instead of Hardy, Young & Co. Please note the correction.

Now girls you will find the addresses of every advertiser in their card or advertisement. One thing please all remember, whenever you go into any of the shops we have told you about, don't be too modest or backward to mention that you saw their names in your own magazine and so were attracted to the store. We hope to hear the most favorable reports from both readers and advertisers of this department, for we are not only sanguine as to the mutual benefits of our plan, but we are honest and thoroughly in earnest in our work.

When you come up to the city put your JOURNAL into your pocket as a reference, to help you find the stores we have told you about.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◀ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▶

VOL. II.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY, 1891.

No. 8.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

MRS. MINNIE J. SNOW.

PRESIDENT OF THE Y. L. M. I. A. OF BOX
ELDER STAKE OF ZION.

“MY father, H. P. Jensen, was a native of Denmark, the proprietor of an extensive iron foundry, employing one hundred men. My mother, Sarah J. Clawson, a German lady of good family and Jewish descent—her great-grandmother a Jewess. They were among the first converts to the Mormon faith in Denmark, providing a comfortable home for Apostle Erastus Snow and other missionaries to that land and suffered much persecution, in consequence, from civil authorities, opposing ministers and mobs.

“My mother here translated the revelation on Celestial Marriage from the German to the Danish language. In 1853, they left their friends and loved ones and crossed the ocean to gather with the Saints in Utah; my father paid the emigration fees, and brought with him, nine other Saints. Owing to the persecution before mentioned, and to avoid detention, they were obliged to steal away and embark secretly, not even waiting to dispose of their property, merely closing the doors upon a well furnished home which they were never again to see or hear from.

“After a long and tedious journey fraught with many dangers and hardships, they arrived in Utah October 5th, 1854, locating in Brigham City,

where I was born the following October 10th.

“My parents entered the order of Celestial Marriage the first year of their settlement here—having sought and obtained a testimony of its divinity through earnest prayer while engaged in its translation.

“The result of my father's obedience to this law was seventeen sons and nineteen daughters, the family all told numbering forty-three souls.

“Although enduring the many hardships and privations known only to the pioneers to this then forbidding country, and though colleges and institutions of learning were scarcely to be found, through the ambition, energy and industry of our parents, this large family of children were kept at home and strictly disciplined in moral and religious habits; besides being given the educational advantages the country then afforded through which they afterwards became respected and trusted in various positions of honor.

“These seventeen boys, with but two exceptions, grew to manhood with characters untarnished by any of the debasing habits or vices of the age.

“In childhood they all evinced musical ability, were always encouraged and early taught to play upon the violin, banjo, guitar, drum, fife, piccolo and brass instruments, also the organ and piano. Possessing fair voices in connection with these instruments, it may be imagined how they often made

the "old home" rafters ring with harmony.

"In my fourteenth year, to obtain further musical advantages, I was sent

through close observation and intimacy, many social acquirements were gained, and many happy hours have been spent in recalling those pleasant



MRS. MINNIE J. SNOW.

to Salt Lake City where I remained about one year, under an efficient teacher, making my home in the family of President D. H. Wells, where,

and profitable months.

"My most profitable educational advancement, however, at this period of my life, was acquired in the Brigham

City Seminary, under the able management of Professor L. F. Moench, a model teacher, who not only urged his pupils onward in classic studies, but took much interest in their deportment, neatness, taste and moral culture. I labored with earnestness and zeal, and steadily advanced. Each year of my later life causes me to more fully appreciate the great benefit of earnest application while at school.

Being some years older than my sisters, who were at home, and having seven brothers older than myself, we were often found among pleasure-seekers, and much in society, gaining experience and forming ideas.

"Every young girl, however frivolous or romantic, spends many hours in serious reflection upon what to her is the chief object of woman's existence, the realization of her highest aspiration, viz., a *husband* and *home*. This is at once the consummation of her fondest hopes, the grandest event of her life. This important subject naturally engaged my thoughts with the rest.

"I cast about among my gentlemen friends, few of whom claimed my special regard or admiration, for an "ideal," one who should possess remarkable characteristics and virtues, first among which must rank *reverence*: firmly believing that the man who has no love for his Maker, is likely to have little for his wife or children. He who does not acknowledge his dependence upon a higher power, will soon forget his obligations to his family; further, he who is not willing to sacrifice the gratifications afforded by the pernicious indulgence of using tobacco and liquor, to insure the comfort of his home, is too selfish to make any woman a kind husband.

"Apostle Lorenzo Snow, after an extended acquaintance, and to whom I was indebted, for many pleasant visits, drives, etc., now proffered marriage. I was completely overwhelmed with the honor of this proposal. After requesting time for deliberation, and apparently treating the matter lightly, I took it into the most serious consideration. Weighing all the points carefully, I was forced to acknowledge he possessed the qualities I most admired in man; yet I was in no haste to forsake my fascinating maiden-life.

"I was a young, trusting, impulsive little wild flower when he sought me out; in his honest, manly, earnest way he wooed me. Unable to decide, I sought the Lord for guidance, and, at length, received a perfect assurance of my duty; my resolve was made, and I accepted—accepted not only himself, but a position with his other wives in his honored family.

"My heart was pure, my purpose noble. Yet, to say that this decision was finally reached, without much hesitation and struggling (notwithstanding my conviction that it was right) would not be true; for I realized what this acceptance meant for me.

"No more must I dream of a fond and devoted lover, of a proud and happy bride arrayed in bridal splendor. No more must I long for the happy fulfillment of my ideal home, with a husband to join in my laughter and song, to banish my sighs and fears; to ever be near me with smiles and caresses. Gone were the prospects of parties and balls, theaters, excursions and picnics. Good-bye to all these in this choice of mine! His grandeur and nobility inspired me with awe. How could I ever hope to approach him as companion, as wife; how vain to as-

pire to be near him in wisdom, intelligence, culture or love? Then, too, my friends advised me to think of all I must sacrifice, must expect and endure. Could I submit myself to a life of sacrifice? Could I be content to share his time, his affection, with others whose claims were as just as mine, to whom he owed the same loyalty? Could I forsake my girlish fancies and associates, give up my youthful pleasures, to train and discipline my words and actions, check my wild and wayward impulses, seeking to adapt myself more nearly to my husband's taste and the circumstances which must surround me?

"Then again, might he not be disappointed in discovering my faults, my simple attainments and meager learning? And the great disparagement of our age and experience might result in estrangement and unhappiness to both.

"These were indeed vexed questions, which tested my courage and faith in the certain and unquestionable course I knew was willed by heaven that I should take, and which were finally settled by my acceptance. But had it not been for my sense of duty, love of right and a knowledge of my relationship to God, it would have been utterly impossible to have accepted this principle. But in my heart I finally resolved to be a friend to every member of my husband's family, and no matter how tempted, to preserve an honest, courteous policy, in my intercourse with them.

"My husband's daughter, Clara, was to be married in the following spring, and it was decided to celebrate our marriage at the same time; so we were quietly married June 12th, 1871, by President Brigham Young, at the en-

dowment house in Salt Lake City. My marriage was known only to a few, and must remain a secret for a time, owing to the threatening attitude of our enemies. Consequently upon our return a reception was held for one bride only; my sweet young friend looked lovely in her bridal array, and supremely happy with her proud young husband in the midst of music and flowers, surrounded by a host of friends, all eager to bestow congratulations, gifts and kindest wishes for their brilliant and successful future.

"There was one heavy heart, however, among that happy throng, few of whom suspected that another bride and groom were among them, who were meeting calmly and with apparent indifference while in their hearts there surged a wild tumult of conflicting emotions.

"This experience taught me that by submitting to the will of God, and reconciling myself to what seemed to be a sacrifice of my fondest hopes, I was made to realize blessings exceeding the brightest pictures of my imagination.

"Had I traveled the world over or devoted a lifetime in the search of my "ideal," I could not have found a more congenial companion—a better husband and father. In the twenty years of our married life I have proven him to be a man of superior intellect, taste and culture of a highly appreciative nature, pure and chaste in all his habits, in a word, a thorough gentleman, and an unkind word has never passed between us.

"In consideration of my very early marriage, an agreement was mutually consented to that my studies should be pursued uninterruptedly and my home-

should be, as formerly, with my parents.

"In October, 1872, Apostle Snow, his sister, Eliza R. Snow, and others visited Europe and Palestine and during his absence my time was employed by adding French and German to my studies, also teaching, and here commenced a two years' successful experience in the school room. The lessons thus afforded in systematic management, discipline and self-government, also in acquiring habits of punctuality, and a knowledge of human nature have proven of untold value to me. In May, 1873, in company with my mother, I started to visit relatives in the east, spending several weeks very pleasantly, until July, when we joined the Palestine tourists in St. Louis on their return and accompanied them home.

"The following November I moved into a suite of rooms in the "Old Homestead" occupied by my husband and family and assumed the responsibilities of married life for the first time, and now my life work began in earnest."

To write a brief sketch doing justice to the subject under consideration, truthfully portraying characteristics, and culling items of special interest in a friend's history that may inspire a worthy emulation in others or benefit co-laborers in a like calling, is indeed a delicate and exacting task. We have preferred that the original of the portrait here represented, should tell the story of her early personal experience, in her own sweet womanly way, revealing as it does with intense reality the secret force that has swayed, in a greater or less degree, the destiny of hundreds of plural wives. It gives to the wondering monogamous world the

key to unlock the mystery of their peculiar position under the gospel dispensation, for which their names are cast out as evil. To me has fallen the pleasant task of portraying Sister Snow's public labors, particularly as an officer in the cause of Mutual Improvement. This position was first predicted in a patriarchal blessing, followed by other blessings, given in her early youth, in these words, "Sister Minnie, you shall open your mouth in private and in public, and the Lord will give you power to express your ideas in a manner that will astonish yourself and those who shall hear you, and your name shall be in the mouths of thousands, and your good deeds in the memory of tens of thousands; and you shall be a wise and steadfast counselor in His Kingdom. Many holy prophets shall dine at your table, yea, many whom you little dream of." Pres. Snow's co-laborers assert that if she possesses one virtue above another it is that of veneration. This fact was demonstrated by the very early age at which her spiritual nature began to develop, leading her to love the Sabbath School, where, at the age of twelve she taught a class in the Book of Mormon, at fourteen she assumed the duty of organist for the tabernacle choir, which she has conscientiously performed for over twenty years, also acting as secretary of the Relief Society for some time. These labors, while of a public nature came far short of fulfilling the above prophecy, for no field was open, as yet, for such opportunities, as were contained in that prediction. But, on March 13th, 1875, when called to preside over the Young Ladies association of Brigham City, the dawn of this important era was plainly visible in the

efficient discharge of this trying position, for one just emerging from her teens. And the approach of the promised blessings once seen, only by the eye of faith, became more clearly defined in the realms of reality, when at the organization of the Box Elder Stake Associations on July 31st, 1879, she was promoted to the office of Stake president, laboring in this office two years without the aid of counselors, and in company with the Stake authorities visited all the branches, some at a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, usually once a year, sometimes under conditions which no one would choose for pleasure, duty being always uppermost, and the key note to action. Her associate workers testify of her, that under discouraging circumstances, "brilliant results have been realized, through her indomitable will, energy and perseverance. We have ample proof of her sincerity and earnestness. God has endowed her with faith and talents which she is always willing to exercise for the upbuilding of God's Kingdom, sparing neither time nor ability in teaching and encouraging her sisters, pointing out to them the Pearl of Great Price, and how to keep it undimmed, assisting them to improve by constantly urging them to perform each task allotted to them".

One of the most striking features in Sister Snow's personality, is a certain delicacy and refinement that instinctively accompany superior intellectual taste, and a gentle sympathetic heart. Her own self-discipline, and culture is reflected in the characters she has helped to mould, having early impressed the girls with the importance of acquiring a knowledge of and strictly serving, the rules of good

society and cultivating those graces that adorn a woman's life, yet withal, so domesticated herself, that the sterner duties requisite in a well ordered home, are never neglected. The notes of her birdlike voice float out upon the air in cheerful melody, as she airily glides from room to room, intent upon the cares and duties of a busy housewife. In the meantime acting as the easy, yet dignified Apostle Snow's private secretary which item alone means many hours of earnest labor. The easy, yet dignified grace, the gracious smile and whole-souled cordiality with which she receives you as her guest, at once disarms you of all fear and restraint, and recalls the art of a true hostess. Her home is adorned with many rare and beautiful ornaments, the work of her own hands, and here you discover, an oasis in the desert, a safe retreat where the goddess of peace holds sway. Ah, yes there is the fragrant bouquet of flowers just as you would expect to find them at her table, with all the dainty appointments suggestive of a refined taste. We noticed the children, boy and girl alike, waiting upon the table with polite attention, the mother, not once arising therefrom, during the meal. "Yes," said Sister Snow, "I do without help which I really need, in order to train them in the habits of self-reliance and industry."

Many holy prophets have dined at her table, of which she little dreamed, with holy women, too, for beneath her roof have been entertained, not the devotees of fashion and folly, but the benefactors of our race, the earnest workers in the cause of true religion, literature and science. The doors of her spacious home have ever stood open for the accommodation and social

enjoyment of her friends, and the social and spiritual feasts enjoyed there, with the many lovely and accomplished girls of the associations will ever remain among our brightest memories. Here the officer's meetings are held, where advice and counsel are sought and given and the spirit of love cultivated, that characterizes all their intercourse with each other. Perhaps one secret of this union lies in this grand trait of her character as testified of by her fellow officers, "she never allows herself to indulge in slander." She plans with wise and careful forethought, and executes with promptitude and decision, preventing delay or waste of time, and possesses to a marked degree the invaluable gift or necessary tact to one in her calling, that of arousing the latent ambition, discovering the latent talents of each, and calling forth each one's best efforts.

One privilege has been granted her, accorded to but few of her sex, viz., that of speaking at a funeral. This opportunity was given at the funeral services of Sister Marion Perry, president of the Y. L. A. of Willard.

It is an established custom for a brother to pay the last tribute of respect to a fellow-laborer, in expressions of esteem for the departed, or sympathy for the bereaved, but who better knows the virtues of a woman (excepting her own family) than those closely engaged with her in the same field of labor? She also addressed the assembly at the Young Men's Conference in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City held in June, 1889.

Her modest and unassuming bearing, sweet voice and choice language presiding over or addressing her audience, would, we think, disarm the most hostile opponent of the preju-

dice he may have held against woman's laboring in the ministry. Sister Minnie's situation in life clearly demonstrates the possibility of home-life and public enterprise walking hand in hand, success attending both, where executive ability, faith and mercy are not lacking. She has traveled from Idaho to Arizona with the authorities of the Church whose tours through the settlements in earlier days were eagerly watched for and highly appreciated by the Saints as seasons of spiritual refreshing, and has also often accompanied Sister Eliza R. Snow in her labors of organizing the various associations.

Sister Minnie is the mother of four children three of whom are living, two sons and one daughter, whose present status was anticipated with some curiosity, owing to a difference of 40 years in the ages of their parents, but these children seem not to have suffered the least disadvantage physically or mentally. All are well endowed—bright, and active. Her assistance as a helpmate is graciously acknowledged in the following extract, from a poem; written by her husband while confined in the Utah Penitentiary for conscience sake, and is a beautiful tribute, to woman's power :

"Thy husband, dear, now oft recalls
Thy burden's borne mid cares and toils
With cloudless brow and smiling face,
With spirit bright and charming grace.

"And cheering words and counsels wise
Did prompt his heart and mind to rise
With added force to struggle through
His thorny path, inspired anew."

By self sacrifice, and devotion to her God-appointed mission, by the influence of thoughtful love, the charms of music, and the melody of song, she has won her way to the hearts of her

companions and the Saints in whose interest she has labored. Rich is the harvest of wise and earnest sowing,

sweet are the echoes of a well spent life.

Lillie Freeze.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"IT'S A BOY."

LUE.

MY neighbor awoke me this morning,
My neighbor just over the way,
Merrily whistling a dear old tune,
Sang oft in a long ago day.

With the songs of my youth it blended,
Until time turned back on its way—
And muffled them fresh o'er the meadows,
With the scent of newly mown hay.

All nature with voices was singing,
Yet harmony seemed to prevail,
Ne'er discordant note in the music,
Went forth from the hill-top or vale.

The whole world changed into an Eden,
With fountains of light in full play—
Bright showers of gold fall around me,
And beauty resplendent held sway.

The long night of watching had vanished,
The skies wore a roseate hue;
Hope's day-star beamed clearer above me,
My heart beat with gladness anew.

I put back the blinds from my window,
To hail the bright glory of day,
And longed to clasp hands with my neighbor,
My neighbor just over the way.

Some treasure-trove has been discovered,
Else wherefore this outburst of joy?
To questioning look he responded,
And smilingly said, "It's a boy!"

No thought of the cares that must follow—
Heart brimming with happiness o'er,
With hands thrust deep in his pockets
He whistled away as before.

While out on the air the words floated,
And thro' the streets busy employ,
Echo and re-echo repeated,
The glad spoken words, "It's a boy!"
Atchison, Kan.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

W. T. FORSGREN.

SITUATED on the banks of the Thames and not far from the large and bustling city of London, stands the little town of W. It has an olden time, yet aristocratic look about it; so that one would naturally conclude the inhabitants were rustling, wide-awake and well-to-do people.

On one of the principal streets stands a not very large but comfortable looking stone house. There is an air of beauty and neatness about the surroundings that attracts the attention of every passer-by. The large and well-kept lawn, dotted here and there with the most beautiful shrubbery and flowering plants, its broad, cleanly swept walks, bordered with simple yet lovely flowers, and the creeping vines entwining themselves around the pillars supporting a portico at the entrance, all combined to form a picture most pleasing to look upon.

Let us now take a peep into the interior of this little home on a beautiful summer's eve. Seated in an easy chair with an open book before her, is an elderly lady of perhaps forty-five, she raises her eyes from the book which she has been reading, and rests them upon the young girl sitting near her; there is a kindly expression upon her face while she proceeds to explain some of the passages she has been reading from the book of God, relat-

ing to the establishing of His work in the last days. The young girl, whom we will know from this on as Aina Arnold, seems deeply interested in what her mother is saying, yet it can be plainly seen that she is "ill at ease," she is evidently expecting some one, for her face is flushed and her heart beats violently at times, as she imagines she hears a well-known footstep upon the gravel path. Mrs. Arnold is reading to her daughter the word of God as contained in the book of Daniel, "And in the days of these kings will the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and it shall stand forever." She is striving diligently to strengthen her daughter in the principles of the new faith which they have so lately embraced, for she fears that her darling Aina will have a most trying ordeal to pass through. While they are conversing upon the principles of the gospel let us take a glance at their past lives.

Aina's father, Mr. Arnold, was for many years one of the leading merchants of the town, but four years previous to the opening of our story, had died suddenly, leaving his widow and only child to face the battle of life alone, but with an abundance of the good things of this world to assist them on their journey. At this time little Aina was a sweet girl of sixteen with laughing blue eyes and an abundance of golden tresses which had always been so much admired by her kind and indulgent father. Now that she was left as her mother's only comfort and companion, she seemed to feel the grave responsibility resting upon her, and stepped, as it were, from the realms of childhood into the more realistic sphere of womanhood;

that she might be the better prepared to understand and share the cares and sorrows of her kind and loving mother. Three years later when Harry Lawrence had asked her hand in marriage she had, with her mother's consent, promised to become his wife on the day when she would be twenty-one years of age. Knowing him to be an honest, upright and industrious young man, she had bestowed all her affections upon him, while he in return almost idolized his "little sweet-heart," as he affectionately termed her. So trusting in each other they were looking forward to a life of purest bliss.

At the time our story opens, Harry has been traveling with his father on the Continent for six months past, during which time he has kept his darling Aina posted in regard to his travels and has regularly sent loving little missives, telling her how he has missed her society and how anxiously he awaits the time when he will return to her, and always reminding her how near the time is drawing when he will call her his own little wife. But during Harry's absence a great change has taken place in the home of Mrs. Arnold. About the time of his departure, on a cold wintry day, two gentlemen called at the house asking for shelter and something to eat. At the same time informing her that they were servants of God preaching the everlasting gospel; kind-hearted Mrs. Arnold could not think of turning a human being from her door on such a day, so invited them into the dining-room and ordered the cook to prepare a warm dinner. Meanwhile she conversed with them upon the doctrines they had been sent to proclaim to the world, or rather listened in astonish-

ment as they advanced and explained one principle after another. It all seemed so new and strange, so different from what she had been taught in the Church of England, of which she had always been a faithful member. Gradually a flood of light was forcing itself upon her mind; she truly felt to rejoice in her heart and return thanks to her Creator, for she believed what they said when they told her the Lord had once more established His work upon the earth with all the gifts and privileges enjoyed by the Saints in former days.

During this time Aina had been an interested listener. She, like her mother, felt the force of what these strange gentlemen had been saying. They could not find it in their hearts to reject what they had heard, neither did they feel to receive it without further light upon the subject. Accordingly the Elders were asked to call again. In the meantime Aina and her mother resolved to make it a subject of prayer and ask the Lord in humility to give them a testimony that they might know if these men were sent of Him. In time the testimony was given, they became convinced of the truth of the gospel and were no longer in darkness.

Mrs. Arnold's desire was that they should be baptized without delay, but poor Aina, who can describe the conflicting emotions within her heart? She believed without a doubt that the unpopular religion they were about to embrace was of God, yet she would say,-

"Oh mamma! I dare not be baptized until after Harry's return. If I were to and he should not believe as I do he would certainly be angry with me and perhaps never forgive me, which

would be more than I could stand, for oh, mamma, I am sure I could not live without Harry."

"But," said kind Mrs. Arnold, "my dear girl, don't you know when you are baptized and have hands laid upon your head you have been promised you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; you will also receive more light and intelligence so that you will be better able to convert Harry to the religion you have espoused?"

"But, mamma, I am so afraid Harry will never believe as we do, for although he is so good and noble, you know the Lawrences are very proud and these Mormons, as they are called, are so unpopular I am afraid he will think it a disgrace to be numbered among them."

"Well, my dear, if that is the way you feel about it I do not think it would be best to delay your baptism. After the light we have received, we cannot afford to sacrifice our religion for worldly pleasure. You know the Savior has said, 'He that hath left houses, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children for the kingdom of God's sake, shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.'"

"Yes, mamma, I know you are right, my conscience tells me that is the path of duty, and I have always said if I had the perception to know my duty I would have the courage to perform it; now that I am brought to the test I will not falter. When you are ready we will be baptized, and I will fast and pray, make it my constant prayer that God will soften Harry's heart and prepare him for receiving the gospel."

"My dear, noble girl, how proud I am of you, and how thankful to

know I have a daughter who has the courage to perform her duty under all circumstances. And I feel that the Lord will hear and answer your prayers and that Harry will receive the gospel in humility of heart as we have done. I would advise you to say nothing of this in your letters to him; wait until he returns, when you can better explain it to him than you can write it." So it was arranged that Mrs. Arnold and Aina should be baptized the following week.

Months have passed by, winter and spring, with all their joys and sorrows are gone at last, and June, the loveliest of months, is come. On this beautiful summer's evening, when we first took a peep into the home of Mrs. Arnold, Aina has just received word from Harry that he will be home on the 6:30 train, and after the home greeting will call and spend the evening with herself and mother. So it is not at all strange that while her mother is talking to her she is a little nervous and not altogether at her ease, for she has made up her mind that during the first visit after Harry's return she will tell him all concerning her conversion and baptism, and the religion that has daily grown dearer to her, in which her faith has increased, so that she feels she would sacrifice every thing on earth rather than deny the testimony she has received.

Mrs. Arnold has just finished explaining to her daughter concerning the little stone spoken of by Daniel, that was to roll and fill the whole earth, when a quick, firm step was heard upon the pathway leading to the entrance.

Aina's heart beat wildly as she arose to meet him at the door, and almost

before she knew it she was clasped in the strong, manly arms of Harry as he imprinted a loving kiss upon her brow, and murmured in her ear, "My darling girl, how I have missed you, but now I have returned never to leave you again."

How those words sent the blood coursing through Aina's veins! if Harry only knew all would he have said that, would he be angry with her? If so how could he ever choose between him and her religion. These and many other questions passed through her mind in less time than it takes to tell it.

After the loving greetings were over and an hour had been spent in quiet, but animated conversation, Mrs. Arnold knowing her daughter's intention, and thinking it would be best to leave them by themselves while discussing so serious a question, quietly arose and bidding them a pleasant good night, repaired to her room.

Aina well knew her mother's motive in so doing, and began to realize as she never did before that the path of duty is not always the easy course to pursue.

Her courage almost failed her at times, one moment she would think she would wait until his next visit, when, perhaps, it would be easier to broach the subject; but upon second consideration she resolved to tell him all and hope for the best.

Poor Aina, little did she know the sacrifice she would that evening have to make for the sake of her religion. Now that she was beginning to think more seriously about it, she became more silent and a troubled expression o'ershadowed her face.

Harry's keen but loving eyes were not long in observing this, and drawing

nearer to her he said, "Now, what is troubling my little girl? I never saw you looking so grave; tell me, dear, what you were thinking about?"

"Oh, Harry, I have so much to tell you; but you must first promise you will have patience to hear me through and not to be too hasty in your judgment."

"Why, really, Aina, you almost frighten me; what is it you have to tell me that makes you look so serious, has some impertinent popinjay stepped in during my absence and won your affections from me?" This was accompanied by a loving little caress, which showed he was not very uneasy in that regard.

"No, Harry, you should have more confidence in me than that; on the contrary, you never seemed so dear to me as this evening. And I am afraid, were I ever forced to part from you, life ever after would hardly be worth living."

"But, Aina, why should you think of parting from me; tell me, dear, what has given rise to these unpleasant thoughts?"

"Well, Harry, as you have requested it I will tell you freely and honestly all I have to say, then you must judge for yourself whether I have been led astray or not."

Then followed a minute rehearsal of every circumstance that had taken place from the first visit of the two Elders, until the day she and her mother had entered the waters of baptism. She finished by bearing a strong testimony to him of the truth of the gospel.

Harry was too much surprised to speak, but only sat and listened in astonishment until she was through,

then taking one of her small white hands in hers, exclaimed: "Aina, my poor, deluded girl, do you know this sect to whom you have allied yourself is nothing more nor less than those degraded Mormons we hear so much about?"

"Yes, Harry, I am aware that is the name by which they are commonly known; but be not too hasty in forming an opinion of them. I have some books and tracts I have kept on purpose for you to read; when you have read them I know you will think differently of this religion."

"Aina, I will never read any of their books, neither do I want to hear any more about their doctrines. I am surprised that you have been thus far misled, but when you have been shown the folly of what you have done you are too sensible to continue in such a course."

"No, Harry, you can never influence me against the faith I have embraced. I have not taken this step without due consideration and after the testimonies I have received I will forego every earthly pleasure rather than renounce my religion."

"Aina, Aina, do you know you wring my heart by speaking thus? You are dearer to me than life itself, and the thought of parting from you almost drives me mad."

"Oh, Harry, must we part? How earnestly I have prayed that you would see and understand as I do and be prepared to receive the gospel."

"Aina, it is nonsense for you to talk such stuff as this. You must promise to give up all thoughts of this people, or we must this night part forever."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, you are too hasty, take time to consider, and, per-

haps, after farther consideration you will think differently about this."

"I will always think as I do now, and farther consideration will only make me more determined; you must this night choose between a life of pleasure and happiness, or one of degradation and misery. In other words, Aina, you must now choose between me and this new faith you profess to think so much of."

"Harry, I can only say as I said before, I will make any sacrifice rather than renounce my religion."

"Then this is your choice," said Harry rising. "Listen, Aina, just one moment before we part forever, I have loved you fondly, had hoped one day to make you my wife, and had looked forward to a life of perfect happiness with you, now you are driving me from you—."

"Oh, Harry, do not say that; it is too cruel, more than I can bear."

"You have had your choice and have chosen to mingle yourself with this degraded people, you have brought this trouble upon yourself, you will perhaps find comfort in that. But, Aina, if ever you find you have been misled and wish to return to me, all you must do is to renounce this people and every thing connected with them, when I will be only too proud and happy to give you once more a place in my affections. Until then, farewell, poor, unhappy girl."

And without another word he was gone. Aina did not dare trust herself to speak to him, or even look up into his face. She could only sit and sob as if her heart would break. She knew just one word from her would call him back, yet she dare not say it. Already had she been tried almost past endurance, and if she were to call him back,

perhaps, her courage would fail her in an unguarded moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TEMPTED.

CECIL FORTESCUE.

THEY stood together. Curtainless, undraped
The high-arched window looking to the west,
Where burnishing the clouds with opal tints,
In molten gold the sun sank to his rest.

The sun was setting; but there still remained
His brilliant light on mountain, wood and cloud,
And gold and crimson on the hilltops rained,
And gleamed with splendor on the storm's dark shroud.

As on the distant mountains shone the sun,
So on her face youth's beauty still was seen,
But over all a pallor and repose,
Resigned and tender dignity of mien.

Above her brow her soft, dark hair was coiled.
Her hands were clasped, her eyes looked to the west;
Still as a marble statue all her form,
Save for the breathing impulse of her breast.

His face was full of passion's ardent flame,
Of holiest love, that is, of earthly mold;
His blue eyes held life's pleading, and his hair
Showed winter's frost upon its tawny gold.

It does not matter what their lives had been,
The same old story greets us every way:
Youth's hopes and dreams are seldom seen to fruit,
And love itself dwells with us but a day.

His strong right hand reached out and clasped
her own,
And thrilling raptures through each being dart,
The viewless currents of divinest love
Speak tender, swift and true from heart to heart.

His eyes meet hers with one long, lingering look;
Their lips are dumb, though heart to heart replies.
Confession, sorrow, pity, woe and bliss;
Promise and prayer, and hope beyond the skies.

The clouds have blotted out the mist's bright gold,
And threatening storms drink up the light of day.

They have done right, and right holds sweetest strength;

But oh, life is so dreary, colorless and gray.

One moment on that slender bridge they stood
That spans the archway 'twixt high heaven and hell,

But each drew back and went their separate way,

And slew the love that honor could not tell.

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 309.]

AT THE hour appointed for service Mrs. Lawson and Mary Gray entered the Hill School-house. They were clad in long water-proof cloaks, at once disfiguring and disguising, and their faces were heavily veiled. They glanced at the two men who were seated at the upper end of the hall on a raised platform, but so intent were they upon gaining a retired corner where they would not be observed, that Mrs. Lawson failed to recognize her own brother in one of the Mormon preachers.

These two men were as unlike the orthodox minister as possible, and carried the unprejudiced mind of the beholder back to the days when Jesus called the fishermen to leave their vocation and follow Him. They were neatly but not clerically dressed, and their manner had not the confidence and repose which education and experience gives.

The room was well filled. On the first forms were a few men of the middle strata of society with their wives; clustered about a stove that occupied there were also a number of men and women of the lower, working class, while the center of the room was quite a group of men from among the moneyed circle, who, with their gossamers

over their arms—for a rain was threatening—stood engaged in conversation. Dager Blank and another reporter occupied seats near a little table, and the former watched with lively interest the lean tramp, where in the shadow of a pillar he crouched as near the platform as he could get.

Before the services began Mr. Lawson sauntered in, gave a searching glance around and joined the group in the center of the room. He had just come from home, where, finding his wife absent and being unable to extract any satisfactory information from Inez, even when he had bribed her, he came here to find her.

He failed to recognize his wife in the closely veiled woman in the shadowed corner. He was ill at ease, and it did not improve his temper when he saw Dager at the reporters' table. As he remained in the background of the congregation he saw—as from the halls of memory—the face of nearly every tramp he had occasion to remember because of the newspaper criticisms he had received. The old fellow crouched behind the pillar, the pale boy he had threatened to kick off his step, the old skeleton who cut the wood he was never paid for, the tramp who had helped him move, and their faces gathered together gave him a disagreeable impression of being surrounded—of being under censure—in the midst of adverse influences.

The scathing denunciations in the newspaper had first made him conscious of his guilt, had brought him face to face with his real self, but it had also made him reckless and bitter.

Just as one of the young preachers on the platform arose to his feet and, after requesting order, announced the page on which the hymn would be found

with which they would begin their services, the door opened and Mr. Blackwell entered and took a conspicuous position just between the speaker and the group about the stove, and at his heels came Dick Sawyer.

Mrs. Lawson gave a little hysterical gasp as the hymn was announced, and turning to her companion with her eyes full of tears, said, with a sob in which joy, incredulity and pain were commingled:

"Mary Gray, that is my brother Victor! He was on a mission to the Sandwich Islands when I was married; he is on his way home. He has never seen Mr. Lawson, and possibly does not know where we reside. How can I wait until meeting is out to speak to him?"

"You must wait," was the reply of her companion, who slipped a strong arm about the waist of the agitated woman and pressed her to her side affectionately.

The two young men stood side by side now, and their voices, by no means poor, rose in the rich waves of the music which accompanied the words:

"An angel from on high
The long, long silence broke."

Some in the assemblage seemed inclined to give respectful attention, but there was in the room a spirit of riotous sneering, easier to discern than to account for or locate. It was certainly not the rabble who hung about the door and occupied the lower seats, or the decent people on the front forms, but it was there.

Mrs. Lawson felt it and resented it, and while her bosom heaved and her eyes sparkled with anger she whispered to Mary Gray, "Is it not a shame that two boys like that, who are so deeply

in earnest in their desire to serve God that they leave all their worldly interests and travel without purse or scrip to carry the message to all men that God has again spoken from heaven, that again the earth is about to be blessed by the presence of the Redeemer, cannot speak without being treated with scorn—treated as hypocrites by Christians! One would think in this degenerate day of infidelity that all honest, professed followers of Christ would gladly band together against the common and blighting teachings of the atheist."

Mary assented and whispered back, "Which one is your brother, the dark, or the fair one?"

"The fair one; the one who is going to pray. Poor boy, to be away off here preaching an unwelcome doctrine to such a people!"

The simple prayer finished, Mary Gray whispered again, "Then who is the young man who is going to deliver the discourse?"

Mrs. Lawson looked at him attentively. "I do not know," she whispered, "it is someone I have never seen before."

Just as the young man, who took the first two lines of the hymn for his text, began to speak, Dick Sawyer approached the edge of the platform and gave him a note.

He excused himself, opened and read it, tore it in two pieces, and remarking that if the person who wrote it would remain at the close of the meeting he would be pleased to talk with him, he dropped the fragments of the paper over the edge of the platform at the very feet of the lean tramp and went calmly on with his remarks.

It was not a brilliant discourse, but it was a manly exposition of honest

conviction, which it is not our purpose to reproduce.

The lean tramp picked up the pieces of paper, fitted them together and deliberately read the note from behind the shelter of the post, where he was hidden from the greater part of the audience.

With a startled look at the calm face of the speaker and an inquiring glance his eye lighted on Mr. Blackwell, whose face was full of vindictive resentment and whose eyes were upon him.

"He is the man who wrote this note," the tramp said to himself as he shifted his position and by great adroitness managed unobserved to place the note in Dager's hand, after writing on the bottom of it the name of Blackwell.

Dager was as surprised as the tramp when he read the following :

"If you persist in delivering a sermon here on Mormonism and its leprous principles, the citizens of this place will administer a coat of tar and feathers as a rebuke to other blasphemers.
"CITIZENS."

Dager had seen the note delivered, and now glanced over the congregation until he saw Dick Sawyer. Watching him intently for a few moments, he caught the lad's eye and signaled him to approach.

"Who gave you this note," he asked as Dick softly and very reluctantly responded.

"Mr. Blackwell, sir."

"That will do, Dick; thank you," and involuntarily Dager raised his eyes, to find the dark, prominent eyes of Mr. Blackwell fixed upon him with sneering malignity.

Dager smiled back at him, a smile that was both a taunt and a defiance, and turned a look of admiration upon

the calm speaker, who seemed perfectly unmoved by the revolting threat; who earnestly and forcibly advocated the doctrines of "faith, repentance, baptism; a new dispensation and a Latter-day Prophet," as though the note had been an invitation to dine.

"How much that young man looks like some one I have known," Mary Grey whispered to Mrs. Lawson in a puzzled voice. "His manner is painfully familiar—" She paused abruptly.

There in the aisle before the young speaker stood his counterpart in many respects.

"Mrs. Lawson!" she said with agitation, "just see how *very* much the young preacher looks like Mr. Blackwell!"

Mrs. Lawson was not slow to note the great resemblance, and while they were discussing it in whispers, they became conscious of a stir in the audience, a tense excitement, or watchful expectation that filled the room.

The young preacher, Mr. Wall, paused, as if aware that attention was diverted, and a voice from the center of the group of men about the stove called out: "How many wives has Brigham Young got?" The voice was the voice of Mr. Lawson, and Mrs. Lawson almost fainted away when she heard it.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wall, "I have always understood that western men were very chivalrous to ladies. I do not know who asked that question, but I believe the object is to break up this meeting. Respect the presence of ladies and the character of these services as gentlemen, and propound what questions to me you see fit when these services are closed."

There was a sound from the audi-

ence of approval, and Mr. Wall turned and consulted for a moment with his companion who sat behind him.

Mr. Blackwell stepped into the aisle again, for he had been talking to Mr. Lawson, and said: "By G—, you shall answer that question right here and now, or you won't be allowed to speak another word to-night."

The Mormon speakers again conferred together, while the ladies for the most part arose to their feet as if to depart.

From various parts of the house came clamorous sounds.

"Put that man out!" "Police! police!" "Let them speak!" "Make them tell!" etc., etc., while men hustled their wives and daughters out of the door, and the belligerents and aggressive element gathered in the middle of the room, about the stove.

"Let us go," said Mary Grey, taking Mrs. Lawson by the arm. "Let us go, there will surely be a disturbance. What a brute Mr. Blackwell is! I have always had an instinctive dread of him. I have never liked him, and now I am beginning to understand why. Come!"

"No," said Mrs. Lawson, in a strange hard voice. "My husband and brother are both here, and here I will remain to see the end of this."

"Then I will stay with you," Mary Grey said quietly, as she resumed her seat. From the depths of her heart she pitied this woman, whose husband and brother, unconscious of the tie of kindred between them, were thus arrayed against each other.

It seems to be the lot of women to suffer for the mistakes, the sins and the wickedness of men.

She it is whose tender heart bleeds when they ruin their own lives, and

she it is who is buried in those ruins; she it is who stands between the combatants on the field of battle and receives in her agonized breast every arrow, every bullet, and every spear that finds a human life.

There was a lull in the uproar, and Mr. Blackwell, without giving the speakers time to make known their decision, jumped onto the platform and announced his intention to occupy a short space of time, and calling upon the men who stood near the stove to defend him in his rights as an "American citizen," he attempted to proceed.

Dager Blank was on his feet in a moment. "Gentlemen," he said, and the superior education and culture of his former life gave him a commanding presence, that, even in the noise and excitement of the moment, secured for him instant attention.

"Gentlemen, there are a few things this would-be speaker seems to have overlooked in his appeal to you, that is, that these gentlemen, whom we came here to listen to, have hired this room, and really own it for the time being; that this disturbance would come under the riot act, and that those whom he proposes to displace are also American citizens, whom we are bound to see protected in their rights."

"Bravo!" said Mary Grey under her breath.

There was marked approval from various parts of the house. Dager still standing beside the table on which he had been writing, Mr. Blackwell occupying the front of the platform, while the Mormon speakers were a little in the background.

"I propose," said Mr. Blackwell, "to expose these people! I propose that the peace and virtue of this

neighborhood shall not be disturbed by their vile doctrines!"

"What shall we do, Charley?" Mrs. Lawson's brother said to Mr. Wall, who replied: "I feel that they will settle the matter themselves if we just keep quiet."

"Let us take a vote of the house," said Dager, addressing Mr. Blackwell and turning to the Mormon missionaries for their acquiescence, "whether the persons in the room will hear *you* or the gentlemen they *came* to hear; although, remember, I do not consider that you, Mr. Blackwell, have the slightest claim to a hearing at this house and at the present time."

"I don't know that the opinion of a tramp printer like yourself is of any consequence," Blackwell sneered, and was about to proceed, but "the vote! the vote!" was vociferously called for and drowned the voice of the would-be speaker.

Dager accordingly put the vote, which resulted in a positive declaration from the "sovereign people" that they would hear the Mormons.

Then Mr. Lawson, in order to oppose the man he most hated of all the world—Dager Blank—drew his pistol, and stepping to the edge of the platform said, "If this man wants to speak he shall, and I'll let daylight shine through the man who attempts to stop him, be he tramp or Mormon."

Mrs. Lawson drew a long shuddering breath, but said nothing.

Before any other reply could be made, Mr. Wall said, "Rather than there should be bloodshed we yield our right to this man for thirty minutes, provided that at the end of that time we be allowed to complete this meeting in a proper manner."

Everybody seemed to be satisfied

with this arrangement, and more than one person noted how strangely alike were the two men who were thus as speakers arrayed against each other. The same form, the same prominent, dark eyes, the very same Jewish nose; the same, even to the manner of carrying the person and using the hands in gesticulating.

Mr. Blackwell first delivered a scathing denunciation of the Mormon doctrines and principles and the character of the adherents of the faith. Then he began to particularize.

"If any person wishes to know why I hate the Mormons, listen: When I was a young man I married a Mormon girl. My whole life was wrapped up in her, and I believed that I could wean her from the miserable delusion; but once a Mormon always a Mormon. This pernicious doctrine embittered my life; I never left my home but I came back to find the house full of these devils. Business called me across the seas, and I left my wife and children safe, happy, well in Leeds, England. They were well provided for, and there was considerable money in the bank to our name. When I returned after several months, my wife was gone, my children and my money were gone."

He told the story at great length and with great pathos, and finally wound up by saying, "This girl I married, this Mary Baldwin, was either murdered by the Mormons or betrayed by them and false to me."

At the name of Mary Baldwin two persons in the room were visibly affected, Mr. Wall and Mary Gray.

The latter half arose to her feet with a choking, inarticulate cry and sank back and groaned "my mother;" while Mr. Wall turned as pale as

death and regarded the speaker with a look of intense, pained surprise and incredulity.

"The half hour of grace is over," announced Dager; "and these gentlemen should be given the floor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"TIS EVE'NING NOW."

L. M. HEWLINGS.

'Tis eve'ning now, the day was long,
And from the far off eastern hills,
Comes the faint echo of a song,
That all my soul and being thrills,
It warbles all the groves among,
It ripples thro' the waving grain,
The scent of new mown hay is flung,
O'er barren waste in this sweet strain.
It sweeps along o'er meadows green,
It murmurs in the flowing brook,
It gives to all things speech and tongue,
Wherein I send as from a book,

Youth's seasons bright flash o'er the wild,
Its joys and hopes, are mine once more,
I share its sports as when a child,
In the glad morning long ago.
I roam the autumn woodlands free,
I catch its ruddy amber glow,
Skim over winter's ice bound fields,
Stray 'mid fair summer's bud and blow.
The snows of age are falling fast,
Time's furrows show upon my brow,
Yet mem'ry searching thro' the past,
Lights up the way from then to now.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 300.)

THE next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon, as Jacob placed his baby in its mother's arms, after carrying it to meeting, Bishop Smith said to him,

"I would like to have you come to the stand, Brother Jacob, and talk to us awhile this afternoon."

Jacob felt that he never was more illy prepared to deliver a discourse in his life, than at that time. But he

never flinched nor shirked any known duty; so he followed the Bishop to the stand, and at the conclusion of the second hymn, he arose and opened the Bible and read from Ephesians, fifth and sixth chapters:

"Be ye, therefore, followers of God as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us. * * *

"Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. * * * Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it. * * * Let every one of you in particular so love his wife, even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, (which is the first command with promise). That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.

"And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Closing the book, the speaker addressed the congregation as follows, in substance:

"From the teachings of the apostles anciently, we may understand that the Church of Christ in those days was in a similar condition, in some respects at least, to which we find ourselves at the present time. It seems that in some instances, different members of the same family were liable to disagree on certain points, and mistreat each other; and it was requisite that they should be instructed and admonished concerning these matters.

"The brethren who officiate as visit-

ing teachers in the midst of the Latter-day Saints, are, perhaps, more fully aware of the fact that the same things exist, and that like teachings are necessary among us today than are the majority of the people. As "helps" in the Church, the brethren are frequently called upon to act as arbitrators in settling disturbances which arise between relatives, more from misunderstandings, I believe, than from any desire they have to injure one another.

"Our children are often refractory and do not pay the attention they should to the counsel of their fathers and mothers. Is this because they are wilfully bad, or naturally perverse? I do not believe it is. They are thoughtless, full of young life and spirit, and do not pause to reflect how much older and wiser their parents are than themselves; but whatever the cause of disobedience to the commandments of God, those who disregard His laws will have to pay the penalty sooner or later.

"A circumstance recurs to my mind, of a young man who, a few years ago, was quite prosperous in financial affairs. He had freighted to and from different parts of the country, and had honestly obtained a number of good teams, and several thousand dollars in money. Naturally enough, he desired to invest his means in some enterprise that would secure him a competence, and enable him to place his dearly beloved parents, who were growing old, in a comfortable position, beyond the necessity of hard labor, for the rest of their lives. He heard President Young preach a sermon, in which he advised men of capital to bring machinery here and establish new industries, thus assisting in building up

the country. The young man was, no doubt, justified in thinking it would be a good thing for him to consider the words of President Young, and perhaps follow out the suggestions he had given. But when he talked with his father and mother about the matter, they could see farther and clearer than he could; and they advised him, and even tried to persuade him to wait awhile, and become more securely established in what he already seemed to possess, and not be in too great a hurry to become independently rich. Poor boy! with all the love he bore his parents he did not honor their judgment as he should have done, but persisted in carrying out his own wishes in the project, so far as he was permitted by providence to do. True, his parents blessed him, and prayed for him; but they never felt well about the stubborn self-will which he manifested. The result was that in a short time he had a cumbersome lot of machinery here, which he had neither capital nor ability to manage, having had no experience in such matters. The machinery became a dead weight, and a very heavy one, on his hands and on his mind; one that he could not easily get rid of. He went into debt in consequence of his difficulties, and became more embarrassed. To-day he is in real poverty when he might have been wealthy and respected, but for that act of disobedience and failure to honor his father and mother.

"I also recall to mind two instances where young ladies of my acquaintance have suffered much in life, and gone to their graves prematurely, through failure to honor the desires and wisdom of their parents in regard to their marriages.

"On the other hand, parents are sometimes too arbitrary; and are more or less to blame for unwise conduct in their children. 'Ye father, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

"Excuse my treating the latter portion of my text first; and bear with me yet a few moments, please, while I say a little concerning the former portion, 'Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands; husbands, love your wives,' etc. We have quite a number of young, newly-married people here, and some who are going to be married soon. A few hints to such members of our community may not be inappropriate.

"It is a good thing to begin married life just right; and it is also good to continue in the right course all the way along. None of us are wise enough, in our own wisdom, to understand all the requirements of such a course in life; none of us are strong enough, in our own strength, to carry them out. We must depend continually on the gift of the Holy Spirit to instruct and aid us or we are liable to make failures.

"It is more than likely that most of the young men, when they become engaged to the ladies whom they have chosen to be their future companions, or are but recently married, feel that it will always be an easy and delightful task to follow that admonition of Paul, which says, 'Let every one of you in particular so love his wife, even as himself.' And the gentle affianced or young, affectionate wife of a few weeks or months, believes it will never be any hardship for her to 'reverence her husband.' It is no wonder they are so unsuspecting, so filled with

tender, hopeful, animated bliss. There is no sentiment more elevating, no influence more angelic, no power more potent belonging to mortality, if indeed it may be said to so belong, than that of young, pure love. But like all other refined and delicate substances, it is exceedingly sensitive, easily abashed, so easily wounded. How careful we should all be in regard to these matters. I remember of reading a letter of Dr. Benjamin Franklin to a young friend of his who had just been married. After offering congratulations in his terse, original style, he said he should not take much of the privilege the occasion offered him, that of the old man to give advice to the young, but would offer one hint:

" 'Always,' said he, 'treat your wife with the same decorum you have studied in courting her; with as much respect as you show to other ladies. Do not slight, or snub, or jangle with her, even in sport; for although such things may be meaningless at first, they are apt to mean a great deal, later on in life, if they are indulged in, and become a habit.'

"It was previous to my marriage that I came across that hint of Franklin; it made an impression on my mind, which has proven of great worth to me. No where else in all the world can we find such happiness as in our homes, when peace and love and gratitude to God are there to influence all our words and actions. How prayerfully guarded we should all be not to allow anything of an evil nature to enter our hearts and homes.

"One of the most frequent causes of disturbance among us, it appears to me, is jealousy. Such has been the case from the earliest history of the world. It was Cain's jealousy of his

righteous brother, Abel, which caused him to seek his life ; and bring upon himself a lasting curse. And so it has been all the way down through the numberless generations which have inhabited the earth. Jealousy is, indeed, a cruel fiend, with which the shorter and least intimate acquaintance we can form, the better for ourselves, our friends and all with whom we come in contact. It sometimes occurs with us that thoughtless husbands speak or act unwisely, and by so doing create jealousies and stir up strife in their own households. What sad mistakes such men make. And then, after such blunders are made, causing sorrow and bickering between members of the family, instead of confessing their own faults they sometimes wound the tender hearts of their dear ones still more severely, by condemning them, without charity, for all the confusion. Such husbands fail to manifest by their works, that they love their wives even as themselves. Let all such look to their ways and mend them ; see that love is cultivated in every heart with which they have a connection, beginning with their own, until love is the ruling element on every hand. Then there will be no strife in our homes and no aching hearts for which we, as husbands and fathers, will have to account unto the great Father of all.

"Again, there are sometimes husbands who become jealous of their wives, I will not say in all cases without cause. Wives are liable to make mistakes as well as husbands. Occasionally we see one who seems to forget that she has a husband, and that an Apostle of Jesus Christ has said to her, 'see that you reverence him.' We husbands are not all alike ; what

one might not object to in the least, might be a source of great dissatisfaction to another. For instance, I have heard men say, (and good men, too,) that it made no difference to them who kissed their wives ; any man was welcome to kiss their wives, so long as he was a decent fellow ; and these men would claim for themselves the same liberty to kiss any other man's wife, and think the husband who would object to such a freedom, a jealous, cross-grained, surly, hard-hearted man, unworthy of a wife at all. And that is what they would have to think about me, for I certainly do not approve of such unlimited laxity. What are the same things leading to in the world at large ? To all manner of evil ; to everything that is disgraceful and ruinous. Are not our newspapers full of reports of the most dreadful crimes which are daily being committed because of the heedless manner in which the world is running on ? Husbands killing their wives, or perhaps their wives' seducers, when under the influence of that fiery fiend, jealousy. Wives eloping with their paramours ; leaving their homes, husbands and little ones because of unholy infatuations which never are and cannot be formed when purity of sentiment and conduct are strictly adhered to.

"Shall we allow such fearful things as these, or the beginning of such evils, to creep into our midst, when the Lord, in His infinite goodness and wisdom, has seen fit to bring us out of Babylon and plant us here in the valleys of the mountains, that we might worship and serve Him in freedom and purity ? I say no ! my brothers and sisters. Instead of tolerating and encouraging such things

let us frown down everything that is brought to our notice, which savors of impurity, or has even the appearance of imprudence in regard to these matters.

"Our young people, like boys and girls every where else in the world, are full of life and gaiety; they like to indulge in fun and nonsense; all of which is quite legitimate, if not carried to excess. But one thing I would like to warn them against, before closing my remarks, is the tendency to coquetry which seems to be gaining grounds somewhat, in our community. I want to say to my young brethren, don't allow yourselves to be too familiar with your lady associates; and never be guilty of seeking to win the affections of young, unsuspecting women, merely for the pleasure of the moment. When any of you think of paying your addresses to a young lady, think the matter over seriously before hand. Do not set your heart too much upon the object in view, until you find out whether it is the right one or not. But when, through fervent prayer and careful thought and observation, you become thoroughly satisfied which girl you want for your wife, then go about your courting in earnest and see that you make a success of it. For if you meet with failure it will likely be your own fault.

"And to my young sisters, let me say, never trifle with the hearts of your admirers; it is a cruel pastime on your part, and instead of making you more attractive and lovable to people in general, it should have the opposite tendency. Be true and steadfast as sweet-hearts, and be wise in your choice of husbands, seeking earnestly the testimony of the Holy Spirit that the choice you make is

approved of God before yielding to it, and His favors and blessings will follow you through life.

"Be true and pure and chaste as lovers, boys and girls; and after you are married still seek the happiness of each other unselfishly. Be willing to sacrifice your own feelings, that peace and truth may abound.

"May we all be faithful to the religion we have espoused, and then, as husbands and wives, and as parents and children, we shall not find it difficult to love and reverence each other, and to treat each other properly under all circumstances."

In the evening as Jacob and Will were together feeding the cows and horses, the latter remarked: "You fixed up that little piece this afternoon, and spoke it on purpose for my benefit, didn't you, uncle?"

"Not for your benefit alone," answered the uncle, "but if either the coat or cap fits you, wear it like a man, if it does chafe a little at first."

"Do you really think I deserve such severe criticism, and in public, too?" asked Will, with a boyish feeling, almost as though he could burst into tears.

"I did not know you would take so much of my remarks to yourself, Will," said Jacob. "And as for its being in public, there were those present who had more occasion to feel my criticisms than even you. But I had no thought of saying what I did say, when I began to speak."

"Who, besides myself, were your remarks intended to touch?" Will asked; and Jacob answered by questioning plainly in return, "Whose wife have you been flirting with for the last month?"

Will colored deeply and bit his lip.

Then, after a moment's hesitation he said, "You quite excused the other fellow in the difficulty; seemed to justify husbands in acting like idiots, because their wives allow their gentleman friends to act like friends toward them."

"You are rather in the mist, Will; better get your mind settled and your vision cleared before you try to reason on so important a subject," remarked Jacob coolly; and he would gladly have changed the topic of conversation, or remained silent altogether; but Will seemed bent on having an argument with his uncle, and so kept on talking.

Jacob at last became nettled with the absurdity of some of his nephew's expressions, and gave utterance to words which he had intended never to speak.

"Listen, Will," he said, "and I will tell you what your folly has already led to. Last night, when Edward came home, I had been in his house to speak with him about our water ditch in the field. Finding he was not in I left, and as I was climbing the fence between his lot and mine, he mistook me for you, and tried to shoot me. What do you think of that, my boy?"

"Oh! uncle Jacob!" was all Will could say, and his uncle saw that all trace of color left his face, and his frame shook with emotion.

"The gun was damp, and did not discharge the load; thus through the mercies of our heavenly Father your uncle still lives, who might have been dead," continued Jacob.

"And it would have been all my fault, all caused through my folly and wickedness," almost sobbed Will. "Oh! my uncle, can you and will you ever forgive me? I am the same

as your murderer; you, my mother's brother. My mother! Oh, what would my poor mother have done?"

"Never mind, Will; it's all right; if you will only do right hereafter; you and Chloe; and I believe you will. Don't talk of the affair, no one knows of it except us three," said Jacob, as they walked towards the house.

Will ate no supper that night, and the next morning his uncle found him at a late hour still in bed with a raging fever, which already threatened alarming results.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINTER.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

SKIES that are choked with a stifling ether of flakes

Or clear, turquoise—enameled, free from cloud stain;

Hills numb and gray in the midst their chill presence wakes—

Silent, in trances of snow, long levels of plain.

Far in the west a faint color rises, with strange Somnolent throes, from white lethargic spells that exist,

Where the Oquirrh's lift from the plain an arched spur of their range—

Lined on the sky as a blue, and undulant mist.

Near in the east the white and luminous heights Of the mountains show, holily piercing the skies Like carven cathedral spires, the scintillant lights

Chastened by cool, pearl-purpled mists that arise.

Like nuns from their knees in aisles of the vale

Oh! stately mountains swathed in thy lace drifts of snow

These were thy christening robes—drift and mist veil—

When a strange race first saw thee ages ago,

Saw thee—and named thee—Wasatch—"white, pale-browed and fair,"

So let it shine a world beheld beacon—thy name—

And to cities born of the fair, queen valleys that wear

Thy circle of crests for a crown—as the light of their fame.

◁ THE WORLD ▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

FOREIGN—THE MAFIA—REGIPROCITY.

LUCY PAGE STEELE.

Foreign.—

THE record of important events during the past month includes Queen Victoria's visit to Grasse, a small town in the Alpes Maritimes, France. The object of this visit is purely for the sake of the queen's health. She is sojourning at the Grand Hotel, that is in a position overlooking the old town, which is built on the slope of a mountain rising to the height of about 1,000 feet above the sea level. The municipal council of the city had all possible preparations made to render the visit of the queen pleasant. An extra police force was detailed to guard her residence, and the streets and roads in and about Grasse have been swept and repaired and everything has taken on a gala appearance and holiday air. The Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenburg were with the queen during her stay at Grasse.

A ROYAL SCANDAL has been created in Russia by the press concerning the treatment of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, by her husband, Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, who is brother of the Czar. It is thought the Czar's motive for appointing his brother governor of Moscow was to remove the Grand Duchess from the society of St. Petersburg, where the ill treatment from the imperial family has caused so much comment. The fashion of ill treating others seems to be peculiar to the Russian imperial family.

PRINCE BISMARCK's election to the Reichstag, it is said, will meet with general favor. Even the socialists will not oppose it, as they claim that they are antagonized by both him and the Kaiser, and their party will be benefitted by having them both arrayed against each other, and a later report says that the Emperor's policy has been such a poor substitute for the ex-chancellor's genius and experience, that the national sentiment is becoming more and more favorable towards him.

PLON PLON'S DEATH.—Prince Napoleon Joseph Bonaparte, son of Jerome Bonaparte, died in Rome on March 17th. He was born at Trieste in 1822. His public service began with his election to the Assembly as representative of Corsica in 1848. The next year he was appointed minister to Madrid, but was dismissed from that post almost immediately for absenting himself without leave.

In 1854 he had a command in the Crimean War, which he suddenly resigned, receiving in consequence the nick name of Plon-plon, and the reputation of cowardice, from which one of the historians of the Crimean War has absolved him. In 1858 he was made President of the ministry for Algiers and the colonies, but soon threw up the appointment. He commanded the reserve in the Italian campaign of 1859, and in the same year married Princess Clotilde, the daughter of Victor Emanuel, after which he began to pose as a champion of democracy and favored the Polish revolu-

tion, making a magnificent speech in the senate, in which speech he used language that eventually brought him a challenge from the Duc 'd Aumale, which challenge the Prince declined.

Again in 1865 he comes to the front as President of the Commissioners for the Universal Exhibition, but was requested by the emperor to resign, on account of an anti-Austrian speech delivered at the unveiling of a statue of Napoleon I. at Ajaccio; he was soon restored to favor and was sent in 1870 to Italy to influence his brother in the interests of France; after the fall of the empire he urged his own claims to the throne of France, which claims his cousin Louis Napoleon disputed.

At the death of Louis Napoleon he was thought of by the Imperialists as the head of the Napoleonic dynasty, although M. Paul de Cassagnac favored Prince Napoleon's son Louis Victor.

In 1886 he was compelled under the law of expulsion of the priests to retire from France, and has lived since that date in Rome. He is what Justin McCarthy has pronounced "the most brilliant failure of the age," and in summing up the incidents of his career one feels the force of the scriptural truth, "unstable as water, thou shalt not prevail."

PRINCE VICTOR, the youngest son of the late Prince Napoleon has been refused a manifesto by the authorities of Italy, on the ground that it would be against the friendship of France to receive an active pretender to the French throne. The prince has been assigned a suite of apartments occupied by his father.

THE POPE, being solicitous for science, has written a letter re-estab-

lishing the donation for the astronomical observatory of the Vatican, which institution will be placed in the same rank and under the same auspices of all papal organizations.

FROM Zanzibar comes the news that according to a treaty with the prominent chiefs, slavery is abolished at Withre. The terms of the treaty allow five years of grace in which slave owners may liberate or in other ways dispose of their slaves.

TROUBLES in Chili still continue. The navy department has practically no details of the conflict, but from newspaper accounts and other unofficial sources, sufficient has become known to cause apprehension to the secretary of the navy, so that he has decided to send Admiral Brown, the commandant of the Pacific station, to that country as soon as possible.

The Mafia.—

The killing of eleven Italians in the jail at New Orleans by a mob on March 14th, is an affair that seems to be taking on the importance of an international issue. The recalling of the Italian minister, Baron Fava, and the aggressive attitude assumed by Italy, and the charge made by the press of Rome and London that the United States is violating diplomatic usage in dealing with the Mafia is a manifestation of needless prejudice. From the beginning the authorities have done all that could be expected of them in quelling the mob and asking for a rigid and prompt investigation. The emergency has brought up a new law in national jurisprudence and must be provided for by careful legislation. The course pursued by Italy has been autocratic and arbitrary

and without a precedent in international intercourse. Secretary Blaine has responded to the note of the Italian minister in effect that the government will not be hurried in the matter, and it will not entertain any demand whatsoever until after a full investigation by the proper authorities be made.

PARNELL'S resignation from Parliament for the purpose of obtaining an insight into the feelings of his constituents is one of the most interesting episodes of the Irish factional fight thus far. It is predicted that he will seek re-election and that his enemies will prevent it if possible, as they have asserted that Irish affairs must be handled by "clean hands."

CONCERNING the Alliance: The effort to abolish sectionalism between the north and the south, and to establish it between the east and west is the latest phase of the "inadescent dream" of ex-Senator Ingalls. While he admits that the Alliance is the instrumentality that will work out the political salvation of the farmer, he claims that this organization will be seriously handicapped in its operations until the "west and south find common ground on which to stand;" he also states that the north and east have kept these localities apart all along on political questions, and thus wronged the farmer.

Strangely enough, he never realized this until the Alliance caused his defeat. All this has been going on for years seemingly without his knowledge until now, yet, as one of his whilom admirers distinctly states, "no man played more offensively and persistently on the passions and interests of the sections than he did." It is now

beginning to be understood that the bulk of political power is in the west, and if the west shall fail to assert itself hereafter in legislation, it will be because its representatives have not the sagacity to understand the interests of their constituents or the courage to contend for them. A partizan combination with the south will not mend matters.

Last year the west was betrayed by the blindness or the indifference of its members in Congress, and the McKinley bill allowed to pass in its present shape. A few western men in each branch sought to strike out its harmful features, but were defeated in their purpose by the duplicity of their colleagues. The infusion of new elements in the new Congress will, it is hoped, remedy many existing evils.

Reciprocity.—

The Brazilian government carried the reciprocity treaty into effect the 1st of April. In anticipation of this it is said the merchants of that country are speculating wildly. The currency is being inflated, all sorts of enterprises are flourishing, business is booming and everybody is getting rich. This is unfortunate, as the history of all boom-stricken districts show that a corresponding depletion follows inflation when the day of reckoning comes.

OF all the agonies of life, that which is most poignant and harrowing; that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart, is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

SAYINGS OF JOSEPH SMITH.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

Editor Young Woman's Journal:

JOSEPH SMITH said that some people entirely denounce the principle of self-aggrandizement as wrong. "It is a correct principle," said he, "and may be indulged upon only one rule or plan—and that is to elevate, benefit and bless others first. If you will elevate others, the very work itself will exalt you. Upon no other plan can a man justly and permanently aggrandize himself."

At another time he was speaking of works that tend to save and elevate the human family; he spoke earnestly of improving time in this life, "for," said he, "a man can do as much in this life in one year as he can do in ten years in the spirit world without the body."

On another occasion he was asked the meaning of the words of the Savior: "Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

His answer was this, as near as I can get the words, but the meaning I give, for I marveled when I heard him say, "that every man will fail sometime. Be charitable and liberal with your substance, for it is only a secondary consideration—the use you make of it is the primary consideration. You may do good to some one who is down today and who will rise and be on top of the wheel when you are down, for every man will fail some time."

He said that he would compare our existence to a wheel that was forever revolving—we are on the outside of

the wheel, and some times we are on the top and some times on the down side.

What I have repeated I heard the Prophet say.

Springville, Jan. 15, 1891.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

SOON after the return of Martin Harris from New York, to the Prophet in Pennsylvania; where he had been with the characters which had been drawn off the plates, and presented them to Professor Anthon, and Dr. Mitchell, he left the Prophet and went to Palmyra, arranged his affairs and returned again to the house of the Prophet, about the 12th of April, 1828, and commenced writing for him, while he translated from the plates. This work they continued until the 14th of June following, by which time they had written 116 pages of manuscript on foolscap paper.

About this time Mr. Harris began to tease the Prophet for liberty to carry the writings home and show them. He also desired him to enquire of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim if he might not do so.

The Prophet enquired, and received the answer that he must not. Mr. Harris was not satisfied, with the answer, and solicited Joseph to enquire again; he did so, and the answer was as before. Still Harris could not be contented, but insisted that the petition should be repeated once more.

The Prophet says, "After much solicitation I again enquired of the Lord, and permission was granted him

to have the writings on certain conditions, which were that he should show them only to his brother, Preserved Harris, his own wife, his father and his mother, and a Mrs. Cobb, a sister to his wife. In accordance with this last answer, I required of him that he should bind himself in a covenant to me in the most solemn manner, that he would not do otherwise than had been directed. He did so. He bound himself as I required of him, took the writings and went his way.

“Notwithstanding, however, the great restrictions which he had been laid under, and the solemnity of the covenant which he had made with me, he did show them to others, and by a stratagem they got them away from him, and they never have been recovered nor obtained back again unto this day.”

While Martin Harris was gone with the writings, the prophet went to visit his father's family, at Manchester. He continued there for a short season, and then returned to his place in Pennsylvania. Immediately after his return home, while he was walking out a little distance, the former heavenly messenger appeared and handed to him the Urim and Thummim again, for it had been taken from him, in consequence of his having wearied the Lord in asking for the privilege of letting Martin Harris take the writings which he lost by transgression. After having again received the heavenly treasures, he inquired of the Lord through them, and obtained the precious revelation, given July, 1828, and recorded in Section 3, of the Doctrine and Covenants.

After the above revelation was obtained, both the plates and the Urim and Thummim were taken from him

again, but in a few days they were returned to him. When he was deprived of the custody of the divine oracles, the Lord said, “he lost his gift at the same time, and his mind became darkened.” In the mercy and goodness of God, they were again restored to him. For the reason why they were taken from him, we refer our readers to Section 4 of the Doctrine and Covenants. On the 15th day of April, 1829, Oliver Cowdery, visited the Prophet, being the first time they met. Oliver stated, that having been teaching school in the neighborhood, where the Prophet's father resided, and his father being one of those who sent to the school, he went to board for a season at his house, and while there the family related to him the circumstances of Joseph having received the plates, and accordingly he had come to make inquiries. Two days after the arrival of Mr. Cowdery, (being the 17th of April, 1829), the Prophet continued the work of translation, and Cowdery commenced to write for him, which having continued for some time, Joseph enquired of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim, and received the revelation recorded in Section 6 of the Doctrine and Covenants. After this revelation was received, Oliver Cowdery, stated to the Prophet, “that after he had gone to my father's to board, and after the family communicated to him concerning my having got the plates, that one night after he had retired to bed he called upon the Lord to know if these things were so, and that the Lord manifested to him that they were true, but that he had kept the circumstance entirely secret, and had mentioned it to no being, so that after this revelation having been given he knew that

the work was true, because that no being living knew of the thing alluded to in the revelation, but God and himself."

During the month of April, 1829, the Prophet continued to translate and Oliver to write. A difference of opinion arising between them about the account of John the Apostle, mentioned in the New Testament. "Jesus saith unto him, if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me."

The question was, whether he died, or whether he continued. They agreed to settle it by the Urim and Thummim, and the revelation in Section 7 of the Doctrine and Covenants, decided the question.

Shortly after commencing to translate, the young Prophet became acquainted with Mr. Peter Whitmer, of Fayette, Seneca Co., New York, and also with some of his family. In the beginning of the month of June, 1829, his son, David Whitmer, came to the place where the prophet was residing, and brought with him a two-horse wagon, for the purpose of having Joseph Smith, Jr., accompany him to his father's place, and there remain until he should finish the work.

Mr. Whitmer proposed that Joseph should have his board free of charge, and the assistance of one of his brothers to write for him, as also his own assistance when convenient. The prophet being much in need of such timely aid, accepted the kind invitation and accompanied Mr. Whitmer to his father's house, and there resided until the translation was finished and the copyright secured.

In the "Life of Joseph Smith," by Pres. George Q. Cannon, page 68, we find the following interesting inci-

dent, referring to Mr. Whitmer visiting the Prophet. "This aid came providentially; and Joseph, after receiving instruction in answer to prayer, accepted the invitation. When the Prophet was prepared to depart from Harmony, he asked the Lord to direct the manner in which the plates should be carried to Fayette. He was told in response that the angel would receive the treasures, and after the arrival of Joseph at the home of Peter Whitmer, in Fayette, would again deliver them into his hands.

"Thus relieved, Joseph went serenely forth, and in a few days he was safe at Fayette. In the garden adjoining the Whitmer residence the Prophet was visited by the angel, and once more was in possession of the record."

During the month of April, 1830, the Prophet went on a visit to the residence of Mr. Joseph Knight, of Colesville, Broome County, New York, and held several meetings in the neighborhood. He met many friends and some enemies. The power of the evil one was manifested, and also the power of God in gaining dominion over the power of darkness.

In referring to this circumstance, the Prophet said, "this was the first miracle which was done in this Church, or by any member of it, and it was done not by man, nor by the power of man; but it was done by God, and by the power of godliness: therefore let the honor and the praise, the dominion and the glory be ascribed to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen."

He thus continues: "Soon after this occurrence I returned to Fayette, Seneca County. The Book of Mormon (the stick of Joseph in the hands of Ephraim) had now been published

for some time, and as the ancient prophet had predicted it, it was accounted as a strange thing."

Many of the youth of Zion ask the question, what became of the plates when Joseph had accomplished the will of God concerning them. He answers the question. "I soon found out the reason why I had received such strict charges to keep them safe, and why it was that the messenger had said, that when I had done what was required at my hand, he would call for them; for no sooner was it known that I had them, than the most strenuous exertions were used to get

them from me; every stratagem that could be invented was resorted to for that purpose; the persecution became more bitter and severe than before, and multitudes were on the alert continually to get them from me if possible; but by the wisdom of God they remained safe in my hands, until I had accomplished by them what was required at my hand; when, according to arrangements, the messenger called for them, I delivered them up to him, and he has them in his charge until this day, being the 2d day of May, 1838."

Compiled by Elder David John.

◁HYGIENE▷

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

ENVIRONMENTS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 257.]

JULY, 1889. Being that time of year when there is nothing going on in a school capacity, I have thought it wisdom to insert at this point a description of the town and university of which I have the honor to be an inmate, for the benefit of any who have a desire to enter such an institution.

Ann Arbor is situated on the line of the Michigan Central Railway, at a point about thirty-eight miles west of Detroit. It is the county seat, and chief city of Washtenaw Co., Mich., and contains about 12,000 inhabitants, exclusive of students. There is a legend extant among the older residents, which accounts for the rather peculiar name of this beautiful little city.

Away back in the latter part of the last century, when Michigan was an

unbroken forest, uninhabited by a human being, save the wild red man, two families moved from Detroit, then a fort, and made small clearings, one on either side of the River Huron, which winds lazily around among the hills and dales of Southern Michigan. The distance between the two camps being too great for frequent visits, the wives of each family used to meet at a point midway, in a beautiful grove, situated on the present site of the town. Each of the ladies rejoiced in the euphonious title of Ann; hence, their husbands designated their place of meeting as Ann's Arbor. As the settlement grew to a village, and from a village to a city, it still retained this title, the possessive having been dropped at some intermediate period which has been forgotten.

The city is laid out on either side of the Huron river, upon a series of rolling hills, which in the summer are made beautiful with a carpet of green

grass, interspersed with beautiful flowers. Many of these hills are still covered with the original forests of oak, maple, elm, chestnut and other hard woods, while the streets on either side are lined with the same varieties of trees for shade and ornament.

Extending from the town in every direction are rich farms, devoted to the production of grains, fruits and vegetables, or to dairying. These long lanes make very pleasant walks in the spring and autumn, of which crowds of students take advantage when they wish to sweep the cobwebs from their brains. One of the pleasantest of these rambles leads down to the river, winding along its banks for several miles, and is known as School-girl's Glen.

Of course, the main attractions of Ann Arbor are its rare educational advantages. Here is situated one of the largest and greatest of western universities, and it is this that we are specially interested in.

In 1787 Congress made grants of land in Michigan for the endowment of a university. Half a million of dollars was realized from them. This fund is held in trust by the state, and the interest turned over to the university. The proceeds of one-twentieth mill tax on all property in the state also goes to the university.

The institution existed in name only until 1817, and from that time under various forms until 1841, being situated at Detroit. In 1841 the University of Michigan was formally opened for the reception of students at Ann Arbor. It began with the literary department having six students and two professors. It grew and expanded rapidly, until now, its students number between two and three thou-

sand, and the professors about ninety. Among these may be found representatives of every state in the Union, and nearly every nation under the sun.

The university buildings are twelve in number, and are all commodious and well equipped. These are situated upon a tract of land one-half mile square, the campus laid out with asphaltum walks and decorated with grass, trees and shrubs.

The fine, large library is kept in a fire-proof building, one of the finest on the campus. It has a reading room which will accommodate 210 readers, as well as seminary rooms and all modern conveniences.

All scientific instruction is given largely by practical or experimental work. For this eleven laboratories are required. The chemical laboratory being one of the largest in the world.

There are six departments: Literature, science and the arts; medicine and surgery; law, pharmacy, homœopathy and dental surgery.

In the literary department are four general courses:

1. Classical—leading to B. A.
2. Latin Scientific—leading to B. P.
3. Scientific—leading to B. S.
4. English—leading to B. L.

In the scientific are included courses in civil, mining and mechanical engineering, with practical work in each.

A literary course extends over a period of four years; a medical course three years, to be increased to four in 1893. Pharmacy and law consume two years each, while dentistry requires three years.

In 1857 the first College Christian Association was organized with fifteen members. Their members now num-

ber several hundreds, and they do a good work among the students, especially in aiding new comers to get settled down to work. They hold prayer meetings every Sunday morning and Bible classes in the afternoons. These are generally well attended. Their library numbers about one thousand volumes of religious works. Socials are frequently given by this association, to assist students in becoming acquainted with each other. They have erected by subscription a fine new building, called "Newberry Hall," after a lady who subscribed a large sum toward it.

Ann Arbor is essentially a town of schools and churches. Nearly every denomination is represented. The churches are commodious and well attended by the students.

Among educational advantages, the school of music should not be forgotten. This is in good condition. Instruction is given in piano, organ, violin, voice culture and singing, harmony and composition, choral music and methods of teaching. This school is held in the Woman's Library building.

All departments of the U. of M. are open to women, who enjoy all the privileges accorded to the male students. The medical department probably contains the greatest number of women taking professional studies.

Among the attractions which interest both student and visitor are the museum and art gallery. The Scientific museum contains many thousands of botanical, mineralogical, natural history, and geological specimens. Also a choice collection of Chinese wares, which formed the Chinese exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition. This great collection was presented to

the University of Michigan by the Chinese government. There is also a fine collection of Indian relics, implements and utensils. The collections are contained in a fine new brick building erected for the purpose.

The art gallery is for the present situated in an upper room of the library. It contains a valuable collection of statues, busts, paintings, medals, etc. The distinguished sculptor, Randolph Rogers, who, by the way, is a Michigan man, presented to the University of Michigan all the casts of his statues, more than one hundred in number. A Mr. Henry C. Lewis, of Coldwater, Mich., has bequeathed some 650 paintings and 40 statues. These still remain at Coldwater, awaiting the erection of a suitable building for their reception.

The following will give a fair idea of the expense which must be incurred by the students attending this university:

Matriculation fee—for Michigan students, \$10.

Matriculation fee—all others, \$25.

Annual fee—for Michigan students, \$20.

Annual fee—all others, \$30.

Graduation fee, \$10.

Those who take laboratory work must pay for material used, usually \$10 per course.

Room rent varies from 75 cents to \$2 per week.

Board from \$2 to \$4 per week.

The number of graduates every year are between four and five hundred.

These are some of the main points of interest concerning this great educational center.

Add to this the fact that for the last three years there has been at least

eighteen students there from our own fair Utah, who have built up a record for ability and honest endeavor, and who are respected for these qualities by teachers and fellow-students, and the case becomes one of unusual in-

terest to those who desire to enter such an institution, for the purpose of fitting themselves for positions of usefulness among their fellow-men, as well as to all who are interested in higher education.

Cactus.

HOUSE AND HOME.

THE HOME LIFE.

JEALOUSY.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

I HAVE been led to make a few remarks upon the green-eyed monster from a terrible case that has very recently come under my personal observation, where a foolish fit of jealous temper, for which there was not the slightest cause, broke up one of the happiest homes among my acquaintances and rendered miserable for life a most lovable and loving couple.

If there is one passion worse than another in its evil consequences, it is, I believe, jealousy. Once permit it to take root in the heart, and good-by to happiness. On the first symptoms of its appearance fight it as you would a fire, drive it away as you would a demon. If there is cause for jealousy, the one who gives the cause is not worth the effect. If there is only a fancied cause, do not let it find a place in the sacred precincts of home. We find in public as in private life, the feeling ever making itself seen and felt. People are jealous of others' talents, of their popularity, of their home or their wealth. Why should this be? If you think you are equally deserving of the good things others possess, make it manifest, and the

world will soon come to appreciate your efforts.

It has been stated by some that women are more jealous in their natures than men; that, I think, is not a just view of the case, although women are not so well able to conceal the feeling as the sterner sex, and that perhaps is the cause of the opinions formed of them.

Could we trace to its source the cause of many estrangements and separations, we should find the true cause to be jealousy and its twin passion, envy. All of us are not alike gifted, either with heaven-bestowed talents or worldly goods and position, but why should we envy them theirs? Not one of us but what has some God-given talent, and perhaps while we are making our lives miserably unhappy by the jealous feelings we are indulging in, we are neglecting to cultivate those talents, letting them lie dormant until we can no longer call them our own, when it is more than probable they would have rivalled and eclipsed those of the people we so envied.

Happy indeed will those be who in their early years strive to overcome the fiends of jealousy and envy, and learn to look with an admiring eye upon others' gifts, doing their best to emulate and attain to all that is great, good and noble in others.

Dear Sister Greenhalgh:

I THINK myself, dear sister, that there should be some interest taken in your department, for nearly every home has some distinguishing feature that is worth giving others the benefit of. So here is a description of some home made furniture that helps to make my wilderness here more home like.

We were short of chairs. Well, what can I arrange to add to our quota of sitting room? There is the big food chest, called in our western style "grubstake" box; some bits of woollen cloth pieced neatly together, with an old woollen dress ruffle for a curtain, and an old bed quilt washed clean, some tacks and a bit of braid. The quilt is put in for stuffing, the top neatly tacked over, with the braid for a finish; all this on the lid. Now box pleat your ruffle below the lid close to the edge of the box. "Ah!" exclaims a good brother as he sinks down on my bran new sofa (?), "that beats a box all to pieces."

Oh, for some place to put our shoes! As I have some square dry goods boxes I get a rough lid made, which I cover with some bits of carpet, a piece of bright cretonne around the sides, some cloth or braid quilled all around the lid, and a couple of blocks covered and nailed on opposite sides, and I have a good place for husband's and son's slippers, shoes, etc., besides the convenience of two pretty ottomans added to our list of furniture.

How can our hats and hoods be taken care of and clothes kept from dust? Result: four soap boxes of equal size, papered inside and nailed at a convenient height; these serve as hat boxes. The clothes are hung on nails underneath, and a pretty cretonne

curtain suspended from the top of the boxes to the floor. All this behind the door next the wall.

How bare my windows look, yet lace is too expensive. Well, I can get cheese cloth at six cents a yard and a package of diamond dye for ten cents. So the curtains are cut, threads drawn back of hem and a vine stitch for heading. These are colored a pale pink and hung at my bedroom windows, look pretty, are cheap, and wash well.

One more article and I will close. My little cupboard would get so dirty, it has doors lined with wire such as we put on our screens, so I got ten cents of burnt umber, a pint bottle of best vinegar, put the umber in an old can, poured the vinegar on it, and with a paint brush thoroughly stained my little cupboard all but the shelves. When dry, which will only take a few hours, then rinse your brush, have some cheap varnish ready; now varnish your cupboard carefully, line your wire with some dark cloth, and all your friends will wonder where you got your expensive (?) cupboard from, and you will feel so proud of your own handiwork, especially if your husband has not seen you at work and you surprise him into a compliment for your taste and skill in making such a decided improvement.

ALBERTA.

GENIUS AND HOME.—Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius; a mind and sentiments of a heigher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties.

◀DRESS.▶

FASHION.

MAGGIE BRANDLEY.

THE desire to appear in a pleasing, attractive manner seems to be one of the natural instincts of the human breast. And it is both proper and right that we should respect ourselves and others enough to be cleanly, neat and tidy in person, and also that we should endeavor by cheery smiles and words to shed rays of sunshine about us. We have read somewhere that

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick,
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

And we may add, that a cheerful spirit helps others to get on.

While there is nothing wrong in a desire to be well dressed and attractive in appearance, providing it is not carried to excess, it is clearly plain that to set one's heart or desires upon the perishable things of this earth would undoubtedly lead to serious evil. Not only does a too close application to the study of fashion dwarf the intellectual forces of the mind, but it is also apt to starve the soul and deaden the ennobling, self-sacrificing qualities, such as generosity, benevolence, etc. It is therefore necessary that our daughters in Zion guard themselves that they do not allow the desire to dress to excess to take possession of their minds thereby pandering to public opinion and depraved taste. Let them have courage to assert the right of true womanhood in the mode and fashion of their dress. Let them take the example of their brothers and dress in a manner at once tidy, comfortable and healthful.

The clothing should be loose, espec-

ially around the most vital parts of the body. Steels, bones and heavy skirts should not compress the waist, and all the clothing should be suspended from the shoulders. The limbs and extremities should be dressed as warmly as any part of the body.

The health, the vitality, the vigor of mind and body, the intelligence and the intellectual capacity of future generations depend in a great measure upon you. Study the laws of nature and of health, and the pleasures of maidenhood will not be lessened but increased many fold by such a course. What is there of more importance to the human race than strong bodies and well developed minds, minds pure and free for the companionship of the Holy Ghost?

"Oh," one will say, "I would rather have less health than be so straight-jacketed." But, my dear friends, you do not realize the extent of the suffering and misery that that assertion might carry you to.

What is real beauty? Let me see. Throughout all time it has been the highest ambition of skilled and learned men and women to imitate nature. But with all the talent with which the Creator has endowed mankind, they have failed to master nature's plan. We see flowers, leaves, fruit painted on prints, dishes, furniture; artificial flowers of every variety and description worked, painted and embroidered, but how insignificant is every attempt when we compare all this beauty to the living, natural flower and leaf! All the former is indeed insignificant in comparison to the fragrance and beauty of the latter. Artists who have

by skill and perseverance been able to draw out on canvas those expressions of form and feature that would cause tears or laughter from the lookers-on, have always received the plaudits and the fame. Sculptors who can chisel out of marble the best and most perfect mold of the human form are considered the successful ones.

We must admit, then, that the human form is perfect in its organization and development. And therein lies the truly beautiful. We have false ideas and notions of beauty. For instance, the person with a slender, compressed waist is by some considered beautiful. To me it is a picture of misery, and what can be beautiful in the appearance of suffering? Some will say, "I would die without my corset." Try it, and see if you cannot live better, breathe more freely and enjoy life. Or if you cannot at the present abandon them entirely, at least wear them very loosely. Make a snug-fitting waist out of thick material, such as cotton flannel, and change occasionally until you become used to the change.

There is nothing more agreeable and pleasant to my sight than a large,

comfortable-looking waist. Cannot some one who has courage, stability of character, take the lead in these things, make fashions of our own that will at once be becoming, neat and healthful? The poet Burns in speaking of nature says:

" Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O."

Since man has acknowledged so much, should it not be the highest ambition of every daughter of Eve to seek nature's arts alone for their adornment? Never resort to artifice to beautify the complexion. It is said that "paint to beauty is not only needless, but it impairs what it would improve."

There is also a fashion or custom with some of our girls of affectation in speech. Let us be real; let us be ourselves. Excess in dancing is hurtful in the extreme. Dear girls, avoid all excesses. Fashion, like habit, often becomes a strong iron chain, and she is capable of stooping to many unwise if not positively wrong measures to please her vanity. Let us extricate ourselves from her miry marshes, and in order to do so it is not necessary to appear eccentric or unbecoming.

CURRENT ISSUES.

A VALUABLE DOCUMENT.

Mrs. Susa Y. Gates:

MY DEAR SISTER:—Agreeable to your suggestion, in a recent communication, that I might have something in my collection of relics which would—or might be—interesting to the readers of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL, I take the liberty of forwarding you, to

begin with, a letter written by my ever beloved mother, when she was a young lady, some time before I was born, and at a very trying period of the history of the Church. The letter is unfortunately without date, was written to her sister, Mercy R. Thompson, who was with her husband, R. B. Thompson, on a mission in Canada, and the circumstances referred to

therein, occurred sometime in October or November, 1837. While people are generally most concerned about the present, and are looking with expectation to the future, they will not be unmindful that the past has played an important part in making the present what it is, and it will also contribute its quota in the shaping of the events of the future. From history we gather the great lessons of importance and profit to mankind, which the present affords us the opportunity to work out and improve upon for ourselves; while the future has nothing to offer but hope or despair. The present is the child of the past. Knowing something of the pains and sorrows, tribulations and sufferings, as well as the hopes and fears, joys and pleasures out of which the present, with its improved and advanced conditions has emerged, will enable one the better to appreciate the blessings now enjoyed, and to form ideas as to what the present will bring forth and the future may be. In this light, anything of the past, however humble in its character, which adds to our knowledge, or confirms the knowledge we have, of the events which have occurred in connection with the early history of the people of God, will not be devoid of interest to the present generation.

The writer of the following letter embraced the gospel in her youth. She was an orphan girl and came of goodly parents. She gathered to the Church in its infancy, and she passed through all the trying scenes through which it passed in Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, crossing the plains and the early settlement of the Rocky Mountain valleys. Through it all she never flinched nor faltered, but

evinced a faith and purpose as fixed and unalterable as the truth itself, and proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, the sterling qualities of a Saint of God in very deed. Her virtues as a girl, a wife, a mother, her love for the truth, her integrity to the cause of God, her patience in the midst of trials and persecutions, her endurance in toil and poverty, consequent upon mobbings and drivings, her charity and forgiveness towards the persecutors of the Saints, her fidelity to her husband and his numerous family, her liberality to the poor, and her Christ-like humility and confidence in the divine Father, all contributed to stamp her as the child of God, that she was, and, in the language of President Heber C. Kimball, "distinguished her as one of the few among thousands."

During more than eight years of widowhood, she kept her family together, provided for them by her own energies and personal management of affairs, without aid from any human source, except that she repaid to the uttermost farthing, and gathered them to Utah, where she arrived near midnight, on the 23rd of September, 1848; having been driven from her home and household goods in Nauvoo, in the fall of 1846, almost at the point of the bayonet and muzzles of muskets and cannon. She returned not to take anything out. She died faithful and true, as she had lived, on the 21st of September, 1852, in Salt Lake City, her only desire for life being her oft-expressed anxiety for the welfare of her children and her husband's family, the entire care of whom fell solely upon her at his untimely death, on the 27th of June, 1844. As evidence of her worth, her children and the children of her husband's

first wife, loved her, and called her blessed, and do to this day, and will cherish her memory with the purest affection to their latest breath, and so, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for their works do follow them, and neither they nor their works are dead, but live, and will never die.

Craving your indulgence for these prefatory remarks, I submit the following letter, which will largely explain itself, and if it shall prove of interest, or be acceptable, another or two may follow, if desired.

With sincere friendship and prayers for Zion and her children, I am, etc.,

JOS. F. SMITH.

—
"KIRTLAND, OHIO.

"*My Dear Sister, (Mercy R. Thompson):—*

"I have this day received a very short note from you and am glad to learn by Brother A. W. Babbit that you are well and comfortably situated. He tells me he is expecting soon to return to Canada, so that it is unnecessary for me to say much, as he can inform you of the state of things here verbally, better than I can by writing—but still I can hardly refrain from sending a few lines. I am now in a school which I took for one month—the time expires tomorrow, when I expect again to be at liberty or without employment, but I feel my mind pretty much at rest on that subject. I have called upon the Lord for direction and trust He will open my way. I hope you will not fail to remember me at the throne of grace. I have no doubt that you have many trials, but I am inclined to think you have not quite so much to endure as I have; be this as it may, the Lord

knows what our situations are and He will support us and give us grace and strength for the day, if we continue to put our trust in Him, and devote ourselves unreservedly to His service. I do thank my heavenly Father for the comfort and peace of mind I now enjoy in the midst of all the confusion and perplexity and raging of the devil against the work of God in this place, for although here are a great number of faithful, precious souls,—yea, the 'salt of the earth' is here,—yet it may be truly called a place where Satan has his seat. He is frequently stirring up some of the people to strife and contention and dissatisfaction with things they do not understand. I often have of late been led to look back on the circumstance of Korah and his company when they rose up against Moses and Aaron. If you turn to and read the 16th chapter of Numbers, you will there find the feelings and conduct of many of the people, and even the Elders of Israel in these days exactly described. Whether the Lord will come out in a similar way or not, I cannot tell. I sometimes think it may be so, but I pray God to have mercy upon us all and preserve us from the power of the great enemy who knows he has but a short time to work in. We have had a terrible stir with Mr. Parish, the particulars of which I cannot here give you at length; we are not yet able to tell where it will end. I have been made to tremble and quake before the Lord and to call upon Him with all my heart, almost day and night, as many others have done of late. I believe the voice of prayer has sounded in the house of the Lord some days from morning till night, and it has been by this means that we have hitherto prevailed, and it

is by this means only that I for one expect to prevail.

"I feel more and more convinced that it is through suffering that we are to be made perfect, and I have already found it has the effect of driving me nearer to the Lord and so has become a great blessing unto me. I have sometimes of late been so filled with the love of God and have felt such a sense of His favor as has made me rejoice abundantly. Indeed my heavenly Father has been very gracious unto me both temporally and spiritually. Since I commenced this letter, a kind sister has proposed my going to stay for a while with her to take charge of two or three children who have been in my school. They propose giving me something besides my board and I think this will suit me better than a public school, if it is but little. I expect to go there in a day or two and hope to be quite comfortable, as I know the family to be on the Lord's side. The mother is a cousin of Brother Joseph's and took care of him when a child—their name is Dort. I felt much pleased to see Sisters Walton and Snyder, who arrived here on Saturday about noon, having left Brothers Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon about twenty miles from Fairport to evade the mobbers. They were to come home in Dr. Avard's carriage and expected to arrive about ten o'clock at night, but to their great disappointment they were prevented in a most grievous manner. They had got within four miles of home after a very fatiguing journey, much pleased with their visit to Canada and greatly anticipating the pleasure of seeing their homes and families, when they were surrounded by a mob and aken back to Painsville and secured,

as was supposed, in a tavern where they intended to hold a mock trial, but to the disappointment of the wretches the housekeeper was a member of the Church, who assisted our beloved brethren to escape, but as Brother Joseph says, not by a 'basket let down through a window,' but by the kitchen door. No doubt the hand of the Lord was in it or it could not have been effected. The day had been extremely wet and the night was unusually dark, and you may try if you can conceive what their situation was—they hardly knew which way to steer, as it had by that time got to be about ten o'clock. The first step they took was to find the woods as quickly as possible where they thought they would be safe; but in order thereto they had to lie down in the swamp or by an old log, just where they happened to be, so presistently were they pursued by their mad enemies, in every direction; sometimes so closely that Brother Joseph was obliged to entreat of Brother Rigdon, after his exertion in running, while lying by a log, to breathe more softly if he meant to escape. When they could run or walk they took each other by the hand and covenanted to live or die together. Owing to the darkness of the night their pursuers had to carry lighted torches which was one means of the escape of our beloved sufferers, as they could see them in every direction while they were climbing over fences or traveling through bushes or corn-fields until about twelve o'clock—when after traveling as they supposed in this manner five or six miles, they found the road which led homeward and saw no more of their pursuers. After traveling on foot along muddy, slippery roads till nearly five in the morn-

ing, they arrived safely at home almost fainting with fatigue. He (Brother Joseph) told us that he decreed in his heart, when first taken, that he would see home before sunrise, and, thank God, so it was! And notwithstanding all he had to endure, he appeared in the house of the Lord throughout the Sabbath in excellent spirits and spoke in a very powerful manner and blessed the congregation in the name of the Lord, and I do assure you the Saints felt the blessing and left the house rejoicing abundantly and returning their blessing upon him. Brother Rigdon, through his great weariness and a small hurt received from a fall, did not attend the house, but is now well. I suppose all these things will only add another gem to their crowns. I did not think of taking up so much room in relating these circumstances, but I have been as brief as possible.

"I must now give you an account of a very affecting event which took place in Kirtland Sunday before last. You will, of course, remember a Mr. Clarke, a miller, who has been a great opposer of our Church. As he and his wife and some of their children and other friends were returning from the Presbyterian meeting house in a very nice carriage, about one minute after they passed the house of the Lord their horses took fright and started off the side of the hill, overthrew the carriage and hurt Mr. Clarke and one child considerably, but Mrs. Clarke so seriously as to prove fatal. She was buried on the Wednesday following. She has left six weeping children and a mourning husband indeed. On the day preceding the accident she was heard to speak very unfavorably of our Church, but is now gone to prove whether it is the

Church of Christ or not. I greatly desire that the visitation may be sanctified to the family. I believe it is not quite a year since Brother Joseph told Mr. Clarke that the curse of God would be upon him for his conduct towards him and the Church. You may remember that our people wished to purchase his place, but he would not sell it on any reasonable terms and therefore kept it, and has been a trouble in the place, but has prospered so much in business as to say he never prospered better, and told a person some time ago that he was ready for another of Joseph Smith's curses. I feel inclined to think he will never be heard to utter such words again. May the Lord forgive and save him, and all others who raise their hand against the Lord's anointed, for I see more clearly than ever that this is no trifling sin in the sight of God. No, it is as great as ever it was in any age of the world. I sincerely wish that all the members of the Church had a proper sense of their duty and privilege in this respect.

"I expect to hear from you soon, and also from England. I hope I will not be disappointed. Tell me if you and Brother Thompson have any idea of coming to Kirtland this fall? If the field of labor remains open there, unless a change should take place in the state of affairs here for the better, I should not advise it, however much I might wish to see you. Here are scores of men out of employment even in the summer, and how it will be in the winter I cannot tell, but I fear for Kirtland. Oh, that we as a people may be faithful. This is our only hope and all we have to depend upon.

"Give my kind love to Brother Thompson and all other friends, particularly Brother and Sister Lane, and

thank them for their kindness to you. I thank Brother Thompson for his last kind letter and should be pleased with another.

"I remain, your very affectionate sister,
"MARY FIELDING.

"P. S. Sister Kimball desires her love to you both. Dorcas Lekins has married a widower with five children."

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THERE is a very impressive passage of Scripture which reads: "And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." Now, if any one of my readers will stop a moment to consider the matter, they will at once be able to see the fact, that although our parents supposed in emigrating to Utah they were fulfilling that part of Scripture, yet, through the willfulness and stiffneckedness of the people called Latter-day Saints, something very much like Babylon exists here in our midst today. Look about you and tell me of one sin or vice which corrupts Babylon and see if it is not existing here in Utah.

Babylon is not a place of geographical location, nor is Zion. Each is simply the term representing a certain condition of the individual considered as a whole people. It is just as easy to have Babylon in the midst of Zion, as it would be for the Saints who are still in the old countries to have Zion in their hearts while surrounded by the sins of Babylon.

Now the point I wish to make is this: That you and I, my dear friends, must find out what this passage of Scripture means to you and to me, and then we must know wherein to apply the meaning. This is surely ninety-one, and whether we realize the fact or not, the beginning of the end is already

upon us. It always happens that important events prophesied about transpire so naturally that few, indeed, see the fulfillment of the prophecy. But the time is rushing on with frightful speed, and little by little, sickness by sickness, failure upon failure, wars and rumors of war following closely upon each other are sweeping over Zion and Babylon alike.

You may be a bright young girl at school, with all the prospects of a happy, prosperous life ahead of you; you may be a young mother, with a thousand pleasing future hopes and ambitions, or you may perchance be a woman of years and experience. Whoever you are that reads these lines, I implore you to think for a moment of the terrible significance of those quoted words.

Have you imbibed any of the false and pernicious notions of Babylon? Who can tell? Have I? Only God Himself is capable of turning me with my foolish course, if I have entered upon such course. Zion is the pure in heart.

What then is Babylon? The close reading of Scripture leads one to the conclusion that all sins of pride, vanity, light-mindedness, and false and wicked acts are the component parts of that term Babylon. Ask yourself the question, as I often ask myself, what is there about me that an angel or a pure being from another world

would term false, foolish, or vain? I once read a peculiar tale that had for its motive or plot the embodiment of a human soul's darling sin. What is my darling sin? Is it pride in dress, pride in costly surroundings, pride in the gifts which a kind father has granted unto me, pride in my humility as compared to the rest of my brothers and sisters, pride because of some fancied superiority in birth, education, or the accident of wealth?

There are other darling sins, my friends, beside pride and vanity. Am I poor and proud of my proud poverty? Do I love inordinately the pleasures of social life, the triumphs of the ball, or of the social party? Am I gross in my appetite? Do I allow myself to think and gloat over the delights of eating? Have I an unconquerable taste for tea, coffee, pork, meats, sweets, or any of the good things of life? Do I pride myself on being a remarkable house-keeper, making that fact an excuse for pulling the character of every one not so gifted in that respect into a thousand pieces, and beside that making my home a place simply to hang up hats

and clean shoes? Are my thoughts so much on those temporalities that when the rare occasion comes that I steal time to go out to meeting, do my thoughts constantly dwell on my house and my work?

There is another bit of Scripture logic that is told in the form of a story that applies right here in this self-retrospection, and that is the story of Mary and Martha, and the rebuke which Martha, good, anxious soul that she was, received, at the hands of her Master and Savior. Am I so engrossed in the clothing of my children's bodies, that I never have one moment's time to devote to the clothing of their spirits? If any or all of these varied faults are mine, then have I brought Babylon into my house, and I am liable to receive of her plagues, inasmuch as I am partaking of her sins.

There are other points in connection with this subject which the limited space of this article will not allow me to touch upon. But if I have said enough to awaken your minds to dwell on the subject, I have been blessed and I shall assuredly rejoice.

◁ OUR GIRLS. * ▷

REPORT OF THE Y. L. M. I. DELEGATE TO THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL COUNCIL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

MRS. KARRIE S. THOMAS.

FEBRUARY 16th, in company with other Utah ladies we left home for Washington, to attend the first National Woman's Council, as representative of the Y. L. M. I. Associations, which title was proudly worn, although

realizing our unworthiness of the honor.

After four long days of continuous travel (an undertaking we had been unable to accomplish heretofore), we reached, tired and late at night, our destination, the Riggs House, where were assembled many of the brightest women of the age.

Mrs. M. W. Sewall (chairman of committee on credentials) received us

*All communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

very graciously, complimented us on our credentials, and inquired among other things for our constitution, reading us portions of the constitution of the National Council, and said it was impossible to present our case to the executive committee without some written statement of the nature of our organizations.

Of course, at home here we have never found the necessity of framing what may be expressly termed a constitution, every one understanding thoroughly the object, benefits, etc., of our association. Fortunately, however, a report containing everything requisite had been furnished by the Presidency, from which the statements appearing hereafter could be readily gathered and handed over at the appointed time, duly presented and favorably discussed.

We afterwards learned that only one lady present objected to us, and she on the ground that our associations were used for propagating polygamy; but being confronted with the manifesto, yielded to the inevitable and we were admitted. We received no official notice, however; but, becoming enlightened somehow, proceeded to the treasurer, paid our \$100 (it being optional the payment of \$100, or \$25 initiation fee and 1½ cts. per capita—ours being a large organization, of course, the former was preferable), taking receipt for same, also receiving encouragement and kind congratulations from that lady. We also learned that we were now entitled to the crimson badge (worn only by the fortunate few), and seats upon the platform, which we accepted with honest pride, though in fear and trembling.

After admission came the duty of seeking public recognition, which

proved to be a very difficult favor to obtain, on account both of our late arrival and admission, also the very lengthy programmes already made out, which seemed impossible to change or add unto, and yet this great courtesy was extended to Utah in accordance with our desire, and her delegates had the privilege, with others, of five minutes on that notable platform, and our report prepared for that purpose was read at that convention, while many papers prepared expressly for the Council by prominent ladies were laid aside for publication only, the audience being notified to that effect.

In becoming members we obtained the right to attend all the executive sessions of the Council, also the right to vote on any subject or question that may arise. The Council adjourned to meet (on invitation of Mrs. Potter Palmer) at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893.

The Y. L. M. I. Associations have great reason to be proud of the knowledge that they belong to that magnificent body, the Womans' National Council, comprising, as it does, the brightest, most intelligent and learned women of the period, who extend to them the hand of friendship, seemingly pleased and willing to help new comers, who have not been favored with the many advantages which they themselves have partaken of all their lives, and I trust God will bless and aid them in their noble work, for they labor assiduously for the elevation of their sex.

THERE cannot be a surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking of being genteel.

REPORT OF THE YOUNG LADIES MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF UTAH.

IN 1869, President Brigham Young organized in Salt Lake City, a local Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, having for its object the more perfect development of woman, physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually. The organization was so successful that it rapidly spread into every county and today reaches not only every hamlet in Utah, but has branches in the surrounding territories, in Canada, England, the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand and other remote countries. It numbers three hundred branches, with a total membership of eight thousand, each branch having its board of officers, consisting of a president, two vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer. These branches are organized into thirty-three county associations, and these again are united into a territorial or central organization, with a board of corresponding officers.

The local societies spend two hours each week in the study of English literature, history, physiology, civil government, music and religious topics, varied with lectures by eminent physicians and other learned persons on scientific and literary subjects. The members are also required to write essays and deliver short lectures on these various topics. This is especially beneficial to those who have not been favored with educational advantages, as membership is not confined to the educated, but the benefits are intended for all classes.

Once a month these local societies meet with a similar organization of young men, and they unite in literary

and musical exercises suitable for such a gathering. Once in three months the county board calls a council of delegates and members from every local association, in which council are discussed matters of interest and moment, with the hearing of verbal and the reading of carefully prepared statistical and financial reports of each organization.

Once in six months these county officers are called to assist in a grand central council, held for the purpose of hearing county statistical reports and presenting suggestions, plans and subjects for the general good of the members and officers. In all of these councils the voting of officers is regularly attended to. The whole machinery of this movement is conducted solely by young women, without the shadow of interference from other societies or from men.

The weekly essay and manuscript papers have evolved themselves into a magazine for the more perfect cultivation of the literary talent of the young ladies, which, though still in its infancy, promises to become a permanent and creditable journal and a powerful advocate of woman's cause.

The aim of the leaders of this movement has been to cultivate every gift and grace of true womanhood, recognizing the fact that it is not the outward appearance but the forces which gather within the soul that go to develop the individual. To this end every effort is made to induce independent thought, study, individuality and progress. Great stress is laid upon the physical well-being of woman.

One lesson there is of paramount importance, and this is constantly impressed upon the growing and plastic minds of our fair young girls, that

while her duty is to cultivate every intellectual gift or power she possesses, that she may be the proud equal of the man who shall become her companion, it is her right to demand from him the same innocence and purity of mind, of speech, of body, and of soul as is her own. It is but just to add that her right is never questioned on this point, and she goes happily on to fulfill her life mission.

No religious test has ever been applied to these organizations. Good behavior is the only membership fee paid, while love and progress may be termed the current coin of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations.

ELMINA S. TAYLOR, Prest.,

MARIA Y. DOUGALL, 1st Vice-Prest.,

MATTIE H. TINGEV, 2nd "

MARY E. COOK, Sec.,

FANNY Y. THATCHER, Treas.

Y. L. M. I. A. OFFICERS' MEETING.

THE Y. L. M. I. A. officers convened in Salt Lake City, April 5th, 1891, at 4:30 p. m., at the residence of Counselor Maria Y. Dougall. Meeting called to order by President Elmina S. Taylor. Singing, "How firm a foundation." Prayer by President Mary A. Freeze, of Salt Lake Stake. Roll call showed that Salt Lake, Cache, Wasatch, Davis, Malad, Utah, Tooele and Sevier Stakes were represented, and reports were given from each of these, as well as a written report from Graham and a verbal one, given by President E. S. Taylor, from Bear Lake. The reports showed the Stakes to be in a flourishing condition generally.

Counselor M. H. Tingey spoke im-

pressively upon the necessity of being thorough in our studies. Thought it would be well to organize class exercises and study up different subjects from each of our Church works and also from profane history. The evidences of profane history are very fine and will have a good effect by being compared with those in sacred writings. If the young have a knowledge for themselves of our principles, their faith cannot be shaken; and in order to gain this knowledge they should study deeply. Suggested that among other things it would be well to study civil government.

Additional remarks upon the same subject were made by Sisters Sarah Eddington, Della Eardley, Hannah Sorenson and Ellen Jakeman.

Sister Carrie S. Thomas, our delegate to the Woman's National Convention, expressed herself as being confident that the presidency made no mistake in sending a representative to that council. Said that she was very well received, and was sure that good would come from the women of Utah being represented there.

Counselor M. Y. Dougall said she was very well pleased with the reports. Thought the presidents should lay out plans for their work. Take the principles of the gospel and appoint a certain number to study the subjects thoroughly and then speak upon them. After the girls have treated a subject it would be well to have some able speaker lecture upon the same.

President E. S. Taylor bore a strong testimony that she is always strengthened and aided in performing her duty, and urged the presidents to be energetic. Some presidents lay out plans for work in their associations, and they have proved very successful.

However, all do not have the same material to work with, and the exercises must be varied according to the capacities of its members. Our aim should be to develop the talents of all. Do not drive the girls away by requiring work of them which is too difficult; come down to their capacity and teach them that we want to do them good. Devise the best work you can and pray for each other, then the Lord will help us all. As teachers, cultivate all that you would like to be reproduced on those under you.

We expect in the future to have an annual conference consisting of three meetings. It will be held in the fall, and notices will be sent out. Would like as many as possible to attend. The Central Board will hereafter call for a yearly report, but the Stake presidents should call for six-monthly reports, which they will combine for the annual report to the Central Board. If your reports are not correct, send them back again and have them corrected.

We must sustain our paper, the JOURNAL; encourage the girls to subscribe for it, that it may be self-supporting, and continue its good work

without being an expense to the editor. Sister Ellen Jakeman is the business manager, and as such will visit all the Stakes. Please give her your support. Would like the girls to write for the paper, the contributions should be sent to the Stake presidents, who should review and correct them.

Please remember that the Central Fund should be kept up by each Stake paying one dollar a year into it. We want a report from every Stake as to what you have paid in.

On motion of President E. S. Taylor, Ann M. Cannon was elected assistant secretary for the Central Board.

After singing "Doxology" and benediction by Sister Irvine, meeting adjourned.

ANN M. CANNON,

Assistant Secretary of Central Board.

GLUTTONY is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural heat of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.

OUR SHOPPING DEPARTMENT.

THERE are a few general suggestions which I wish to present to the girls in connection with the duty or pleasure of shopping. We are all anxious to become the best of wives and mothers, and consequently the best of shoppers.

It is the women who make commerce and trade. It is the women who support the shops and make or mar the business of an establishment. There are a few things though which every

woman should know, and which I am very anxious the readers of "our magazine" shall carry out to the letter. Aunt Eliza Snow used often to say that if you would show her a true Latter-day Saint, she would show you the truest lady or gentleman in all the land. This is too true for controversy. Wherein we fail to be ladies, we fail just so much in being or living up to our religion. For instance, the woman who is anything but the soul of polite-

ness to the gentlemanly or lady-like clerk who waits upon her in a shop, is neither a Saint, nor even a lady. If you want anything in a store, you should ask for it in as polite a manner as you would if the clerk were a millionaire, or, with us, if it were the President of the Church. The tiny words, of "please" and "thank you," do not cost one cent, and should be diligently used when in a store.

ANOTHER hint: Don't try to make a clerk beat down on prices. If you have a good reason for asking for a reduction on an article, do so in polite and kindly terms, and if the favor is refused, accept the refusal quietly and graciously. It is more than vulgar to "jew" any one down on the established price of articles. If you will accept another hint, you will get all the favors you want without asking for a reduction in prices. And that is to deal only on the "pay as you go" principle. If you are ready to pay for the things you want, you will find clerks and proprietors ready to show you all the favors a reasonable person could wish.

IF one has received the favor of credit from a certain firm, it is more than bad taste to take ready cash when it comes in and go to some other shop to spend it. Let your rule be, that of honor and honest dealing.

THE firm of Clark, Eldridge & Co. are perhaps better known to our country readers than to those who live in the city. They are strictly wholesale dealers in hardware, crockery, glassware, woodenware, brushes and stationery. They do little advertising, for they seek only the custom of stores,

and they say that once they secure a customer the connection is lasting. A delightful traveling member of the firm secures their country trade, and he is as well liked as are the goods which he sells. They proudly speak of the fact, that although they do not try to undersell anybody, they yet do so well by their customers that they seldom or never lose one. Added to this is the fact that they have never closed out any firm doing business with them. As these brethren are all in good standing in the Church, the best wishes of the JOURNAL go with them in their future business.

THE TUCKETT CANDY firm are another firm of wholesale dealers, and their trade is, of course, with the stores only. We are not specially in favor of anybody eating candy; but we know our girls will have it, and so we urge you to enquire if the candy you buy at your country stores is from this excellent and reliable firm. For if you must eat candy, do be sure that it is pure and wholesome. If the Tuckett brand is on the box, you can rest assured that you are getting the very best article of that kind manufactured.

THERE is a brave little woman on First South street, West, who has taken up the business left by her husband's death, and who, by her energy and pluck, is making a success out of it. Her name is Mrs. Walsh, and she keeps hardware and tinware for retail customers. She is very kind and obliging to all who enter the store, and the girls will do what they can, I am sure, to help the busy woman to make a grand success of her business.

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◀ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▶

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OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

HATTIE CRITCHLOW JENSEN.

FIRST COUNSELOR TO THE Y. L. M. I. A. OF
BOX ELDER STAKE.

I WAS born at Ogden City, Utah,
the 31st day of January, 1864. My

mother, Mary E. Brown Critchlow
was Utah born and bred. She was
the daughter of Captain James Brown
of the Mormon Battalion, and she has
also the distinction of being the first

white girl born in Utah. My father was born at Pennsylvania, but came to Utah when a very small boy. At the age of twenty-four he married my mother who was only fifteen. They have had fourteen children of which I am the eldest.

My early childhood and until I was sixteen was nearly all spent in school. Though my assistance in the household work, and in the care of my younger brothers and sisters would have given rest to my mother, she scarcely ever kept me from school, but nobly sacrificed herself that I and the other children might get the benefits of an education. Oh, how little do we appreciate our dear mothers, and how little we realize the sacrifices they have made for us until we become mothers ourselves!

I loved school and made such progress that at the age of sixteen I was able to take a school in the country, where I taught for one year. The next two years of my life were spent alternately in teaching and attending school at Ogden. By this time circumstances were favorable for my attending the university at Salt Lake City. Accordingly in August, 1883, I enrolled as a Normal among the students of that institution. I attended for three months, but owing to my health becoming greatly impaired, I was obliged to return home. After a rest of a month or six weeks I began teaching at the Central School at Ogden and continued to teach until the 28th of March, 1884.

Two years prior to this while on a visit to one of my friends at Brigham City, I met and became acquainted with Sister Minnie J. Snow. A mutual friendship sprang up, and when I returned home it was with the assur-

ance that ours would be a lasting, tried and true friendship. This has been the case, and the years that we have spent together socially have served to strengthen and secure the affection we each formed for the other.

While on my visit aforementioned I became acquainted with the brother of Sister Minnie—Ephraim Jensen, who was about to go on a mission to the North-Western States. We corresponded regularly while he was upon his mission. He returned home in October, 1883, and on the 1st day of May, 1884, we were married in the endowment house by President Wells. Since my marriage my home has been in Brigham. I have had four children, three sons and a daughter.

September 10th, 1884, I was chosen as one of Sister Minnie J. Snow's counselors. I found great satisfaction and joy in my labors among the different associations; and my companionship with the Stake Board has been one of unity and love. Although my home duties and the care of my little children would have completely taken my time, I contrived by the help of my heavenly Father to take an active part in my labors among the associations, especially so in our officer's meetings.

I believe that by taking this course my home duties have been made less monotonous, and I have had more wisdom in the performance of them.

I wish I could impress upon all the young ladies of Zion the importance of becoming members of the Mutual Improvement Association. I know from experience that we are better prepared for the duties of life—of wifehood and motherhood—when we take active parts in these associations. Nor can we afford to stay away from them just because we are married and

have small children to care for. Then is the time that we most need the instructions that we get there. Indeed, I think there is no time in life that we can afford to do without them, for

From childhood to girlhood—
Maid, mother and wife,
All need so much wisdom
To guide them through life.

MRS. H. C. JENSEN.

The following loving tributes were sent by Sister M. J. Snow, and we append them to Sister Jensen's brief sketch. [ED.]

TESTIMONIALS.

Having been requested to write something about my friend Hattie, all I might say could be summed up in these words: She is as good as gold. To know her is to love her.

She is intellectual, artistic and spiri-

tual. She has a faculty for winning and retaining friends.

I have never heard her speak disparagingly of any one. Her reverence for sacred things is great, and I have reason to believe that when trials come she will be found true to her religion.

If I should write a long letter I could say nothing but good things about her, and therefore to multiply words would be useless. Yours truly,

ELLIE MADSON.

During my brief acquaintance with Sister Hattie Jensen I have discovered in her very many excellent qualities.

Her disposition is lovable and cheerful; her countenance, which is a true index to her generous heart, ever wears an irresistible smile which never fails to make friends. I have also found her to be an earnest laborer in the cause of truth. RAY EVANS.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

"BLESSED THE CORPSE THAT THE RAIN FALLS ON."

(As a token of love for President Daniel H. Wells.)

L. L. DALTON.

OH, come to the window and look at the snow,
So thickly and silently fluttering down;
In holy, deep silence it nestles so low,
And robes in white fleeces the streets of the town.

Our eyes can scarce penetrate into the veil;
A silvery dimness encloses us 'round;
The opposite houses, like ghosts faint and pale,
Seem softly afloat there above the white ground.

This gloom is not sadness, but mystery dim,
And full of the tenderest, holiest thoughts,
Of beauty and sweetness, all leading to Him

Whose hand all this marvelous loveliness wrought.

It seems that the spirit of grace is abroad,
Pervading the earth and the sweet, willing air,
Persuading humanity lean toward God,
And feel all His dear loving-kindness and care.

It falls like a benison on the new mound
But yesterday heaped o'er the last, silent bed
Of a good man and brother who ever was found
Wherever his duty and diligence led.
It seems to caress him and claim him a part
Of nature's own circle, beloved and blest;
To lay him in love on her motherly heart
And watch in deep tenderness over his rest.

Yes, "Blessed the dead that the snow falls on!"
If blessings had bulk, e'en as crystals of snow,
The many deep-breathed ones softly dropped down

On that grave a mountain had builded, I know.

Oh, thus sleep the good, sweetly cradled in
love,
Enfolded in gratitude, blessings and joy,
Sufficient to bear them to mansions above,
And crown them with glory and gladness on
high.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 362.)

JACOB'S first thought was for Will's mother.

"Poor sister Ellen," he said to Gwyn. "If Will should die now, when she has sent him here to get well, she would hardly know how to bear it."

"Do you think his case is really very serious?" asked Gwyn. "If you do," she continued, "you should send for his mother at once."

Kindly and lovingly Jacob wrote to his sister that evening, describing as nearly as possible the malady with which her son was attacked; could not determine whether it would develop into scarlet or mountain fever, but he was already in a dangerous condition; was being "nursed with all tenderness," and all that could be done for his comfort should be.

Very early next morning Bishop Smith was called up to go and assist in administering to Will Hillon, who, it was said by the messenger, was in a dying condition.

When the Bishop returned home he was somewhat surprised to find his daughter Marian already dressed and awaiting his appearance in his office. She was his eldest living child, a bright, intelligent girl of nineteen, discreet and thoughtful far beyond her years, a great favorite with her father, and, in fact, with all the family.

"How is Will now, father?" she

asked with deep concern as soon as the Bishop had entered and closed the door.

"Very low indeed," answered the Bishop; "unless there should be a miraculous change in his favor he cannot last more than an hour or two, at the most."

"Do not let him die, father; he must not die!" said Marian, with white, resolute face that almost frightened her father.

Taking her tenderly in his arms he said, "Is it so, my daughter? I have not known of Will's essaying to win my Marian's heart; has she allowed it to go to him unsought?"

A deep, bright flush overspread the girl's face, contrasting strangely with its recent pallor, as she answered, "At first when Will came here from the south, nearly two months since, at all the parties and candy pullings, and even once or twice at the close of evening meeting, he paid me marked attentions. Perhaps I took too much notice of it; but in truth I did not think much about it, after all, until I saw him being drawn into ruinous meshes which were carelessly, cruelly, though I believe unintentionally, set for him. Then my heart would go out to him in strange, ceaseless sympathy, which made me feel that I must keep praying for him constantly or he would be lost. It was pity first, prayerful pity; then it grew to be an intense interest. The more I prayed for him the more fervent became my interest in him, until now I don't know what it is, father; it may be love!"

Bishop Smith lifted his daughter's face from his shoulder, and kissing her fondly said, "My noble daughter is worthy of more manly wooing than Will Hillon has shown himself capable

of offering since he came to F. You must not give your love away too cheaply, Marian. Perhaps, after all, it is only sympathy and prayerful interest that you feel for him. Do not be too ready to fancy yourself in love with a dying man, or a living one that has no more discretion than to kiss other men's wives promiscuously; and no more regard for his own future welfare than to cast aside the golden opportunity of honorably wooing and winning one of the best of God's daughters to be his own wife for the mere myth of flirting with and fawning over a pretty but vain and silly married woman."

"You are too harsh in your judgment of Will's character and actions, father," said Marian. "Remember he lived here when a boy, and many of those who are now married women were gay, careless girls when he left for the south, and they kissed and hugged him at parting as they would have done a brother. Now when he returns, after many years of absence, if he does not realize the changes which have taken place, and meeting his old friends, who were merry, laughing belles when he left, but are now married women, if he offers to kiss them they should remember their duties as wives and remind him that they have husbands."

Marian spoke with animation, and her father listened and watched her admiringly. And when she paused he said,

"I do not wish to judge Will harshly, neither would I have you excuse him too generally, as women almost universally are inclined to do. They blame each other in all such cases and defend the men, who are really the workers of mischief. Some of the

women in the place may have been to blame for allowing Will to kiss them as freely as he has done; but certainly he has made himself too familiar with Edward Grange's wife, according to reliable accounts."

"I do not think it was he who commenced the familiarity even there," said Marian. "Edward and Chloe have both acted exceedingly foolish in the matter. I have prayed earnestly for them all, that they might see their folly and be saved; but oh! I did not want Will to be taken away by death for the sake of being saved."

"He might better die as innocent as, perhaps, he now is, than to live and commit a great sin," the Bishop remarked.

"Yes, I know that is true," assented his daughter, but he might better live and overcome and do a good work in the kingdom of God. You do not know him as well as I do, father; I have had several lengthy conversations with him and have discovered in him a true manliness which but few of our young men can equal. He is really good and gifted; he has a fine appreciation of womankind in general, and to his mother and sisters he is most devotedly attached. No man could pay a higher tribute of praise and gratitude to his mother than I heard Will make one evening, and it was in the face of several of our rude, rough boys, too, who were casting insinuating slurs upon our sex."

Marian had struck the right chord now; she often did before closing an argumentative conversation with her father.

Bishop Smith had early mourned the loss of a most excellent mother; and much like William Cowper, the English poet, his sensitiveness in regard to

that first, great sorrow never wore away. Sometimes at the mere mention of the sacred name, mother, he would be almost ready to burst into tears, man though he was.

When his daughter spoke of Will's affection for his mother, the memory of his old and valued friends and neighbors, Brother and Sister Hillon, and the thought of what they would suffer in the loss of their first born son under such sad circumstances rushed through the Bishop's heart and brain with overwhelming force.

He was silent for a short time, only clasping his daughter more closely to his breast. Then a new spirit rested upon him. Had it been the spirit of despondency and grief over the sorrows of his friends he would have felt like sinking under it. But it was, instead, the hopeful, buoyant spirit of triumphant faith. He spoke suddenly but calmly, and with much energy.

"Well, Marian," he said, "we won't let Will die; he shall live and do the good work your spirit predicts for him."

At that instant the first soft rays of the autumn sunrise stole through the eastern window and fell full upon the young girl's upturned face, now radiant with speechless happiness, as she half reclined in her father's arms and upon his broad breast.

He was gazing down at her, and as an inward, heavenly light seemed to spring up from the very depths of her soul and shine through her deep blue eyes, he thought he had never seen a more beautiful woman in all his life than was his own fair daughter. He felt, too, that much as he had loved her, he had never made a real estimate of the intrinsic worth of her pure and exalted qualities; felt it the more be-

cause the inspiration which filled his being told him that with all her devotion to him she also loved another man, and that man was Will Hillon; that Will would live, repent of his follies, and some time marry that child, that angel which he held in his arms.

"Will shall live," continued the Bishop after a pause, "and he shall prove himself worthy of you, my lamb, then he may have you. But you must be patient, my child; it will not be at present, perhaps not for years, that Will Hillon will come to claim you."

Such sympathy did there exist between Bishop Smith and his daughter Marian, that she could tell instinctively by what spirit he spoke. She knew as well now that the spirit of prophecy was upon him as she could have known had he been angry with and reproving her. For a moment longer she clung to him with all the tenderness of her pure young heart, then releasing herself from his strong embrace she said, "Fanny had better go over and help Sister Gwyn; she will be worn out with so much to do."

"Would you not like to go yourself and let Fanny see to the work at home?" the Bishop asked, watching his daughter very closely.

"No, father," replied the young woman, "Fanny likes to be over there and Gwyn likes to have her, and I can look after things at home best."

So Fanny was informed of the severity of Will's case and sent to help Gwyn, as she had frequently done when Gwyn was over-taxed in any way. She found little Helma already in the kitchen trying to get breakfast, for her mother could not leave Will's bedroom yet.

"I've got to churn first so we can

have the buttermilk to make biscuits with," was Helma's answer to Fanny's question what was first to be done.

"Oh, that will make breakfast too late!" said Fanny. "You go over to our house and get a couple of loaves of the bread we baked last evening; take a cup, too, and get some yeast; and I'll get other things ready while you are gone."

Helma did as Fanny directed, and it being still early she found only Marian in the kitchen.

"How is your cousin now?" Marian inquired as she proceeded to wait on the child.

"He is sleeping more quietly now than he has done since he's been sick," Helma answered. "Mamma says that just at sunrise his pains seemed to cease and he fell asleep; it was only a few minutes after your father and mine had administered to him."

A beautiful thought passed through Marian's mind, one that she did not express in words to any person but her father until months, perhaps years later. Just when the spirit of faith and the spirit of prophecy had rested upon herself and her father in Will's behalf, the sweet angel of consolation had been sent to breathe upon him, his sufferings had ceased and he had been granted rest and sleep.

When Helma had received the articles for which she had been sent she still lingered by Marian until the latter asked if Fanny wanted anything else.

"No, ma'am," replied the little girl; "but I wanted to ask you, Marian, if you remembered two years ago when I was so sick and thought I should die?"

Marian said she did remember it very well, and Helma went on,

"Well, you came to see me one evening when I was nearly dead, and you whispered to me that you would pray for me all the time and that I would soon be better. After that I believed I should get well, and I did. And I want to ask you to please pray for my cousin Will. I think the Lord hears your prayers because you are so good; and Will is good, too, and I don't want him to die."

The child finished her speech with a sob, and Marian clasped her in her arms, and for a few moments they wept together.

Then Marian said, "Yes, Helma, I will pray for your cousin; and you must pray also; the Lord will hear and answer us and he will get well."

The little girl went away comforted, for she loved her cousin very much, and his sufferings had caused her great anxiety.

In the afternoon Fanny came home, and for the first time Marian learned something of the nature of Will's complaint.

Old Uncle Ben Hunter, the fiddler, was also something of a doctor, having been companion and aid to an army surgeon for several years in his younger days. And as Jacob and Gwyn failed to discover the real cause and nature of Will's illness, they decided to send for Uncle Ben and hear what his opinion would be. He pronounced the disease nervous fever, brought on by extreme mental excitement, while the system was reduced and weak from long continued over-exertion.

This decision was satisfactory, but not so the old doctor's conclusions respecting the case. He gave little

hopes of the young man's recovery ; said the only possible show for him would be in his being kept perfectly quiet, which was next to impossible with children in the house ; and the least further excitement, which he was liable to receive at any moment, would finish him off directly. The fever would probably run eighteen or twenty-one days, if the patient should live that long, but it was not at all likely he would survive its breaking up.

This recital of Uncle Ben's visit Fanny related first, and then went on to give some of her own ideas in relation to the matter.

"If Will should die," she said emphatically, "I think Edward and Chloe Grange ought to be sent to prison. They have just led him along in his weakness and made him believe this, that and the other until he is nearly crazy. He thinks he has killed his Uncle Jacob or some one else, and that there is no redemption for him ; and he frets and groans over it till it is heart-breaking to hear him. Chloe wants to see him, but they won't let her ; if she wasn't crazy herself she wouldn't think of such a thing!"

"Don't talk in that way sister," said Marian gently. "We have no right to pass judgment on the doings of others; we are all mortal, all liable to do wrong sometimes. If we want Will to get well, and want to exercise faith in his behalf, we must not yield to the temptation to speak evil of any one, but must ask that they and we may all be forgiven, that our prayers may be acceptable before the Lord."

The young, impulsive Fanny felt the force of her sister's remark, and kissed her warmly as an acknowledgment of the same as she turned to go back to Gwyn's assistance.

"I wish I were as good as Marian," soliloquized Fanny, as she walked along. "I'd make a lots better wife for—for—somebody, if I were."

She was only fifteen, but she thought she had discovered the "best man in the world," next to her father; and she greatly desired to be worthy of the manly affection he evinced towards her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO ANGELS.

RUBY LAMONT.

Two angels passed with folded wings
And bright heads bowed and thoughtful eyes,
And hearts o'er full of glorious things,
Sweet, yearning memories of the skies.
They silent fly through fields of space,
Past moon and stars, ethereal waves ;
They come as messengers of grace,
Though doubted in a world of graves.

One wore upon his shining head
A crown of roses, fresh and bright,
And in the joyous words he said
Were sounds of laughter, gleams of light ;
Love dimpled 'round his shining mouth ;
His eyes and heart with joy were rife ;
Earth's children decked his lovely youth
And gladly crown him king of life

He clasps our bright ones in his arms,
Sweet kisses glow on cheek and lips,
His heart, untouched by grief's alarms,
The nectared wine of beauty sips.
He fans the curly, shining hair ;
His sunlight beams in happy eyes ;
His flow'ry couch, so soft and fair,
He heaps in bow'rs where beauty lies.

In dance and song the merry hours,
With fairy feet, whirl round and round,
For life's bright path is strewn with flow'rs,
Time's lyre hath ne'er a woe'ful sound.
Another comes. His lips are white,
His cheek and brow are wan and pale ;
His white hair gleams with softer light ;
Each heart lies trembling 'neath his flail.

Beneath his tread each flow'ret dies,
Beneath his eye each strong heart quails ;
He bears our loved ones to the skies,
And at his touch each soft rose pales.

With anguished hearts and out-stretched hands,
 With pleading voice and bated breath,
 And up-turned eyes, from wasting sands,
 We own him victor, king of death.

Aye, king of hearts, the crowned and bright,
 To us his empire seems supreme;
 And king is he, the spectre white,
 Whose sword with fiery flashes gleam.
 The gift of one is life's bright ray,
 Youth, tender love, ambition's strength;
 The other takes those gifts away
 And leaves us lone and sad at length.

Aye, crowned kings! Yet worship none,
 Their fleeting empire soon shall cease;
 They humbly bow to Him who won
 O'er life and death the crown of peace.
 Give Him thine heart and thou shalt find
 Calm hope in place of thy despair;
 The *ignis fatuus* of thy mind
 Forsake, and give thy soul to prayer.

For, jealous of thy love for one,
 The pale one threatens with his sword.
 'Twere wiser now to make God's Son
 Thine heart's unquestioning, conq'ring Lord.
 So when the angel of thy dread
 Time's circling hours shall surely bring,
 Thou'lt find thy pleasant hist'ry read
 With joy in halls where angels sing.

And calmly shalt thou enter there,
 In joy to find thy loved ones crowned
 With wreaths of light, eternal, fair,
 In mansions where thy lost are found.
 And it shall be thy fond surprise
 To see the angel wan and white,
 Resign his robes of dread disguise
 To reign fair king of life and light.

Ah, doubt not that each angel's flight
 Hath heaven's guidance, God's own will,
 That none can go beyond His sight;
 His high command must each fulfill.
 And though loved eyes may close in death,
 Take comfort that He knew the best.
 For past the angel's with'ring breath
 The loved of God shall surely rest.

THE constitution of the world, and God's natural government over it, is all mystery, as much as the Christian dispensation. Yet, under the first, he has given men all things pertaining to life; and under the other, all things pertaining to godliness.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

W. T. FORSGREN.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 351.]

AFTER Harry had gone she could only sit and think and ponder over what had occurred. It was growing very late but sleep and peace of mind she thought had fled from her forever. Her bright and happy visions of the future had all vanished, she must think no more of Harry, her religion was all she had to live for now. And there in the solitude of that summer's evening she made one noble resolve, and that was she would as soon as possible forget her own troubles and live only for the good she could do for others. She now felt that every tie had been cut asunder that had formerly bound her to the land of her birth, and she could not rest contented another moment until they had disposed of their property and were on the way to Zion where they could better enjoy the gifts and privileges of the gospel and be associated with the Saints of God.

* * * *

Two long years have rolled round since the evening we last saw little Aina so unhappy in her mother's home. Summer has come again with its sunshine and beautiful flowers to gladden the hearts of all, but there is one in the bustling town of W. upon whom the beauties of nature seem to make no impression, he feels his burden of sorrow is growing more unbearable day by day. No longer can he content himself to remain at home, for there is so much to remind him of his dear, lost Aina whom he has never seen since the evening he parted from her under such unpleasant circum-

stances just two years before, and during which time he had heard just once in an indirect way that they had bought them a little home in Salt Lake City. How many times he had regretted having been so harsh and hasty in his judgment against Aina, although he had no love nor even respect for the people with whom she had associated herself; yet he could not but respect her for the courage and fortitude displayed under such trying circumstances, for he well knew Aina had loved him sincerely and it had been as much of a trial to her as himself. He knew her to be a sensible, honest and virtuous girl, and at times would think there must be something about a religion, for which she would sacrifice so much, that would bear investigation. But the adversary who is ever on the alert would whisper in his ear, "They are such an ignorant and degraded people you could never live among them, and Aina will soon tire of them and be glad to return to you."

About this time business called him to a distant part of England. On the return trip as he was quietly sitting in the crowded car reading the morning paper, a well-dressed gentleman took the vacant seat at his side, and in a pleasant, intelligent way began to converse with him upon the leading topics of the day. The conversation gradually drifted from one thing to another until the subject of religion was finally brought up and the conflicting beliefs concerning the different modes of baptism were referred to, the strange gentleman informing Mr. Lawrence that the sect to which he belonged believed in baptism by immersion, and proved from the scriptures that was the mode practiced in the days of the Savior. He then went

on to explain one principle after another of his religion, in which Harry was so deeply interested he forgot to inquire the name of the sect to which the gentleman belonged. As the train drew up to the station of a little town where Harry intended remaining a few days he learned to his satisfaction the gentleman in whom he was so much interested had an appointment to preach in the public hall of that town the same evening and invited Harry to attend, which he promised. Promptly at 7 o'clock he entered the hall and found a good sized audience in the body of the room. After taking a seat and looking about, he was pleased to see his companion of the day with another gentleman of a pleasing countenance occupying seats at the head of the hall. After meeting had been called to order and the opening exercises gone through with, the gentleman of his short acquaintance arose and delivered a powerful discourse upon the first principles of the gospel, in which Harry was deeply interested. He listened attentively and gradually it came to him as if by inspiration, these men who were speaking with so much power were Mormon Elders. Still he did not feel to reject what they were saying. He knew there was a power accompanying their remarks that the ministers in the Church of England do not even profess to have. At the close of the meeting an appointment was given out for another meeting on the following evening. Early next morning, Harry having nothing much to do and knowing the elders were still in town set out to find them that he might learn more concerning their religion, also hoping if they were from Salt Lake he might hear some tidings from Aina Arnold;

at the same time almost dreading to hear from her lest he should hear she was the happy wife of some fortunate man and lost to him forever. Aina was a most fascinating girl and it was only reasonable to suppose she would have many offers of marriage.

These were some of the thoughts passing through his mind as he walked up Main Street keeping a sharp lookout for the Mormon Elders. He had not walked far when he met them returning with their morning's mail; they stopped, bade him a pleasant good morning, and after a few minutes conversation kindly invited him to accompany them to the friend's house where they were staying and spend the day with them. The invitation he gladly accepted and as soon as he could do so without seeming too abrupt inquired if they were from Utah, which they answered in the affirmative, but as neither of their homes was in Salt Lake City they could give him no information concerning his friends. The day was spent very agreeably to all and the evening found him once more seated in the hall listening to the Elders bearing their testimonies to the people that God had once more established His Church upon the earth.

Harry was beginning to feel a deeper interest in this people and their religion than he was willing to admit even to himself. After the close of the second meeting he left his address with the Elders and asked them to call on him the following day, which they were only too pleased to do.

On the evening of the third day Harry expressed a willingness to be baptized, but as the Elders were soon to visit W. thought it would be best to wait until then before taking the important step that would change the

course of his whole life. In about three weeks after Harry's return to W. the Elders called, held meeting in the evening and the next morning attended to the ordinance of baptism. Harry was the first to enter the water. He had made up his mind to be baptized and live his religion to the best of his ability in England, but could never think of going to Salt Lake as there he would most likely be thrown into the society of Aina, and as she was undoubtedly married and happy in a little home of her own before this, he felt he could never endure being in her company and seeing her happy in the love of another. But as month after month passed by the desire to gather with the Saints was increasing daily. He was also advised by the Elders to emigrate to Zion where he could be more fully taught in the principles of the gospel. So it came about that nine months after his baptism and after much serious reflection upon the subject, he made up his mind to go to Utah and open business in one of the smaller towns in the northern part of the Territory. He was not long in arranging his affairs and was soon on his way to Zion to mingle himself with the people whom he had so cruelly censured Aina for wishing to associate with. How bitterly he now reproached himself for having been so hasty in his judgment against her! If he had only listened to her pleadings and at least investigated the religion she held so dear he felt they would never have been so cruelly separated. But knowing as he now did it was he instead of Aina who had caused the trouble, he felt to take up his burden of life and bear it as best he could without murmuring. Arriving in Ogden he was much pleased with his

surroundings, and after looking around for a few days and enquiring into the business resources of the town, he concluded to make his home in that place.

Everything went along smoothly through the summer, business was good and he very much enjoyed the meetings and the society of the people. At length October was at hand and everyone was talking of the general conference and fair soon to be held. As Harry had not yet visited Salt Lake City, he thought this would be a fit opportunity for so doing; he was also desirous of listening to the teachings and instructions that would be given at the meetings. Saturday morning the second day of conference found him on his way to Salt Lake. Arriving at the depot he found he was too late for the forenoon meeting, so concluded to spend his time until noon in sight-seeing, after securing a room at one of the hotels. But to his dismay after trying at one hotel after another found that they were all crowded so it would be impossible for him to obtain accommodations at any of them. While thinking seriously on the matter and wondering if he would be obliged to return home that evening, he met the Bishop of his ward on the street to whom he at once told his troubles. To his satisfaction the good Bishop informed him arrangements had been made to accommodate all who were unable to secure lodgings at the hotels. Before the close of the afternoon meeting a notice to this effect was given out and Harry at once made his way to the west gate where the committee who had been appointed to look after this matter were posted. On inquiry he was informed there were a number of names yet remaining who were willing to entertain their

friends from the country. After looking over the list the gentleman in charge exclaimed, "Why here is Brother Brown's name we have overlooked; we must send some one to him. Here, Brother Lawrence, that is just the place for you, you will be well entertained there. Brother S——, write out the directions so he will have no trouble in finding the place." While Brother S. was doing as requested someone standing by quietly remarked, "There he goes now." "Here Brother Brown we have a gentleman here we are going to trust to you to entertain for a few days." "Very well, Sister Brown and I are always pleased to have our friends come and see us." After a pleasant walk of several blocks Brother Brown stopped before a plain but neat and cozy-looking house and said, "Here is the place; now you must walk right in and make yourself perfectly at home. Here take this easy chair by the open window and entertain yourself as best you can for a few minutes while I step out into the kitchen and start a fire. Sister Brown will soon be home, she was going to stop on the way to see a sick sister."

After thanking the kind Brother for being so thoughtful in looking after his wants, Harry took up a book lying on a table near by and was soon interested in its contents, when all of a sudden he was startled by a sound that sent the blood rushing to his brain. Could it be possible that was Aina Arnold's voice he heard in an adjoining room? No, it must be only imagination, again it comes as clear and sweet as ever. Harry instinctively rises to his feet, but his brain reels and he feels as if he would sink to the floor—can it be his lost Aina is found at last; but suddenly a sharp pain

darts through his heart as the thought occurs to him. "She is found but lost to me forever; she must be the wife of the kind Brother Brown who has been so obliging to me." While these thoughts are rushing like wildfire through his brain, he stands gazing at the opposite wall and turns to the door just as a young girlish figure is about to enter the room. She stops suddenly and stands as if transformed to a marble statue with her eyes riveted upon the figure before her. He is the first to recover himself and instinctively starts towards her as the one word "Harry" bursts from her lips.

"Aina, my dear—forgive me—I beg your pardon, I suppose I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Brown."

"No, you are mistaken, I am still Aina Arnold; but tell me what brought you here?"

"First let me ask you one more question, then I will explain all. You say you are still unmarried, are you free from all engagements that would prevent you from now becoming my wife if you so desired?"

"Yes, Harry, I am as free as the day I left England."

"Then Aina," as he lovingly clasped both her trembling hands in his, "I am come to claim you as my own little wife after three long years of bitter separation."

Just at this moment Aina's mother entered the room and was as much surprised as her daughter had been at the scene she witnessed. Mutual explanations followed, and Harry learned to his satisfaction that it was the mother instead of the daughter who was the wife of the good Brother Brown.

That evening after supper Brother

Brown informed Harry that he and Sister Brown were going to attend meeting in the Assembly Hall and kindly invited him to accompany them; but after consulting with Aina he decided to remain with her and spend the evening in talking over old times and in laying plans for the future.

KISS YOUR CHILDREN.

BELLE.

OUR children not only need loving,
But need demonstrations of love,
They want us each day and each hour,
In words, our deep loving to prove.

One day at the glass I stood shaving,
Well lathered o'er throat, cheek and chin,
In one hand I held a sharp razor,
All ready my task to begin.

Our baby, a child of two summers,
With eyes full of questioning, said
"Why, papa, what eve' you doing
Putting soap suds all ove' you head?"

"I'm shaving," I answered her briefly,
And then I went on with my task.
"And what are you shaving for, papa?"
I next heard the little one ask.

I laughed, but the darling persisted,
Kept repeating the question to me.
"To make my face smooth, little lady,
And then you can kiss me, you see."

She smiled, with the smile of an angel,
And raising herself on her toes,
She kissed me on lips, cheek and eyelids
And whispered, "I love you, I do."

And then she drew back, sweetly smiling,
And said with a child's guileless grace,
"And my face is smooove, too, papa,
Now why doesn't you kiss my face?"

And then how I kissed her, the darling!
And held her so close to my breast!
Ah, now up in heaven she's dwelling;
No more with her kisses I'm blest.

Yes, our children not only need loving,
But need demonstrations of love;
Then let us each day and each hour
By actions, our deep loving prove.

Adapted from the Juvenile Instructor.

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 357.]

IT was still the spirit of hatred which Mr. Lawson felt toward Dager Blank that prompted him, for he did not care whether either, neither, or both of them spoke. But he saw that Dager had undertaken to champion the strangers, therefore he espoused the cause of Mr. Blackwell, and became a willing tool in the hands of Satan.

"We'll take a vote," said Mr. Lawson in an ostentatious tone, "whether the people present wish to hear any more from these men."

The vote was put, and the assembly, nearly all men by this time, again declared they would hear the Mormons.

Mr. Wall thanked the people, and while evidence of agitation appeared upon his face, he said strongly, "I, too, have a story to tell," and he told with simple directness the story the reader has already heard from Mary Gray.

"This woman, this Mary Baldwin, was my mother; my sister is either dead or hopelessly lost, and I solemnly believe that man," and he pointed to Mr. Blackwell, "is my father."

There was a profound sensation, and although Mr. Blackwell denounced the assertion as a lie, nature had stamped it true.

Mary Gray could hardly restrain herself from making her identity known to her brother, until she happened to think that to do so she must also make known her identity to a very unwelcome father.

"I believe it is a lie," said Lawson, though he did not. "Let the fellow who has slandered a citizen bring

on his proof, or by G— we'll tar and feather them."

Dager Blank picked up the note that lay on the table, the note torn, and thrown down by the young missionary before he began to talk; but before he could read it, the lean tramp, trembling in every limb, drew up his immense height in front of the platform, and lifting a long, thin arm, with the index finger pointing to Mr. Lawson, he said, "I am his witness; the story this young man has told is entirely true. That man," indicating Blackwell, "is one of the most cruel, false and dastardly husbands that ever lived."

With a howl of rage Blackwell would have thrown himself upon the weak old man, but Dager Blank, with drawn pistol, sprang in front of him, and said, "Only over my dead body!"

Lawson at the same time drew his pistol and a tragedy was imminent.

The people not much interested poured out of the building, but Mary Gray and Mrs. Lawson sat like stone images, unable to move or speak.

Just at that critical moment a terrible cry resounded through the streets, it chilled the heart of the strongest listener. The combatants dropped their weapons and with one impulse rushed to the door.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! Bells were rung, the streets filled as if by magic with hurrying, surging crowds of breathless men and pallid, terror-stricken women.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! There was rattling of wagons and hoarse cries of men and trampling of many feet.

The two grief-stricken women found themselves alone with the two Mormon Elders, and with an almost incoherent explanation, a hurried greeting be-

tween Mrs. Lawson and her brother, the two ladies found themselves clinging each to the arm of a *brother*, and hurrying with the swarming crowd toward where a lurid glare against the sky marked the scene of conflagration.

Mrs. Lawson was so absorbed in what had been passing before her, that the possibility of it being *her* home, had never crossed her mind. Indeed, she was still so bewildered, so horrified and indignant at the conduct of her husband, that they were before the burning building before she became aware that it was Rose Cottage that was in flames.

The engines were playing upon the fire which had started at the back of the building, and a great quantity of household stuff was piled in the street, for it was evident that the building could not be saved.

Mr. Lawson was raving up and down, swearing and bewailing his luck; and Dager Blank stood a short distance from the crowd, with folded arms, thinking a little cynically that Lawson would have a fine pile of "ashes to move" when the fire was over, and at his side was the lean tramp. The other tramps all seemed to be present, and they viewed Lawson's distress with indifference, and to his frantic appeals for aid returned him the language he had used to them when they had sued to him.

Then it was that Lawson had cause to remember, that men are all one common flesh, and none are exempt from its ills, or independent of their fellows.

Inez came screaming from somewhere, when the red light shown upon the face of her mistress, so white and drawn that it looked like death. She was screaming as only a Spanish

woman knows how to scream. Tearing her hair and talking Spanish she came running across the open space toward her mistress.

The sight of her seemed to waken Mrs. Lawson from a state akin to a trance, she started toward the girl and said: "Inez, where is my baby."

The girl turned fairly green, put up her hands as if to ward off a blow, and muttered with stiff lips, "In the cradle, in the nursery."

A cry terrible in its anguish and despair, rising above the roar of the flames, more piercing than the thunder of voices pierced the night air, "My baby is in that house. My baby. Oh, my baby!"

Mrs. Lawson would have plunged headlong into the building if hands kindly cruel had not restrained her, and unconsciousness mercifully came to her relief.

As soon as Mr. Lawson could be made to understand that the child he nearly worshiped was in the building, he dashed in at the front door without a moment's hesitation, while close at his heels was the lean tramp. With all his faults Mr. Lawson loved his child with a pure and unselfish tenderness. His own life was worth nothing to him in comparison with the life of that little babe.

Who can do more than give his life for a fellow being? And is it less noble, less heroic, if the life springs from our own for which the sacrifice is made?

The new tragedy was in some manner communicated to the crowd. It groaned in deepest sympathy as it swayed this way and that, like storm-tossed ocean billows, and held its breath in intense emotion, as it waited for the reappearance of the two men

who had gone into the mouth of what seemed a veritable hell, or waited the caving in of the blazing roof of this fair home.

Mary Gray was, with the assistance of a physician and her own and Mrs. Lawson's brother, endeavoring to bring back consciousness to the death-like form of her friend.

Dager approached and proffered assistance, but there was really nothing more to be done. Side by side he and Mary Gray stood, watching as the seconds crept by for the reappearance of the men who had disappeared from sight only a few minutes ago, but which seemed to the anxious watchers like hours.

They were standing side by side, very near to each other. A sudden impulse, born of the danger and distress about them, and a great yearning to take this woman to his heart and protect her from all the ills of life (which *no* love, however true, strong and unselfish, ever can do), possessed him.

"Mary Gray," he said, without so much as turning his eyes toward her, "I love you as truly as ever a man loved a woman; will you be my wife?"

What a strange question, what a strange scene to choose in which to propound it, and what a strange manner for a lover!

Mary Gray heard him and her heart gave a great bound of delight; but she held her feelings down with an iron hand and simply answered, "No."

A great shout went up from the crowd; something had come out of the building, and Dager and a hundred others rushed toward the thing that neither walked nor crept, and in another moment Dager knelt beside the burned and blackened body of his

old friend, where he had sunk down upon the grass.

The baby, wrapped in a shawl, was taken from his arms unhurt and placed in those of its mother.

Others had discovered that something he had dragged with him was Mr. Lawson, untouched by fire, but unconscious, from the effects of a blow from a falling timber.

But the days, nay the very hours of the lean tramp were numbered. Burned almost to a crisp about his limbs and back, his hair all gone, and clothing scorched to wandering fragments of soot, that the breeze took up and wafted away, he lay upon the earth a doomed man.

Mr. Lawson was taken to a hospital, but the lean tramp insisted on being taken to his own miserable cellar to die. They laid him on a blanket, from which the ruined temple of his soul was never lifted, but to prepare it for the last long sleep. Four men lifted him from the earth and bore him in slow and silent procession through the sympathetic crowd, that silently fell back and left a wide lane through their dense ranks, adown which the hero of the hour was borne. Men—proud, arrogant, aristocratic men—bared their heads in recognition of the holy heroism of his effort, and women wept that the rescued was a child.

Dager Blank walked before them and Dr. Wilberforce brought up the rear.

The carriers departed and left him with his friend Dager, and the friend to all suffering, Dr. Wilberforce.

"He is suffering the agonies of the damned," said the doctor as he opened his medicine case and prepared to give him a stupefying opiate. There is

nothing on earth that can be done for him, he will die of reaction presently. It is not on account of the depth of the burns, but because of the amount of skin surface that has been destroyed.

"I will not take an opiate, doctor," said a hollow voice; "I am not suffering the torments of the damned. I know whereof I speak, because for the last twenty years I have been suffering so, and this is positively sweet. Let me alone. I want to enjoy it. I want to see death come. To greet the being I have wooed as I never wooed woman. Blessed hour, ecstatic moment, when I can die!"

"Delirious," said the doctor with professional wisdom, "just help me hold him while I administer this, lest he make some movement."

"I do not think he is delirious, doctor," answered Dager, whose heart was wrung with a keener anguish than he would have believed possible for any earthly happening.

"I want to die in full possession of all my faculties," said the hollow voice again, from out the blackened body. "I have still a work to do."

"All right," said the doctor, and busied himself in applying cooling lotions to the crisped flesh, and thought to himself that if this man had any unfinished work he should have thought about it twenty years before.

When the doctor was gone, and this strangely assorted couple were left alone together, Dager felt that death already stood on the threshold. The gloom and squalor of the room were made indistinct but exaggerated by the flare of a candle. The glittering eyes of the dying man almost transfixed him, as he leaned above him, longing to speak words of comfort and

utterly unable to command either feelings or language.

I want to talk to you while there is *time*, and he breathed the sacred word with reverence. "We came together in a strange way, the circumstances that have bound us together have not been of the ordinary kind; but little did I think the first time that we met, and I fed you slowly with tiny morsels, lest I should kill you with kindness, that you would receive my dying words and lay away my dishonored form. Do you remember that I asked you if it was 'providence that provides, or the devil that takes care of his own.'"

"I do," said Dager kindly, "and have never been able to forget it."

"Well, it was a random question, merely to gain time, but I could never forget it myself. It seemed to fan into fierce and sudden flame all the fires of remorse and despair that had so nearly burned my being into ashes. Your turning the question upon me made me think you were a Mormon; not only that, but the sentiments of gratitude, the indifference you displayed to being seen in the company of such a looking object as I, deepened the impression."

"You were at the meeting tonight; you heard these two young striplings without education or confidence, stand in the presence of jeering wickedness and declare an unwelcome truth. Ask yourself what they had to gain in your conversion—nothing. They do not belong to the pampered, paid dispensers of divinity, they are required to make a sacrifice, to travel without purse or scrip, to bear the message of God to fallen humanity, not for your soul's sake, but in order to earn their own salvation. I was once a member

of that fold. Once I had the blessed right to go to God, and say 'I have obeyed thy mandates, and I claim the sweets of peace and the power of thy protection; the assurance that you are with me.'

"I asked and I received, I knocked and the wisdom and glory lay like a scroll before me. My soul has been filled with delicious joy when the enemies of God were hot upon our tracks, fierce as the southern bloodhound that was half Russian. The mobs could destroy our houses, insult, drive and sometimes kill us; but they could not deprive us of the Holy Spirit, that was as far beyond them as to destroy the soul. I was the Elder that converted the wife of Mr. Blackwell to the truth, though that is not his name. She was as pure and good a woman as ever lived, and true to him to her last breath. When I heard him tonight bear false witness against the people who saved her from the poorhouse, and provided for her children when we had buried the heart-broken mother, I could not keep quiet."

The light flared and fluttered in the mouth of the old shoe. The noises of the street gradually subsided, and the threatening rain began to fall in a lonesome patter. Dager shuddered as he listened to the hollow voice made terrible by the inertness of the smoked and blistered body.

"I was at Nauvoo when we were marched out at the point of the bayonet by Union soldiers, while the stars and stripes waved over us. I saw my mother a helpless invalid driven out to die of exposure, while the torch was applied by the hand of crime to the cottage that had been raised by honest toil, and was the very shrine of virtue. I buried that mother amid

the miasmatic swamps of the Missouri river, and did not feel one tithe of the bitterness and misery of those who did the foul deeds. I knelt in the dust above my mother's grave and kissed the folds of the dear old flag, and said 'not thee do I hold accountable for this, not thee, but wicked men; and if all thy sons desert and dishonor thee, I will not, thou sacred, holy emblem of freedom!'

Dager felt thrilled to the tips of his fingers, and the eyes of the dying man seemed full of blue phosphorescent light.

"That was when I held the holy Priesthood of God, when I was virtuous, and every chord of my being was attuned to the harmonies of that never failing love, wisdom and strength that had prepared the way for the salvation of mankind."

"I cannot tell you all, but I had reached that point where *faith* in God was swallowed in *knowledge*. I was ambitious and I gloried in the temptations I had overcome. I wanted to rise higher to possess more power, more honor among the people, and I asked God to try me and see if anything could tempt me to turn aside from the path in which He had planted my feet. I laughed when the thought would sometimes intrude, that, perhaps, I could not stand. I who had heard the singing of angels when the temple had been dedicated, I who had heard my brethren and sisters speak in tongues, delivering the message of God to those who did not understand our language. I who had seen the sick healed, the lame made to walk, the blind to see. I who had prophesied in the name of the Redeemer and witnessed its fulfillment, could not fall. Thus I boasted to myself, forgetting to

ask that I be not tempted beyond my strength, that God would not 'leave me in temptation,' that His will and not my will be done.

"As David of old I loved a beautiful woman and I fell. When reason resumed its sway I fully expected to be struck dead, for I had not only sinned against a woman and her family, against the common moral law, but against God in person, inasmuch as I had entered into holy covenants with Him that I would not do this thing."

"Is that a tenet of that strange religion which the world calls Mormonism?" asked Dager incredulously.

"Yes, a man's virtue must be preserved as sacredly inviolate as that of the purest woman."

A light seemed to break over the mind of Dager Blank. "In this way, from this standpoint many of the vexed questions of our cankered civilization might be solved."

"But my punishment did not come suddenly as I had anticipated," continued the lean tramp. "But the spirit of peace departed. Everything seemed suddenly different. I lost the spirit of discernment that I had enjoyed in such rich abundance, that Spirit that had enabled me to judge accurately in all cases, either for myself or others. I was continually being deceived and misjudging things. My work was no longer pleasant, and it seemed to me that those associated with me had banded together against me to make me miserable. It seemed to me that none of them were doing right, and I found fault with them and censured them. Finally, a meeting of all the leading brethren in our stake was arranged, in order to settle one of these discords. I had just opened the door to attend the meeting, my heart full of

bitterness and wrath, and perfectly confident that I should be able to fasten shame upon a brother, and I had begun to take delight in such scenes. At the door I met our President. As there was half an hour to spare he suggested that we wait as he was tired. Very reluctantly I led the way to the small sitting room.

"I did not notice it then, but how many times since I have remembered with anguish how pale and weak he looked as he sat before me, his brow benevolently high, his eyes searching, though mild, and the glow of noble thoughts illuminating his face!"

From time to time Dager poured water between the lean tramp's lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLUMBINES.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

AMONG hill surges where high valleys lie,
On mountain tops and in deep gorges rift,
Through cloud-worn peaks, uprising peerlessly,
Congealed from summer airs, in showers drift
Star-crystallised flakes—the snow-white colum-
bines;

And catching there the glint of shifting lights
Through cloudless days, a dazzling glow defines
Each vista where the gleaming flower frost
shines,
Shaming the colder snows that cap the heights.

SCRAPS FROM MY JOURNAL.

S. E. K.

MESA, Sept. 28, 1890.

A FEW more days and my sojourn in this land will be ended, and as the time for departure draws near, memory is busy calling up scenes and events, pleasures and pains of the seven years that have passed since I took my last long look at my dear old Salt Lake City home.

I recall again our long drive from Maricopa station with B. J., who had come to meet us; how hard he tried to paint things in bright colors, but the somber tints would creep in, for he had not got over his home-sickness and the idea that there was no place like Salt Lake City. Jennie and Mattie, too, were with us and enjoyed so much the drive after a week in the cars. Now they are resting side by side in our Mesa graveyard; tomorrow I shall go and bid farewell to the place that holds three of our household treasures, my sister Jennie, Mattie her youngest daughter, and Nettie's little darling Jennie—mother, child and grandchild. It is well we cannot see what lies hidden in the future, or many joys would be o'ershadowed with sorrow.

Again I see my sister and her little ones as they stood at the tent door to meet us on our arrival; remember how good it seemed to see them all again and hear their voices, although the coming had cost me many a sleepless night and many a silent tear.

Now, that visit that was to have been for one year has grown to seven; again I am preparing for a journey, but the way leads not back to the old home and the dear ones there, but on still farther, on beyond the bounds of the land of my birth. I know not why I go, but it seems like unseen hands are leading me, aided, perhaps, by the little visible fingers of our Shirley boy.

In these seven years I have had some valuable experiences, have learned some lessons that will be of lasting benefit. I have found many true, warm hearts here, and my associations have been most pleasant, and it will cost me a struggle to sever the ties

here formed, to turn my back on dear, sunny Mesa.

I have enjoyed beyond measure our Sabbath meetings, our conferences, my labors in the Relief Society, the Young Ladies' and Primary Associations, our meetings with the Lamanite sisters, where I have listened to their simple yet strong and powerful testimonies and felt the Spirit of God was with them.

I have enjoyed our social gatherings and testimonies of love and esteem for brothers and sisters, and can truly say

We have shared each others' pleasures
And wept each others' tears.

To the friends who have stood by me and mine in hours of deep sorrow and trial, I would say the remembrance of your kindness and sympathy can never die. May God bless and reward you, and may we meet again. I have enjoyed my drives over this beautiful country, the boat rides on her waters, my rambles amid the ruins of a race extinct.

Now farewell to all these scenes of joy and sorrow, of sunshine and shadow, they will go to make up the strangely-woven web of my little life.

May God's hand be over this choice land to save it from further desecration, our dead are here. May He guard and keep each resting place sacred. May He bless and shield the living from all harm. Truly this is one of the waste places of Zion that has been made to bud and blossom as the rose.

October 2nd, 1890.

The teams stand in waiting and the last farewells are spoken. There are but few in this world of ours that do not know all that is contained in that short sentence, the silent tear, the

struggle for composure, the smile on the lips when the heart is sobbing, the warm hand-clasp and fervent "God bless you," the longing to know if we shall ever meet again in life. Such experiences are as chains and links binding together in strong links the people as one; and surely we should be as one, for are we not of one household, one faith, one God?

Our home is on wheels again, and our little company is on the move and, like poor little Jo, must keep moving to reach our destination at the appointed time. Our first camp is in a pretty place some fifteen miles from Mesa.

TEACH him to live unto God and unto thee, and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

UNCERTAINTY.

ANNIE LAURITZEN.

WHO knoweth what a day may bring,
Joy or sorrow, mirth or woe?
Today we laugh, today we sing,
What cometh tomorrow we do not know.

Today we may rejoice and laugh,
Unmindful of the gath'ring cloud;
The cup of mirth we gaily quaff—
Tomorrow sink beneath the shroud.

E'en in the morning we may be
As happy as the larks that soar
High in the air, so blithe and free—
And in the evening be no more.

Today we mount on wings of fame
High in the realms of social light;
Tomorrow fall in sin and shame,
With all our hopes a hapless blight.

Today we may have wealth and friends,
Be well respected and esteemed;
Tomorrow all our glory ends,
And all is dark where splendor gleamed.

Oh, let us ever prayerful be,
That God may be to us a friend,
While crossing o'er life's troubled sea,
That we may safely reach the end.

◁ THE WORLD ▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Foreign.—

THE return of Bismarck to the Reichstag furnishes a parallel in the history of Europe, similar to the one in our own country of John Quincy Adams taking a seat in the House of Representatives after being President of the United States. It also gives proof to the fact that great men in all ages are needed to teach and enforce lessons of political toleration and wisdom.

This position will make him once more a striking public figure. It is

not known whether he will form a new public party or will join one of the old ones. But that he is opposed to the policy of the government in many ways is well understood, and he has taken the only practical step to render his opposition an effective one.

Undoubtedly his views are in accord with the sentiments of a large body of the people, and the young Kaiser, notwithstanding his growth in personal popularity, has not very deeply impressed his subjects with confidence in him as a ruler.

So long as Bismarck shall prove to be working for the public welfare, he

is certain of obtaining support from some of the anti-governmental elements in the Chamber. If, on the other hand, his course is dictated by a spirit of revenge against the Emperor, who retired him from the head of the ministry, or of jealousy against those who took his place, he will greatly mar the former lustre of his fame and handicap this opportunity to exert his talent and usefulness.

A ST. LOUIS lady who has recently been traveling abroad, gives in a letter to a friend this description of the ex-Empress of Germany, whose unfriendly reception in Paris has created such comment:

"She is short, plain, stout, and, indeed, buxom, and looked jolly as she alighted (from the train) and shook hands with the members of the two embassies who awaited her. She wore her widow's crepe bonnet and veil. There is much in her countenance to remind one of Queen Victoria. The physiognomy gives the impression of sturdy strength of mind and high thought. Nevertheless she has a retreating chin and a poorly formed mouth. The nose is commonplace and turned up. Where her strength lies is in the compact, well-developed forehead and brow. I saw her since walking on the Quay Voltaire. There were infinite depths of sorrow expressed on the plain face."

The same letter contains a pen portrait of the Empress Eugenie, which says, "I was never more shocked in my life than when the train stopped and Empress Eugenie faced around to get out. There is still in the profile something of the old Eugenie who wielded the sceptre of fashion, although a twisted and sunken mouth spoils

the purity of the outline. But the front face was almost caricatural. One sees a poor forehead, narrow at the temple, eyes set close to each other, hanging eyelids, brows raised high above the bridge of the nose and falling rapidly towards the corners of the eyes; a long aquiline nose, wide at the nostrils and of no width at the bridge; a wide lower face and falling pouch cheeks. I fancy she must have suffered most because her pride was humiliated when her sixteen years of triumph ended.

"The hair almost snowy was very beautiful and was becomingly dressed, it went well with her blanched complexion. She had to be almost lifted out of the train and walked only with the aid of two sticks."

A RECENT letter from Rome says, "The Pope sees that the future belongs to democracy. Like all cultured Italians he has a great admiration for America, and is a close student of our system of government. He is convinced that the United States will furnish the ultimate form of social excellence, as well as ecclesiastical perfection. He believes in the development of new world ideas, and that they will ultimately triumph over those of the old world. Possessing in common with the educated of his own countrymen a strongly marked historic sense, Leo XIII. knows how to distinguish between the intellectual and social currents. And believes that the tendency in Europe is towards democracy, and that republican institutions are the predestined goal of European nations. In his character as Pontiff he dare not declare his convictions, but it is evident that he is striving to bring the church in unison with the popular party in France.

QUEEN MARGHARITA in her capacity as a representative of true womanhood, as well as the popular Queen of Italy, has many pleasant things written of her, among them the latest is that while visiting the Professional school in Rome, it occurred to her that this school was the fittest place in which to teach girls cooking. In reply to her majesty the superintendent quietly remarked that the funds necessary for providing the means of this additional instruction were not available for this year at least. A few days later all the apparatus needful for instruction in the culinary art were sent to the institution as "a gift from the Queen Margharita."

If this story be true Margharita is a woman who would command loyalty in any realm.

THE first of May was observed as labor day throughout our country and in England; 60,000 London workmen met at Hyde Park, passing resolutions in favor of the eight-hour day. This movement inaugurated in May last has gained largely in strength. The Socialists having failed to obtain control of this movement have decided to start a rival one.

A NIECE of Count Tolstoi has devoted two years of constant study and hard work to a transcription of his recent book, "War and Peace," into raised characters for the use of blind people.

JOHN RUSKIN is said to be a singularly insignificant looking man, with large blue eyes and a full white beard, and is extremely sensitive as regards his personal appearance. He is quoted as saying, he is dissatisfied with all his portraits, and that the truer and more

candid they are the less he cares for them. "I like to be flattered both by pen and pencil, so it is done prettily and in good taste," he said recently to a correspondent. He is now seventy-one, and is dreaming away the evening of his life in tranquil retirement. Mentally he is said to be a veritable "sensitive plant." On bright days he is buoyant and elastic, but on dull days he is moody and misanthropic. His two great aversions are tobacco and stupid people. So profound is his objection to the weed, that all his friends who indulge in it have to be fumigated and scent themselves before approaching him. Like Carlyle he is utterly intolerant of stupid people, and has a short emphatic way of handling bores, which effectually prevents them from intruding on him more than once. His only dissipation is chess, to which he devotes several hours of masterful playing daily. He lives alone, as he divorced his wife, so that she could marry the artist Millais.

MRS. BURNETT will shortly return to this country and finish two stories and a play that have been deferred by the illness and death of her son Lionel, who died in Germany the past winter.

This son was not the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy as is sometimes supposed, but another son Vivian, a boy of fifteen is the one.

Mrs. Burnett lives in Washington, and Vivian is one of the most popular pupils of the Franklin school there. Miss Morgan, his teacher, says, "He is just such a boy as his mother describes in her charming story, but he dislikes very much the notoriety that has brought him into prominence and

wishes most heartily that he could appear simply as other boys do.

"I would so much rather people would take an interest in me for just what I am, than to be constantly pointed out as Little Lord Fauntleroy," he says frequently to Miss Morgan.

On one occasion Mrs. T., a friend of Miss Morgan, got into a crowded street car and was offered a seat by a boy whose courteous manner and pleasing face attracted her instantly. While she looked at him, hoping inwardly that her own boy was always as polite, she listened to a conversation he was having with a lady near whom he was standing and overheard him say:

"They all took their meals at a restaurant."

"May I ask," inquired Mrs. T., "*who* took their meals at a restaurant?"

"Oh," said the boy, "it's in a book I've been reading, called 'Looking Backward.'"

"You don't mean to say you have been reading that book?" asked Mrs. T.

"Yes, I have, and I enjoyed it very much," he replied; "but I must say I only picked it up because I could not find anything else at the time."

A short conversation followed, in which the boy proved as intelligent as he was polite. When he left the car the lady with whom he had been talking turned to Mrs. T., and asked:

"Do you know who that is?"

"No."

"Well, he is Mrs. Burnett's son Vivian, the hero of Little Lord Fauntleroy."

When Mrs. T. next saw Miss Morgan, she sent word to Vivian that he

might count her as one of the persons who took an interest in him for himself alone.

ON April 10th, a convention was held in Washington, D. C., celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the American patent system. The report of this gathering, which was lengthy and of great interest, brought to light many statistics of importance concerning the history of invention in our country.

One fact has been established, and that is, that there is no sex in invention, for many of the weaker sex have invented not only dish-washing machines, washing machines, and baby coaches; but have been the original designers of appliances testing masculine skill and ranking with them in intricate mechanism. Articles of such usefulness in daily life, that the world having gained them could not do without them.

Since Mary Reis led the way in 1800, 10,000 patents have been issued to women. The first ice-cream freezer was the invention of a woman.

Mrs. Mary E. Walton lived near the elevated railroad in New York City, the noise of the wheels jarred upon her nerves and she patented a discovery to deaden the noise of car wheels. Afterwards she went to England, and startled the world with a deep sea telescope with which the bottoms of great ships could be examined without being lifted on the dry docks.

A Massachusetts girl planned the complex machine which makes paper bags. A New Jersey girl found a way of turning out horse shoes by machinery. The arrangement for feeding cattle on trains is the invention of a

New York farmer's wife. The device by which a patient on a hospital bed raises and lowers himself was of a woman's contriving. A New York woman holds a patent on a street sweeper, and an Ohio woman can con-

vert a barrel of oil into 10,000 feet of gas.

Mrs. Mary Dent Baker has invented a fire escape that has proved effective in saving many lives, and so on the list could be lengthened ad infinitum.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

EARLY MIRACLES.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

WE have descended from nations that knew nothing of the gospel, or the ordinances of either the greater or lesser Priesthood. At the time of Christ and His Apostles on the earth, our fathers were barbarians in the northern Hive of Europe, as it has been called in history. These peoples were probably Israelites dropped by the way when the Ten Tribes were being taken off to their present home.

So our fathers back for thousands of years, had not the blood of the Saints and Prophets upon their hands else we would be as the Jews and Romans are today.

We, having been begotten, nurtured and raised in all the errors, traditions, bigotry and evil habits transmitted to us from many generations, it is no wonder that it is difficult for us to comprehend much of God and Godliness when we first hear the gospel.

No wonder that people were frightened at the very idea of God and angels appearing to Joseph Smith, seeing that we had been told for hundreds of years that there should be no more visitations or messages from heaven; and when Joseph Smith said to mankind that he had seen God and His son Jesus, had seen angels—had re-

ceived authority and power from Jehovah to preach the same gospel that Jesus Christ preached, and had power to do the works that Jesus did, viz., to heal the sick, cause the lame to walk, open the eyes of the blind, etc., the Christian world went wild over such new ideas, they actually went mad and have never got over it.

Soon after Kirtland was designated as a place of gathering for the Saints, and Joseph Smith had located there, his new doctrines, or rather the gospel which Jesus and His Apostles taught, turned the minds of some towards the truth at the first sound, and some were attracted to it by only the report of the truth.

The following is an instance:

Luke Johnson's father and mother lived at Hiram, 40 miles from Kirtland, and had heard of the fact that there was a Prophet at Kirtland and that he could perform miracles, heal the sick, etc.

Mrs. Johnson believed the report and asked her husband to hitch up the team and take her to Kirtland that she might get Joseph Smith to heal her arm. She had a stiff arm and had not combed her hair nor put food to her mouth with it for a very long time. Everybody that knew her, knew that she was a cripple.

Old Mr. Johnson was inclined to believe the truth and willingly took his wife to Kirtland, and while there visited at Bishop Newel K. Whitney's. Joseph was called in and Mrs. Johnson asked him to heal her arm. The Prophet looked at her and asked if she believed that God could make him instrumental in healing her arm?

She replied that "she believed her arm could be healed." Joseph said "he would come and see her the next day," and went away.

The Prophet came as stated and found in the room a Methodist preacher and a Campbellite doctor (of physis), but paid no attention to them and taking the woman by the hand stood a moment as if in mental prayer, pronounced her arm whole "in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ" aloud, then turned and walked out of the house.

As soon as he had disappeared the preacher asked her if her arm was well.

She, stretching out her arm and bending it back and forth, remarked that it was "just as well as the other." The news going abroad among the Saints, some one asked Joseph if her arm would remain well always. (Such things were not common then as now). Joseph replied that "the arm was just as subject to accidents and misfortunes as the other arm."

The next day after the miracle the Campbellite called into Philo Dibble's house and told him the facts as he had witnessed them, and Brother Dibble told me the whole circumstance a few days since.

He is 85 years old and lives here in Springville in good health for a man of that age, and as strong in the faith as ever he was.

Then the doctor went on to explain

that there was no God in the case. He said that when Joseph pronounced the name of "Lord Jesus Christ" it frightened the woman so that it threw her into a heavy perspiration—that relaxed the muscles of the arm, and that was all there was of it. God had nothing to do with it.

Now while I am speaking of miracles I will relate what Zera Cole (spoken of in the Doctrine and Covenants) told me about five years ago at Logan temple. He said he was in Zion's camp and marched with Joseph Smith from Kirtland to Missouri. A few days after they had ended their journey and the company was still in camp, he was cutting wood at a house of some brother and there was present, talking with him, one of the mob that drove the brethren from their homes.

Brother Cole made a miss lick with the ax and cut a big toe off, all but a bit of skin on the bottom side. The mobocrat said that *he* could sew it on, when Brother Cole said something about saving the toe if he had some one to sew it.

A needle and thread were obtained and the mobocratic surgeon went to work, took seven stitches and tore out the most of them if not all.

Brother Cole then told him to stop.

The toe was placed in proper shape and position, tied fast and bandaged. With some help he got to the camp of the brethren, where he was administered to by the Elders for the first time in his life.

It was evening and he soon went to bed with the bandages all on his foot, and slept soundly all night.

After breakfast next morning he would dress his toe and see what should be done to it. To his great astonishment, when the bandages were re-

moved, his toe was well and grown fast as any of them but showed the scars of the cut and every stitch that was torn out. He immediately went on foot to the man that witnessed the accident and made the stitches, pulled off the shoe and showed him the scars; there was the toe, all sound, which the day before he had tried to sew on, or tried not to, as Brother Cole thought.

Brother Cole said that God did that, through the Elders laying on their hands and praying.

The man gazed deliberately and intently at it a few moments, then turning away, remarked in a very awkward way, "Damn! the devil did that."

Every right-minded person knows that the devil don't do such things—his business and mission is to destroy.

HOUSE AND HOME.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD HOME?

MAGGIE BRANDLEY.

HOME is the place above all others where little kindnesses, sympathies and courtesies should be ministered. Love should be the ruling power of home. The inmates of the home circle have the first and best claim on our good manners, our polished words, our respect and our esteem. The good home makes the greatest statesmen, the ablest politician, the noblest philanthropist, the best citizen and the truest Christian. The home that is founded on principle and sustained by virtue, honesty, temperance and sobriety, will send from her sacred bower, to do battle in the arena of life, the truest friend and brother to man, the most considerate husband, the most devoted wife and mother, and, in fact, the home is the forecast of kingdoms, nations and empires.

There is nothing more fatal to home harmonies and their consequent peace and good order than discourtesy. "Though there would be infinite dis-

treass, mourning and lamentation unspeakable should one of the cross-grained brood die, there is a general atmosphere of storm, threatened or broken loose, which makes living in such a home damaging to the character and distressful to the sensibilities." While we would not encourage the use of the vain forms of etiquette, still home courtesies are great factors in cementing hearts and producing order and tranquility in the home. It causes a halo of love and light to beam in every countenance.

We do not mean the mere meaningless words of politeness. We want to train the heart, and when words fall from the lips they will be like balm, which soothes and yet lasts, imaged on the hearts of our loved ones, so indelibly that time cannot wash it away. Let them come from the springs of affection and they will water the thirsting soul. That will inspire in them respect for themselves, because others were thoughtful enough to treat them with respect and kindness.

Words and acts that will beget in hearts a desire to vie with each other in the obliging courtesies they may

do. Perhaps that toiling, weary mother is yearning for a word of appreciation, a kindly, civil, "I thank you, mother."

Perhaps that aged father is watching with interest the merry crowd of young folks, expecting some word of greeting or approval. And may be in the heart of sister or brother there is a longing for a word of sympathy, of encouragement, of cheer.

These pleasant words and agreeable manners are so easily given. Oh, why retain them! Let them be said, do not hold them back. Please mother every opportunity, nay, more, seek them, make them. Consult her wishes, her feelings, her desires; court her love, respect her counsel. How it will please her! It may prolong her days.

Then, when her dear form is laid under the silent mother earth, you will be free from the sharp, gnawing pangs of regret. Such grief might soften, chasten and purify the heart, but it could not make amends to that angel mother.

Yes, my friends, it is time *now* to study the wishes, tastes, desires of those around us and to say words of endearment. If we see any good that deserves a word of praise, say it. Let us do the good we desire to do in little acts of benefit, in little kindnesses, in words of comfort.

True courtesy, like a familiar, devoted friend, puts every one at his ease. She makes all welcome and has a bright smile for each. She wears no hypocritical mask, and is only visible in the true lady-or gentleman; in the ugly visage of the selfish we cannot discern cultivated, generous courtesy. If we are anxious to please others we cannot indulge self. We often see

people affecting to be very polite, but are they truly courteous? Is he a *gentleman*, is she a lady in the truest sense?

Happily, the good home does not necessarily consist of fine furniture and upholstery; but while it often lacks these, has some comforts and fewer luxuries, it has that which money cannot buy, a well regulated household, harmony of feeling and mutual confidence. One essential to a good home, however, is a few good books. How very essential it is also that children should be taught implicit trust and confidence in a supreme Being, the Mighty Giver, around the fireside of home!

After all, faith and prayer are the corner stones of the foundation of the home. Without prayer we are as a lamp without its light. Kindness, like charity, should begin at home, but should not remain there exclusive and alone. A goodly degree of forbearance should also be exercised in the home.

We should retain the spirit and meaning of the following little verse:

"Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too,
Count not the sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue."

HYGIENIC DIET.

THE question is often asked, "What *is* this hygienic diet?" and it would be well for its advocates, given a correct answer were always given. This food differs so materially from that in common use, that persons who have simply heard of it, are apt to form erroneous ideas in regard to it. For example, if you state that a hygienic

breakfast-table furnishes neither coffee nor tea, no beefsteak, butter nor hot biscuits, you are met with the question, "What do they eat?" And before you can begin to reply, the conclusion is reached that the table must be woefully bare, and the food on it lacking in wholesome variety and good flavor (since there are no seasonings), and also in nutritive qualities. In other words, that it is a sort of starvation diet, which sensible people would at once reject.

Now, nothing could be farther from the truth than such an inference; and patients at our table have often remarked that if people only understood the real character of the hygienic diet they would think more favorably of it. In the first place, the hygienic table admits of as great a variety as any other; and once the palate adapts itself to the change—which requires but a short time—the food is quite as keenly relished as that prepared in the ordinary way. In the next place, one does not tire of it; even in warm spring mornings, when other people feel the need of a *tonic* to give them an appetite, the sound of the breakfast bell in hygienic households is always welcome. The presence of *natural hunger* makes the food taste good, while at the same time it is the best possible aid to digestion. The fresh, ripe fruits, the crisp little rolls, twenty minutes from the oven, the well-cooked oatmeal and the luscious stewed fruits—to say nothing of good baked potatoes, and other side dishes that find their way to the table—all are enjoyed with a zest that rarely belongs to steak, biscuit and coffee.

But a more important point to the physiologist is, that the food eaten is far more healthful and nutritious

than the aforesaid articles; from the simple fact that it contains a much larger per cent. of those substances that are necessary to form bone, teeth, muscles, tendons, and the other tissues of the body. This is why one can work longer and with less fatigue on hygienic food than on any other; it nourishes better. Were proof needed on this point, the tables which give the constituents of food, ought to furnish it.

Still another virtue belonging to this diet is, that it contains no stimulating or abnormal substances to tax the vital powers in getting rid of them; no salt, pepper, spices, or other irritating condiments; everything is usable in one way or another. Neither is there an excess of oily or saccharine matter, to clog the digestive or excretory organs. But, to get at once to the root of the matter, we will take up the a, b, c of the hygienic dietary; resting assured that if our premises are correct, the conclusions will take care of themselves.

All persons who are thorough hygienists, according to the teachings of the late R. T. Trall, M. D., believe that inorganic substances are incapable of nourishing or building up the vital structures of our bodies. To begin with first principles, we hold that vegetable organisms are fed by inorganic substances, and by these alone; that animal organisms are fed by organic substances, and by these only.

We also maintain that, other things being equal, the products of the vegetable kingdom are better suited to man's needs than are those of the animal kingdom; and that out of the former, those products are best suited for foods which most nearly supply

the waste of the various tissues. There are, no doubt, many varieties in the vegetable kingdom which can be and sometimes are used for foods, but which rank low in nutritive value and are otherwise inferior in quality; these, if eaten, are recommended only as occasional dishes.

If we follow scientific analysis, we must place first in the rank of nutritious foods, the various preparations of wheat; then the other grains, some of which are better adapted to our wants than others. Fruits, as a class of foods, are ranked higher than vegetables by hygienists, and some fruits higher than others; while among the vegetables proper, there are certain kinds that are better suited for human food than others.

The flesh of animals, as will hereafter be shown, does not begin to compare with the whole grains—or even with some vegetables—in the quantity of nutritive matter contained; so that if used it must fall below the latter in respect to nutrition. Besides, it carries with it a certain amount of substance that cannot be utilized by the vital organs; whence it follows that these organs must do extra work in expelling this substance from the vital domain.

All animals, however healthy, are every moment of their lives throwing off a large per cent. of worn out or effete matter, many times larger than that which is expelled from the surfaces of fruits or vegetables. This matter is in every tissue, and in every drop of blood or other fluid in the tissues; nor does the act of killing the animal improve the condition of things. On the contrary, the moment that life is extinct decomposition begins, and the waste is much more

rapid; hence the use of antiseptics, as salt, soda, saltpetre, etc., to arrest decay.

Animal foods therefore are exceedingly unstable, not to say impure, in their best estate; whence their character as inflammatory food. All animal products, as butter, eggs, cheese, etc., partake of this character in a greater or less degree. Beef and mutton are perhaps the best of the flesh foods. Fish, fowls, oysters, etc., belong to lower orders of animal life, some of which are infested with vermin or animalculæ,* and all of which feed upon less inviting food substances than do the nobler animals.

A further objection to the use of meat is found in the fact that many animals are afflicted with acute or chronic diseases, and are often rushed into market in that condition. This is particularly true of swine, and often indeed of cattle. Were the actual statistics given in all their loathsome details, of scurvy in swine, of ulcerated livers, of deaths from trichinæ, of beef discolored from venous blood, and often from semi-putrefaction, it would be enough to pall the keenest appetite, even though it failed to convince the most perverted judgment.

The question is frequently asked, whether the hygienic diet is to be recommended from an economic standpoint. So far as the table itself is concerned, the one way of living is probably about as expensive as the other; in other words, the money that is usually spent for tea, coffee, sugar, butter, meat, condiments, etc., is laid out for choice grains, ripe, dried or canned fruits, and the *best* of vegeta-

*The liquor of oysters is said to be filled with infusoria or animalculæ.

bles. But if there is a saving of time and money in the enjoyment of uninterrupted good health, then indeed there is economy in hygienic living. A lady who has tried both ways, and who was formerly a patient and boarder in our house, gives her testimony as follows:

"My husband and I have been married twelve years; and it is only since leaving your house, two years ago that we have ever been able to save a cent. Doctors, medicines, and what we then supposed to be the 'best of living,' viz., meat three times a day, and beef tea between meals for strength (?), ate up the small salary. Last year we bought a lovely little home, and on a salary of fifteen hundred dollars we saved five hundred to pay on the place. And the diet—why, we never lived so well; good bread of Akron Graham flour, fresh vegetables, and the best of fruits and grains. We kept a horse and hired a man to work the garden. We feel that we have only just begun to live. In health I am better, more like my real self; more sunshine, contentment and happiness—all owing to a good, pure diet, fresh air and exercise."

It has also been noted by travelers that in those countries, in Europe and elsewhere, in which the people were remarkable for long life, strength of body and fine proportions, combined with rare personal beauty and good complexions, their dietetic habits have been relatively simple, and the food itself restricted for the most part to the products of the soil.

The peasantry of Europe furnish examples of whole nations of people living almost exclusively on a grain and vegetable diet, with perhaps a moder-

ate supply of milk. They use coarse bread and an abundance of cereals, variously prepared. They eat very little meat, and their food as a whole contains few condiments. It is likewise worthy of remark, that among these simple rural people, who cannot afford either the rich dietary or the sparkling wines and other stimulating drinks used by the wealthy, there is a smoothness of skin and purity of complexion that is quite the exception among the upper classes. This is particularly noticeable in England and Scotland; and it is said to be the same in Germany. There is a certain wholesome comeliness among the peasant lads and lasses that does not quite belong either to the people of rank (who, having every facility for mental and physical culture, ought to look well), or to the denizens of cities, whose habits of eating and living are less simple than theirs. According to Felix L. Oswald, M. D., "The strongest men of the three manliest races of the present world are non-carnivorous: the Turanian mountaineers of Daghestan and Leshia, the Mandingo tribes of Senegambia, and the Schleswig-Holstein *Bauern*, who furnish the heaviest cuirassiers for the Prussian army, and the ablest seamen for the Hamburg navy."

COOKING RECIPES.

FIRST and best of all the varieties of bread preparations known to hygienists, is the cold-water bread usually called the *hard Graham roll*. It is made by mixing wheat meal with pure cold water, the colder the better. Properly prepared and baked it is sufficiently light or porous, owing to

the air that is confined within its texture during the process of baking. No other kind of bread begins to compare with this in wholesomeness; and the longer one uses it, the better it is relished. It is substantially what Dr. Trall calls the *perfect bread*—or Premium Bread. There are many “little things” to be observed in order to make it successfully; the manner of mixing, the consistency of the dough, the kind of kneading, the forming of the rolls, the spacing in the pan, the dispatch in getting it into the oven, the heat required, the time it should bake, the test as to when it is done, the cooling process,—all these are important; but once the cook is familiar with them, this bread is as easily made as almost any other; and there is no need of failure.

The following is the recipe in full:

HARD GRAHAM ROLLS.

If the Graham flour is of red wheat or coarsely ground, it must be sifted.* Before you begin to mix, have the oven heating and the bread pans clean; they need not be oiled. Take for mixing, the *coldest* water you can get—ice-water, if you have it; wet the flour with this, using a little at a time; that is, pour in slowly and stir fast, so as to moisten the mass gradually, allowing no little puddles to form, to make the dough wet and sticky. It may take say two-thirds of a pint of water to mix a quart of flour; though in quantity will vary according to grade of flour used; the coarser it is ground, the more wetting will be needed.

*Ordinarily, the terms Graham flour, wheaten meal, unbolted flour (of wheat), and even “brown flour,” are used interchangeably. Unbolted rye flour is often called rye meal.

Continue to mix until a moderately stiff dough is formed, stiff enough not to adhere to the molding-board. Then knead well—good *through* kneading, such as is required for “beat biscuit.” If you get the dough too stiff, the bread will be dry and harsh; if too soft, it will be wet and clammy. When just right, the bread-board will require but little dusting with flour to prevent sticking; and after sufficient kneading, say from ten to fifteen minutes, the dough becomes fine and smooth, lighter in color, and rather elastic to the touch; if you poke it with your finger, it will rise or spring up as the pressure is removed. Then take half of it, and roll it over and over on the molding-board with the hands, forming a long roll about an inch and a quarter in diameter; cut this off in bits nearly an inch and a half in length, or large enough to make a roll from three to four inches long, and not quite three-quarters of an inch thick. Take each bit separately and roll it firmly together, making it smooth and round, and of the length and thickness just stated. Leave no dry flour on it, but let it drop from your fingers smooth, *straight* and well-worked. As the rolls are made place them in the bread-pan, leaving quite a space between each, so that in swelling (as the air expands in baking), they may not touch each other.

Make out the panful quickly, and on no account allow the rolls to stand after they are molded, lest the air escape and they become heavy. For the same reason, let the oven be hot enough to brown moderately, almost from the beginning, as the lightness of the bread depends upon the confinement of the atmospheric air within its crust, which forms around the roll

in baking. Hence, the more crust there is above the flat surface of the pan, the lighter the bread will be. This is why rolls or round balls are always lighter than biscuits.

The more even the heat of the oven, the better for baking; it should be hot enough to scorch white bread. If too hot, the rolls will blister, letting out the air; if too cold, the air will escape before the crust forms, and in either case the bread will be heavy. A tolerably good rule is to have the oven so hot that you can hold your hand in it just long enough to count ten, rather slowly. A little experience, however soon enables the cook to regulate the heat.

Before putting the rolls in the oven, prick well with a fork to prevent blistering. It will require about thirty minutes to bake thoroughly; and if you happen to get them thicker than usual, it will take five minutes longer. When about half done, turn each roll one-quarter over—or a good plan is to shake the pan—so as to brown the sides; and when quite done remove from the oven, and turn out on a table, spreading them well apart. They should be entirely cold before you lay them in the bread-box, as they are apt to fall if put away warm. If any of the rolls yield to pressure when taken between the thumb and finger, they are not done, and must go back to the oven; otherwise they will shrivel in cooling, and become heavy. When cooled a little, place them one layer deeper on plates, and send to the table, and what are left over, save for the next meal, to be eaten cold.

It is best to bake fresh every morning; though any rolls left from the day before, may be warmed over as

follows: first break each into two or three pieces, not lengthwise, but cross; never *cut* them; then drop into cold water, and let them stand two or three minutes. Place them well apart in a bread-pan, and set the latter on the grate in a brisk oven, which will crisp without scorching them; remove from the oven as soon as the bits are firm enough not to yield to pressure. If properly managed, they will be lighter than when newly made—provided the rolls have not been overdone in the first baking.

The above bread is deservedly the standard among hygienists. Among people in general it is a new-comer, nothing whatever being known as to the way in which it is made; hence the fullness of detail, as just given.

HOT-WATER ROLLS.

These are the soft rolls so common in Water-Cures years ago, and still largely in use. They are sweet, and tolerably wholesome, especially if the dough is mixed rather stiff, and the bread very thoroughly baked. To make them, pour boiling water into a quantity of unsifted or rather coarse Graham flour, stirring constantly with a strong iron spoon until two-thirds of it is scalded; then finish with cool or cold water, stirring with the spoon, and forming a dough stiff enough to handle with the hands; if too stiff, the bread will not be good. Then pinch off in small bits, and make into rolls an inch thick, and about three inches in length; form by rolling on the molding-board, sprinkle with dry flour to prevent sticking. Put them into the bread-pan, spacing so they will not touch each other, and bake from thirty to forty minutes, in a

very hot oven. This bread is best eaten warm, though it is pretty good cold.

Instead of rolls you may make into biscuits, two and a half inches in diameter, and three-quarters of an

inch in thickness. Rye flour (unbolted) can be used instead of the wheaten—or half rye and half wheat, which would be less sticky.

◁HYGIENE▷

PUBERTY.

KATE ELLINGSON.

PUBERTY is that period in a woman's life when she changes from girlhood to womanhood, and that transition implies mental and moral, as well as physical development.

The importance of this period is but little understood and appreciated by people in general.

The changing process is estimated as beginning when the girl is ten years of age and lasting until she is about eighteen, during which time she is peculiarly susceptible to diseases of the flesh, and impressions, either for good or for evil, are most easily made on her mind.

How carefully, then, should her physical being be guarded and protected that she may go through this period in safety and reach womanhood with health and strength, and a feeling of joy in being permitted to live!

How wisely, too, should her moral growth be watched and guarded, that no evil companions, associates, or books should lead or influence her growing fancies into vile or wicked ways!

If there is a love created in her mind for the pure and virtuous, then the low and degraded have little

power; but if the mind is left unguarded, undirected, we may always fear the enemy of light.

There are certain laws of nature by which the human being should be governed, and any violation thereof brings its penalty swift and sure.

Through ignorance of these laws many a young woman in that period of her life by unwise actions has laid the foundation for a life full of sorrow and misery, and even robbed herself of motherhood.

It does not belong to the modern civilization to study or become acquainted with the laws of God and nature; the laws of man rule, and woman, above all other beings, is the greatest sufferer.

Puberty, above all other periods in a woman's life, should be the happiest, most vigorous, most free from care, sickness and disease. But how do we find it with the majority of our young women? Nearly all are afflicted in one way or another with ailments brought on by unwise actions or neglect, and the only remedy thought of is to consult doctors who can prescribe treatment, but do not remove the cause, thus only increasing the number of existing evils.

If she would study and try to put in practice the laws of her own physical being—how she should dress, what

food she should eat, how she should exercise both mind and body, how immeasurably her health and happiness would be increased!

Our instructions in this class have opened our eyes to many truths regarding woman at puberty, which cannot be explained on this occasion; but it is to be hoped that the future will

throw away the veil which seems to cover the minds of so many people regarding this subject.

I am sure that the hearts of all the members of this class are overflowing with gratitude to our noble teacher, for the light she has given us on the care and culture of our bodies.

◁DRESS.▷

SUMMER FASHIONS.

ELEANOR C. YOUNG.

THE first summer days are upon us—they have come all in a gush. They have come with the still glowing shades of the early spring; they have come with cool navy blue and white, with ecru and flowers—really these last are the favorite shades.

The white goods on display are in checks, stripes and polka dots, very little plain goods being shown. Polka dots predominate in everything, but they are so very perishable that really only wealthy people should indulge in them. I was overpowered by the beauty of one and purchased it, took it home and began to hem the ruffle, (all ruffles must be hemmed by hand this year) when I discovered that the goods was already pulling away from the dots, so I took it back and changed it for a check. If you care to know how it is made I will tell you, as it is rather typical of the summer wash gown of this season.

The skirt is a gored one, with the fullness drawn to the back, which has a slight train. In the front are three narrow ruffles trimmed in the imitation Valenciennes. The waist is a surplice one trimmed around the neck

and down the front with the same kind of a ruffle, and the cuffs are finished in a ruffle which turns back. I shall wear it with a belt of gold ribbon to match a gold bonnet.

If you are obliged to laundry your own gowns, let me advise you to get the cotton challies; they wash very well indeed, do not shrink at all, and are capable of quite a dressy effect, even the ones at 7 cts. a yard.

A rough straw hat of some becoming shape trimmed in a band and high-standing bows is the only thing we ordinary people need for any use but very best; and for that, an ecru toque or bonnet developed in crepe or something akin to it, will go well with anything and be in the height of fashion.

I have tampered a good deal in parasols, and have come to the conclusion that a good silk one at \$6.00 is the cheapest investment, serving equally well for summer suns, winter snows and spring rains. Six dollars seems a good deal to pay out at once for a sun shade, but save it in extra hat trimmings and get a good article while you are about it; it will pay you many times over for the investment and never cause you a minute's regret.

Now let me caution you against the stuff which shop-keepers denominate as korah moire—it is a delusion and a snare—don't purchase it at any figure or for any purpose. It falls to pieces while you are making it up.

Do you know that nothing is prettier for a house dress than the navy blue and white German calico. It is 12 ½ cts. a yard and washes and wears beautifully.

CURRENT ISSUES.

Mrs. Susa Y. Gates:

MY DEAR SISTER: Your favor of May 4th reached me safely and was perused with pleasure.

The matters whereof you speak are satisfactory to me, and I trust will be to all concerned.

I am glad you were satisfied with the letter I sent you, written by my precious mother in the gloomy days of Kirtland, and since you ask it, I send you another of her letters, written under very different circumstances, but to the same person—her sister, Mercy R. Thompson, who, sometime after the death of her husband, Robert B. Thompson, was sealed to my father for time, in Nauvoo, by the Prophet Joseph Smith, which, aside from their being sisters, will partly account for their very close relationship in business and family matters.

As stated in her letter, perhaps no one ever started to cross the plains under more embarrassing circumstances, all things considered, than did my mother.

She was almost penniless, with a large family to care for—most of whom were small and comparatively helpless, and all the responsibilities of the tremendous journey and the exhausting labors of travel and camp life resting upon her. True, she was not without friends, but in the exigencies of the

times everybody had all they could do and needed help, and no one had any thing to spare nor time to bestow kindly attentions or other aid upon any but those absolutely depending upon them.

Part of her family, with the means necessary for their journey, had preceded her to the Valley with the companies who followed the pioneers in 1847, to endeavor to prepare for her coming the next year. Some of the circumstances arising in connection with these caused her great perplexity and anxiety of mind, which she briefly alludes to in her letter. But she bore everything patiently and with the fortitude of a true woman and a faithful Latter-day Saint. God sustained her, through her unremitting prayer and faith and indomitable perseverance.

"Sam"—the horse she refers to as having died in Winter Quarters just when she needed him most—was the favorite riding and carriage horse of my father. He was a noble animal, powerful, kind and gentle, yet full of spirit and ambition, a most faithful and valuable servant, but the toilsome journey from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters in 1846, and the hard fare and usage during our sojourn at Winter Quarters, were too much for him. We buried him where he died, in the temporary shed which had served him for

a stable, and wept for him then as for a dear friend lost.

There is but little in the letter that would interest the casual reader, but to those who shared that journey with her, and to those whose sympathies are with the weary and homeless pilgrims then seeking a respite from persecution, mob violence and the desperate hatred of violent, wicked men, by whom the prophets were murdered and innocent women and children despoiled of their possessions and driven forth to wander in the deserts to seek out for themselves a home where they could dwell in peace, the perusal of it, even now, will awaken recollections and thoughts that may not be uninteresting. At all events I would like to see it preserved in the columns of the *YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL*, the original already being well worn and cannot last much longer.

With kind regards, I am your brother,

JOS. F. SMITH.

"CAMP OF ISRAEL, CHIMNEY ROCK,

"July 16th, 1848.

"*My dear Sister (Mercy R. Thompson):*

"I have just received your last letter by the hands of Brother Thomas Kirk, also one yoke of oxen in good condition, which are very acceptable. I expect an express to leave this camp tomorrow morning, and take this opportunity to send a few lines to you, being the first I have had since we parted, which is, I believe, thirteen months ago today. During this time I have received many letters and much intelligence from you, some things pleasing and many others very much to the contrary, which have helped considerably to accumulate my load of

care, sorrow and perplexity. I have the events of this long period of time all upon my mind at once, but it would be useless here to enter into the past. If the Lord spares our lives till we meet we may have opportunities enough of conversing on matters pertaining to the past. The present is what now concerns us and what you will feel most anxious to hear about.

"You will perceive that notwithstanding all our discouragements, we have got started and are thus far on our journey, but I suppose no person has made the attempt under more embarrassing circumstances than we have done. It was till very lately quite uncertain whether we could start at all, but right or wrong, we are on the way, and I trust it will prove for the best.

"I am truly thankful to hear that you are all well in health, and I pray God most fervently to bless you all and prosper the work of your hands, and I thank the Lord for His goodness to me and my family. We have in general been blessed with good health, and have all safely left Winter Quarters, that is, my own family. I have the five children, Sister Grinnells and Jane Wilson with me. Brother Joel Terry is with me as a driver on condition that he has a team back with him for his own use next spring. I have also two other drivers, strangers to you, which makes my family pretty large, I assure you. I have to work very hard and drive an ox team part of the time. I have one yoke of good cattle to my large carriage, and they have thus far done well; but do not cease to pray for us, we are very short of strength, and unless the Lord assists we cannot get through.

"We have four or five yoke of borrowed cattle to be returned this fall,

which I fear will be impossible if they have to come through, as it will then be too late. Brother Terry begins to feel very uneasy, as he will be under the necessity of going back to his family before we get through. I feel much concerned myself, for I see no way to liberate him on the road and fulfill my engagements with him; he was to take all the borrowed cattle back and a team of mine for his own use, and it is going to be much later than we expected; now you see how we are fixed.

"I have had to do much in fitting out Brother Fielding, you know his circumstances; he is with us with his two wives and five children, the two youngest are left behind among many others. Little Hyrum died at the age of four months, and the next, a little boy about six days old; they were both buried in one grave. More on these subjects when we see you.

"My poor Sam—horse—is also buried in Winter Quarters; he died the week before we left there, just when I needed him the most. Brother Fielding is working my cattle; he has nothing but one or two cows and his old mare. He borrowed one ox to be returned, and I think some of us will have to stop by the way. Brother William Thompson is also with us, he has a good team and one wagon; his wife and three children are with him; he has two very interesting little boys. I think you will be pleased with him, he is a good, useful young man; he is appointed clerk for the camp on this journey instead of Brother Clayton, who could not attend to the business.

I trust that we shall all be enabled to get through in some way or other, but certainly I am at a loss to contrive a plan myself at present. I have to

continue my prayer to God that he will interpose in our behalf and open our way before us. I suppose if Brother Terry could start back by the middle of August he might possibly accomplish the journey back in season, but he cannot do this and come through. Perhaps if a wagon and the other yoke of cattle could be sent with a driver to take Brother Terry's place, the Lord might, in answer to our united prayers, by some means or other, do the rest. I greatly desire to get to some resting place, where I can once more feel at home, if the Lord wills that it should be so.

But what is my prospect when I reach you, if permitted to do so; can I expect to sit down and rest my worn-out body and mind for a little season? No; I fear not. It appears to me that I have to meet trouble and perplexity, with vexation, wherever I go. I suppose I shall have to contend with evil spirits, which I almost dread to encounter. May the Lord endow me with wisdom and patience, that I may be enabled to govern the affairs of my family in righteousness.

I could tell you many things that would be interesting to you, but I consider it unnecessary, as I hope before long to see you, and as you will have an opportunity of hearing all particulars respecting our camp, etc., from the bearers of this, I shall not take time to write on these matters. I have not much time to spare for writing.

It is now late and the children in bed, and I must rise early in the morning to be at my cooking. I had no biscuits prepared for the journey, and Sister Grinnells is so feeble that she cannot cook, and I have nearly all to do.

You speak of my buying a cow, but I assure you I have no means. If I knew certainly that the crops would turn out well with you I should be very thankful, as I could then by selling some corn and meal lighten my load and obtain more help, which would be a double advantage; but at present I am afraid to take any such step, lest there should be a failure.

I have scarcely any flour, but we have from fifteen to twenty bushels of wheat, which we could not get ground, and which might not be needed if the crops do well; and may the good Lord remember us in mercy in this respect. How much do I see and feel our dependence upon Him! May He bless you all in every sense of the word is my constant prayer, and also this camp of Israel, that we may be prospered through the remaining part of our journey; and may the Lord protect the men who bring this to you, that they may speedily reach you in safety.

Present my best wishes and respects to Mr. Lawson and Mary Jane. I hope he will not forget the principal thing, but in the midst of his labors try to remember the Lord on whom he is dependent for success. I and all the children long to see you all very much, but the distance still looks great.

Martha Ann often says: "Why do they go so far every night out of the road? I think we never shall get to the Valley." She still continues to grow fast, but her appetite is very delicate. It is with the greatest difficulty that I can get her to eat corn meal in any form. Joseph also grows fast; but thinks we travel very slowly. He appears all anxiety to get forward; he can drive a team very well.

I must now say good morning, the guard cries "half-past twelve o'clock," and I shall have but little rest. May the Lord smile upon us and prosper us until we meet, is the prayer of your affectionate sister, MARY SMITH.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THERE is one thing connected with the profound changes now taking place in Utah or Zion, that appears to me to bear a great danger to the young people of the Latter-day Saints. And as this Journal aims to stand on the watch tower and give the word of warning and admonition, I feel it my duty to speak of this danger and show our girls the pitfall that is spread for their feet, and which will surely catch them unless they are careful and allow themselves to be led by the good spirit. We are certainly undergoing radical changes in our temporal and more es-

pecially our political affairs. Now, unless one has the spirit of discernment and the guidance of the Holy Ghost, these things will appear to us to bear in their train a thousand changes in our spiritual affairs. To be more plain, what is to prevent a giddy young person from concluding if he or she sees our leading men associating in close political relations with those who have hitherto been our bitterest enemies, that he is perfectly stifled in choosing for his daily and intimate associates those who are not of our faith? Then, would follow other departures

from the laws and commandments we have received from God. The letting down of one bar makes it so easy to pull down the second. A disregard of the law of the Word of Wisdom, of the keeping of the Sabbath, and of the laws of tithing and prayer might easily follow in the wake of the first broken law. There is one vital and essential principle connected with this gospel that, next to the first principles, should be at once understood and firmly acted upon; it is this: the testimony of this gospel rests upon no man nor set of men. No matter what one or a dozen or a thousand men may do, if you have received a testimony of the truth of this gospel you are under solemn obligations to keep the laws and commandments of the same irrespective of what even the President of the Church himself may be led to

do. God holds each and every man, woman and child responsible for his own acts. Remember that. And if you as young girls feel tempted by this seeming new order of things to run wild against the wishes of your parents, remember you will be called some day to answer for the use you make of your time and talents. It is of far more importance that you and I should understand our duty in relation to keeping the laws of God in their entirety now and under our present conditions than it was for our parents when first settled in these peaceful vales, with few worldly temptations to overcome. And every time we succeed in mastering one temptation to step aside from the path of duty, how much greater is our strength and how visibly are our characters improved!

◁ OUR GIRLS. * ▷

My Dear Young Sisters:

I would like to express a few of my thoughts, or the thoughts our Father may give unto me for your consideration. This is a day that all Saints, both old and young, need the thoughts of the Lord in their hearts, as none are so intelligent in their carnal, fallen state, as to be able to properly think for themselves unaided by the promptings of the Spirit of God. We are told by the prophets that as high as the heavens are above the earth, so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts and His ways than our ways. It must be apparent to all

thinking minds, how great the need of high and exalted thoughts, in this trying day, to prompt to noble acts and to give that decision and endurance, whereby we may be able to endure every trial and pass safely through every test that may be brought to bear upon us.

You have all lived long enough to know for yourselves the truth of the above scriptural declaration, you know that when you are under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, your thoughts are higher, purer and more exalting in their nature, also more aspiring as well as happyfying, which latter should

*All communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

be an incentive to the cultivation of that Spirit if there were none other; but there is every reason why we should seek it continually, we might enumerate them by the score. Through the power of that Spirit we will be able to order our lives in a way to make us great, noble, wise and useful in every condition in life, insuring us peace and joy in this life as well as eternal felicity in the life to come.

Then I would say, dear sisters, seek it more earnestly and diligently than you would the gold or jewels of this earth, or anything that would perish with the using. All things earthly will thus perish, will grow dim and rusty and will wear out, but the Spirit of God and every blessing that one obtains through its influence will continue to grow brighter and brighter and will increase upon its possessor even until the perfect day, when that which is realized in part shall be done away and that which is perfect shall have come.

Well might the Prophet Joseph (in vision) tell the Prophet Brigham to counsel the Saints to "get the Spirit of God and keep it." What a volume! What a grand text is couched in those few words, and how important to the Saints! He knew that if that one point could be gained, all else could be easily accomplished, for that Spirit would keep them pure in word, thought and deed, leading into all truth. One of our modern prophets has said "The Spirit of God will not admit of a rough, uncouth expression; 'tis all refinement." It is also a teachable, humble spirit, and will inspire its possessor with high and noble aspirations, consequently is aspiring in its nature. Persons under its influence will desire to obtain all

knowledge and intelligence, to become great in the kingdom of God; they will not be content with anything common-place or inferior, in fact nothing short of the God-head, the highest degree in the celestial glory, will satisfy one who is thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of God. It will also teach the necessity of earnest, continuous labor in order to obtain such an exalted condition, hence it must be an industrious, energetic spirit. It will not allow apathy, or carelessness in any degree. Neither will it prompt its possessor to speak evil of any of the household of faith, especially, the Priesthood; but will ever teach obedience, and willingness, honor and respect to those placed in authority and to parents, those who have endured so much and cared so tenderly for their offspring when they were helpless. Kindness and gentleness are also among its characteristics, never willfully wounding another, unless it should be necessary for their good.

We might continue on and on enumerating the feelings and attributes that must necessarily be implanted in the human heart through the cultivation of that heavenly Spirit; but suffice it to say, that it is all things to all people and will surround its possessor with the bulwark of salvation that will protect from all evil and danger. It will be to the Saints the grand disinfectant, the mighty power that will preserve and shield from the destroyer and plagues of the last days, when they shall stalk abroad on their mission of death to lay waste the inhabitants of the earth, when many who have professed God, but have done not His works, will fall with the wicked. If you value your lives or

exemption from pain and suffering search after the Spirit that is so powerful, and remember that the issues of life and death are in the hands of God.

There is one more point to which I wish to call the attention of my young sisters. It is concerning the choice of a husband. Never, never allow yourselves to be so blind and bigoted as to think that you are wise enough to select your companion for time and all eternity. It is not so. The wisdom and dictation of God alone will enable you to do so. Seek to Him to direct you, ask Him not to allow your affections to go out to an unworthy object. If you have already made a choice and have not done this, ask your Father to place obstacles in the way (if the one you have chosen is unworthy or would not be suited to you) that your union may not be consummated. If such a course had always been adopted, there would not be the unhappy marriages and the separations that now exist. God's wisdom would avert all such catastrophes. No matter what may be your perplexities, go to your Heavenly Father in prayer and you will receive aid and peace, for you are His children whom He loves with a greater love than we can conceive of, and He has told us that He delights to be sought after by His children.

MARY A. FREEZE.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

VINCY R. BARKER.

*Written for the Y. L. M. I. A. Conference of
Weber Stake, June 27, 1890.*

SHE was born in Massachusetts,
That blest New England soil,
Where firm in their convictions
Men onward, upward toil.

Puritan blood was in her veins,
And stamped her character
With love, endurance, hope and faith,
All gifts from heaven to her.

Her parents moved to Ohio
When she was yet a child,
And reared her in that distant land,
The then called "western wild."

Here she passed her happy childhood
And won herself a name,
Penning her lofty sentiments
That brought her world-wide fame.

E'en then her thoughts bent heavenward,
To truth her heart inclined;
Many wondered at her brightness,
Her clear, inspired mind.

Just as womanhood approached her,
Joined hands with thoughtful youth,
Then she heard the proclamation
Of the everlasting truth.

Her whole soul filled with wonder,
Her heart leaped high with joy;
Her being grasped with gladness
The gospel we enjoy.

A hope sprang up within her,
A hope beyond the sky,
Of a glorious resurrection
When we reach the land on high.

With the truth her mind expanded,
Gained wisdom from above;
God's grace her pulses quickened,
Inspired to deeds of love.

With our Prophet she united
And pledged her life to God;
She kept the pledge; unflinching
The narrow path she trod.

Then came cruel persecution
To the people of the Lord;
The leaders' lives were taken
For denying not His word.

Mobs plundered Saints and drove them
Across the dreary plain;
God led them to these mountain vales
Where they built up homes again.

Our sister suffered with the rest;
While oppression's dire hand fell
With hellish fury on the Saints,
Still she whispered "all is well."

While sojourning in these valleys,
Her works we know full well
Were such as made her truly
A "mother in Israel."

Let us strive to be pure, noble,
 God-fearing, loving, kind,
 As this our beloved sister,
 The queen of womankind.

So that when this life is over
 And we're laid beneath the sod,
 We may have the approbation
 Of a just and gracious God.

PEACEFUL HOMES.

LELIA.

"It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with an angry or contentious woman."

"It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

"Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith than a house full of sacrifices with strife."—*Proverbs.*

IF parents had toiled for twenty years or more carefully saving every dime, denying themselves every comfort in order to buy a beautiful piano for the pleasure of their children, who in return would wilfully day by day break and deface and put out of tune the costly instrument, would we not without hesitation pronounce them ungrateful and cruel, and worthy of severe punishment? Certainly we would. But see if the same line of conduct is not pursued with regard to the home that parents have spent years of their life in glad and willing toil to establish, in hopes of having a place of peaceful rest and quiet in their declining years, where their children are surrounded by every comfort, every advantage of happiness. These homes might be a paradise of rest, happy and delightful, but instead, they are made a place of torment, a bedlam, by the disobedience, ingratitude and unlovable conduct of the children; the peace of home is totally destroyed. Yet is not that home more valuable by

far than the most costly piece of furniture?

Do you not all know homes where every member is at war with another, where dislike and hatred (judging by what we see and hear) are the guiding star instead of love and kindness? Some children look upon the simple duties of home as some great punishment that must be done under protest and loud complaint, or else are neglected entirely, to the disorder of home and the discomfort of every inmate. All the little, every-day duties which should come so natural to every woman as part of her home life are irksome and hated, nothing is done willingly, cheerfully, bringing its own sunshine. Instead of the pleasant smile and greeting due every parent and all loved ones, the day begins with fault-finding and complaints, a snarl comes instead of a greeting, a frown in place of a smile; a selfish disregard for each other is the rule of the house and sometimes contempt from child to parent strikes like a poisoned dart into the soul of the parents—the best friends we can ever know!

I once sat in the tabernacle and admired the beautiful face of a young girl, I cannot say lady. As we passed through the crowd at the close of the meeting this beautiful girl whom I had so admired came in contact with her mother, who asked her some simple question, from which I learned that the daughter had gone most unwillingly to meeting. Any other woman who had asked this simple question would no doubt have received a polite, or at least a civil answer, but the reply this mother received in hearing of so many was nothing less than an open insult.

My feelings were shocked and grieved, and I can never appreciate

the beauty of that face; the cruelty of the girl is ever before me, and I can hear the harsh, unfeeling tones of her voice whenever I see her; yet had I found a gentle, womanly spirit there and respectful conduct she would have had a double hold upon my heart.

Such things are not trifles. We might excuse them among a low, barbarous people, but among Saints they are excusable. Ingratitude and disrespect to parents are sins in the sight of God, and if not speedily repented of will be punished in due time; our own loved ones will rise up and deal out justice and make the punishment complete. "As we sow we shall reap."

Girls, labor to make peaceful, happy homes under your parents' roof. Be at least respectful and train yourselves to return the affection that has blessed all your days.

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATION.

M. E. TEASDALE.

WE all have an influence, either for good or for evil, upon those with whom we associate, and we are also influenced in the same manner by our companions. How necessary then that young people whose character is forming should choose for companions the pure and good.

Young ladies, there is a broad field of usefulness before you, whereby you can make for yourselves a name and fame imperishable, that will live and bear fruit in time and throughout eternity. In your parents' home you can be as a "beacon light" to your brothers and sisters, by setting before them examples of obedience, gentleness and unselfishness, by assisting

the little ones with their lessons for school and Primary, encouraging them to be prompt in all their duties.

Children are natural imitators; quick to observe. It does not take them long to find out whether the actions of those around them correspond with their teachings. Little children believe everything you tell them. Then should not those who are entrusted with this sacred trust, this great responsibility of moulding, fashioning and training these precious little ones be very careful that *truth* is found in all their words and actions?

Dear girls, though great and lasting is your influence in the home as a daughter, your responsibilities increase as you take upon yourselves the sacred obligations of wife and mother. Think seriously upon this question; What kind of a father do you want your children to have? You must remember that you are not the only one affected, but your posterity for generations are affected in your choice of a husband, and they have a right to be considered.

Every girl should use her influence with the young men of the community to induce them to live sober, upright lives, to discharge their duties in the Priesthood, that they may become men of God.

You may ask how can we accomplish such a labor? I answer by refusing to accept attentions from any man who drinks liquor or uses tobacco, or indulges in other bad habits. Tell him kindly, but firmly, that you cannot associate with him unless he permanently reforms, and if he really desires your company and your affection he will not be long in deciding which he wants most, you or his bad habits. But when girls accept the attentions of

young men who drink, and accompany them to places of amusement, and, finally, join hands in marriage with them, it shows that they not only *tolerate*, but that they *encourage* such practices.

Girls often think they can reform men after marriage; but, alas! how few ever realize their hopes. The time to reform them is before, not after marriage. Look around you and profit by the sad experience of those who married men who only drank occasionally, but who today are *drunkards'* wives. We either grow better or worse. There is no standing still with those who drink intoxicants. If they do not cease altogether, the habit increases upon them, until they become slaves, when nothing but death releases them from their fetters.

I read a short time ago of a temperance lady who resolved never to marry a man who drank liquor, and she thought she had given her hand to one who did not; but, lo, on the wedding day she found she had been deceived, and while being congratulated, she declared she would not live with him, and she remained firm notwithstanding the entreaties of friends and relatives. She was a heroine and deserved a good husband. Another case, nearer home, is that of a young couple who kept company, when one day the young man happened to go into a house where there was a social gathering, and was invited and partook of a glass of wine, and on his way home he met the lady and she smelt his breath, and she told him then and there she would have no more to do with him—that lips that touched wine should never touch hers. All the promises he could offer were of no avail; she was firm. All honor to that brave

girl. The young man said it had taught him a lesson he would never forget, and added, that if all the girls were like that one, the young men would be very different; they would soon reform.

Girls, I entreat you not to accept the attentions of strangers, those not of our faith, no matter how polite and affable their manners may be. How many of our innocent, trusting girls have been deceived, betrayed by the wolves in sheep's clothing, who fascinated them with their oily tongues and polished manners.

Do not seek temptation by keeping late hours, or allow any man to take any liberties that you would be ashamed to have your mother see. "Too much familiarity breeds contempt." We should shun the very appearance of evil, and give no one the opportunity to say we have encouraged ungentelemanly conduct. Love and lust are as opposite as light is from darkness, yet they are often mistaken for each other. True love ennobles, exalts and purifies our natures, while lust debases, dishonors and destroys its victims.

A man who truly loves a woman would lay down his life if necessary in defense of her honor. Lust steals the crown of honor from the brow of innocence and crushes it in the dust, then mocks at the misery it has caused.

Guard well your virtue, prize it more than life itself, for it is beyond all price in *men* as well as women. No matter how corrupt a man may be, when he wants a wife he wants a *virtuous* one, and a pure woman should demand that he to whom she gives her heart should also be pure. A man who robs a woman of her virtue, marries her to hide his sin, then abuses, and, finally, divorces her, taunting her,

that the next time he marries he will marry a virtuous woman, is, in my opinion, unworthy to be called a *man*. This is what some of our girls have to endure, besides the remorse of conscience that never leaves them, no matter though they may be forgiven, they never can forgive themselves nor forget the past. Girls, take warning and profit by the sufferings of others.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

READ IN CONJOINT CONFERENCE AT
BRIGHAM.

HATTIE C. JENSEN.

EVER since the organization of the Mutual Improvement Societies, much has been said to the members thereof concerning the development of the faculties God has given us.

One might say, "all that is necessary to say has been said." This may be true, but "He is a wise man who doeth his task for the first bidding." Allowing the supposition that we are not all "wise men" I will endeavor to point out a few ways wherein we might improve.

In the first place it is necessary for us to understand why we are here upon the earth, what is our relation to our fellow beings, and our destination after this mortal career is ended.

After these facts have been fully established it is time to begin the improvement of our temporal and spiritual attributes.

Improvement may be effected in many ways: one good way is by observation. So if we have exemplary men and women placed over us for our guidance, we cannot help admiring and wishing to emulate their goodness and intellectual perfections.

If we could fully understand the depth of the impression left upon the minds of the young, I think we would be more exemplary in our habits and manners than we sometimes are.

I can remember of good impressions being made upon my mind, when very young, by Sabbath school teachers, friends and parents, that have never been effaced; but have been a constant reminder of the goodness and nobility of others; being an incentive to my search after the lofty attributes of my religion; showing the good from the bad, the pure from the impure, and the righteous from the unrighteous. Had it not been for the good impressions of our youth, many who now are honored members of the Improvement Associations and who are themselves an example for all to imitate, might not have chosen the "better way." For we all know that the weakness of the flesh and the vanities of the human mind, when brought to bear upon spiritual things and subjects of high moral culture, will inevitably tend towards the grosser qualities of our natures unless propitiated by truly practical as well as theoretical influences.

Considering the advantage of exemplary lives, would it not be well for all who are or ever expect to be placed in positions of honor, to practice well and understand thoroughly the gifts of the gospel, that they might be successful in the fulfillment of their callings?

Notwithstanding all this, however, if the members have no desire to improve, and have but little faith, if any, in their religion, the precepts of the most zealous, most exemplary and wisest of teachers will amount to little or nothing.

I fully believe the desires of nearly

all are good, and resolves are made every time meeting is attended to improve at once ; but when the labor and diligence necessary for a reformation are brought into requisition, courage fails, or indolence prevails, and the would-be reformer falls back into the same old condition, until a new revival of feeling is experienced.

Now it is all very well to have this *feeling*, but if we wish to improve, we will have to get "right down" to hard study, and hard work in real earnestness. And though the improvement may not be seen at first, yet there is a gradual development of the faculties that will in time, with proper culture shine forth in brilliancy and power when lighted up by the Spirit of God, bringing credit and renown wherever our lot in life may be cast.

In order to gain this desired end let us live so that the Holy Spirit may always be with us, for P. P. Pratt says: "The Holy Spirit quickens all the intellectual faculties, increases, enlarges, expands and purifies all the natural passions and affections; and adopts them, by the gift of wisdom to their lawful use. It inspires, develops, cultivates, and matures all the fine-toned sympathies, joys, tastes, kindred feelings, and affections of our natures. It inspires virtue, kindness, goodness, tenderness, gentleness, and charity. It develops beauty of person, form and feature. It tends to health and vigor, animation and social feeling. It strengthens, invigorates and gives tone to the nerves. In short it is, as it were, light to the eyes, music to the ears, and life to the whole being."

Let improvement be our motto,
And justice be our aim,
And we'll find for each endeavor
Some good each day we've gained.

Let us put aside our follies,
Our weakness and our sin,
And in pure and holy callings
Try an honored name to win.

Let us by our good examples
A reformation start;
That will end in truth and goodness,
Joining every hand and heart.

So that when we join the angels,
Singing 'round' our Father's throne,
We'll receive a joyous welcome
To that happy heavenly home.

And the Savior, He will greet us,
Making this His glad bequest:
"Well done thou faithful servant,
Enter thou into my rest."

CRITICISM.

MARY J. HUGHES.

THERE are few who possess the tact to minister censure in the right way, in a way that will not wound the feelings or discourage the one in fault. There are none of us that are entirely exempt from criticism, and while harsh criticism by our friends and acquaintances may do great injury, yet a little good, honest censure in time of need may be the means of much improvement and cause of reformation in many ways.

We often see the young people in their amusements and jestings, criticise and make fun of the aged, which is very wrong; and it surely must be offensive in the sight of the Lord.

While it is wrong to criticise any one, whether old or young, in a manner of ridicule, it is much more a sin to do so to those that are deformed and feeble.

We, as young ladies, in responding to any call made by the President of our association, seem to fear nothing as much as the criticism of each other. This should not be, we should aim to

assist each other by our faith and prayers, and meet together as a band of sisters with a humble and contrite spirit, with a desire to assist one another and to learn everything that is good, grand and wise, ever desiring the welfare and happiness of others as true happiness is always found in making others happy.

If we will only reflect on this we will find how much we need each other's assistance, and we will have no time to criticise the failings of another. Byron says, "A man must serve his time to every trade, save sensual critics, who are ready made."

A HAPPY HOME.

JULIA WEST.

TO make home happy should be the chief ambition of every woman. It is easier to keep a good spirit if everything at home is kept clean and tidy. We as mothers have it in our power to make our home either a heaven or a hell. To make it a heaven we must be kind and cheerful, and do all we can to make the members of our family happy.

Is there anything that will make

a man cross any quicker than to do a hard day's work and come home and find a dirty house and no supper ready? And is there anything that will so surely call from his lips a word of appreciation as a well kept house and a wife with a smile on her countenance and supper ready? The wife is pleased to know that she has added in the least degree to her husband's happiness.

The mother's influence in a home is almost magical; husband and children alike are irritable or happy just as she is. The best housekeepers sometimes have things in disorder, but as a rule meals can be prepared regularly and the home kept neat and tidy. If there is a room in the house that should be kept cleaner than the others, it is the kitchen. If the floor is spotless, a white cloth on the table, the knives and forks bright and the food well cooked, even though it be simple, it will always be relished.

Would it not be well for mothers to do all they can to make the home a heaven on earth, so when the children leave to make houses for themselves they can say they are leaving a home that has always been happy and pleasant to them?

OUR SHOPPING DEPARTMENT.

WE are going to give our readers some information as to the shopping facilities in their own county seats. Now Salt Lake is, of course, the capital of the territory, but as Salt Lake is to the territory, so is Logan to Cache County, Ogden to Weber County, Provo to Utah County, and other large towns to their respective

counties. So we have deemed it wisdom to secure the advertisements of some of our best merchants and bankers in the various county seats.

WE have a large number of readers in Cache County, and, no doubt, all of them are more or less acquainted with the excellent reputation borne

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HATTIE CRITCHLOW JENSEN.

NOTE.—The accompanying photograph should have appeared with the article on Hattie Critchlow Jensen in the June number. To correct the mistake we therefore reprint the article and insert the proper picture thereto. [Ed.]

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

HATTIE CRITCHLOW JENSEN,
I WAS born at Ogden City, Utah,
the 31st day of January, 1864. My

mother, Mary E. Brown Critchlow
was Utah born and bred. She was
the daughter of Captain James Brown

of the Mormon Battalion, and she has also the distinction of being the first white girl born in Utah. My father was born at Pennsylvania, but came to Utah when a very small boy. At the age of twenty-four he married my mother who was only fifteen. They have had fourteen children, of which I am the eldest.

My early childhood and until I was sixteen was nearly all spent in school. Though my assistance in the household work, and in the care of my younger brothers and sisters would have given rest to my mother, she scarcely ever kept me from school, but nobly sacrificed herself that I and the other children might get the benefits of an education. Oh, how little do we appreciate our dear mothers, and how little we realize the sacrifices they have made for us until we become mothers ourselves!

I loved school and made such progress that at the age of sixteen I was able to take a school in the country, where I taught for one year. The next two years of my life were spent alternately in teaching and attending school at Ogden. By this time circumstances were favorable for my attending the university at Salt Lake City. Accordingly in August, 1883, I enrolled as a Normal among the students of that institution. I attended for three months, but owing to my health becoming greatly impaired, I was obliged to return home. After a rest of a month or six weeks I began teaching at the Central School at Ogden and continued to teach until the 28th of March, 1884.

Two years prior to this while on a visit to one of my friends at Brigham City, I met and became acquainted with Sister Minnie J. Snow. A mu-

tual friendship sprang up, and when I returned home it was with the assurance that ours would be a lasting, tried and true friendship. This has been the case, and the years that we have spent together socially have served to strengthen and secure the affection we each formed for the other.

While on my visit aforementioned I became acquainted with the brother of Sister Minnie—Ephraim Jensen, who was about to go on a mission to the North-western States. We corresponded regularly while he was upon his mission. He returned home in October, 1883, and on the 1st day of May, 1884, we were married in the endowment house by President Wells. Since my marriage my home has been in Brigham. I have had four children, three sons and a daughter.

September 10th, 1884, I was chosen as one of Sister Minnie J. Snow's counselors. I found great satisfaction and joy in my labors among the different associations; and my companionship with the Stake Board has been one of unity and love. Although my home duties and the care of my little children would have completely taken my time, I contrived by the help of my heavenly Father to take an active part in my labors among the associations, especially so in our officer's meetings.

I believe that by taking this course my home duties have been made less monotonous, and I have had more wisdom in the performance of them.

I wish I could impress upon all the young ladies of Zion the importance of becoming members of the Mutual Improvement Association. I know from experience that we are better prepared for the duties of life—of wifehood and motherhood—when we take active parts in these associations.

Nor can we afford to stay away from them just because we are married and have small children to care for. Then is the time that we most need the instructions that we get there. Indeed, I think there is no time in life that we can afford to do without them, for

From childhood to girlhood—
Maid, mother and wife,
All need so much wisdom
To guide them through life.

MRS. H. C. JENSEN.

The following loving tributes were sent by Sister M. J. Snow, and we append them to Sister Jensen's brief sketch. [Ed.]

TESTIMONIALS.

Having been requested to write something about my friend Hattie, all I might say could be summed up in these words: She is as good as gold. To know her is to love her.

She is intellectual, artistic and spiritual. She has a faculty for winning and retaining friends.

I have never heard her speak disparagingly of any one. Her reverence for sacred things is great, and I have reason to believe that when trials come she will be found true to her religion.

If I should write a long letter I could say nothing but good things about her, and therefore to multiply words would be useless. Yours truly,

ELLIE MADSON.

During my brief acquaintance with Sister Hattie Jensen I have discovered in her very many excellent qualities.

Her disposition is lovable and cheerful; her countenance, which is a true index to her generous heart, ever wears an irresistible smile which never fails to make friends. I have also found her to be an earnest laborer in the cause of truth. RAY EVANS.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

SCENES IN THE WASATCH.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

EASTWARD the mountains proudly raise
Their purple pillars to the sky,
And hid within their stately maze
A thousand scenes of beauty lie.

Here their firm columns group to stay
A stretch of emerald painted lake,
And sylvan scenes in pigments gay
Upon its shores their places take.

Anon they reach above a deep
Worn chasm, that the stream winds through,
Or range about a vale, and keep
Its verdant stretch from outer view.

That dimmer line of summits leads
To vistas opening out afar
In stretches of low slopes and meads
To skirt some further mountain bar.

I follow where the noisy stream
Leads through the canyon's narrow way,
And pause to watch the lights that gleam,
And shades that on its waters play.

The bush that bends and idly dips
Its full leaved branches in the wave—
The pine tree whose long shadow slips
Across the bed the pebbles pave.

The swift flood falling from the rock
That rears aloft its shelving dome—
The still pool trembling at the shock,
And paling into sudden foam.

I hear the sounds that wake along
The stream, the ripples' ringing key,
And deeper notes that mark its song
With a refrain of mystery.

Some theme is in its murmured stress,
A sound that all the canyon fills—
The sense of the deep loneliness
And brooding presence of the hills.

"LIGHTS AND SHADES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 394.)

"HERE'S a letter from Uncle Jacob, mother," said Lina Hillon, "open it quickly, please, and let's see if Will has started home. I called at the office as I came from school, and the mail had just come."

Lina was now entering her fifteenth year, just budding into bright and blissful maidenhood, and, with her brother Alma, she taught the village school.

Messages from their friends in the north were always hailed as welcome visitors; but since Will had gone thither to spend a few months, the Hillons were more anxious than ever to get letters often from F.

Mrs. H. took the letter from her daughter's hand with a vague feeling of uncertainty as to whether its contents were of a pleasing or distressing nature. For several days she had been conscious of uneasy sensations at times, which had finally developed into gloomy forebodings, which seemed to betoken the approach of a dread disaster to some one of her darlings. Naturally enough her thoughts were drawn out towards her absent son, whom she had persuaded to leave home for awhile on account of his failing health. But his letters had all been so hopeful and full of good news concerning his increasing strength and cheerful spirits, that the mother's heart reproached itself for its lack of faith in God and gratitude to Him, and bravely strove to put away the unwelcome misgivings which would crowd upon her.

When she saw the handwriting of her brother instead of her son on the envelop from F., she could have screamed with apprehensive dread, for

she was weak and nervous from overwork and weariness; but with a strong effort she controlled herself. Sinking into a chair, she hurriedly tore open the letter and glanced partly over the first page without speaking. Then a low cry escaped her lips. It was Jacob's letter, telling tenderly of Will's severe illness.

"Oh! Willie, my boy, my first born son, my darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Hillon, pressing one hand upon her head and extending the other, with the letter, towards Lina. The girl rushed to her mother's side, and throwing one arm around her, eagerly read the letter through.

"Never mind, mother, dearest," said Lina soothingly, "Will isn't dead, and he won't die either; you must start right away to go to him, and he'll get well as soon as you begin nursing him; I know he will."

"Oh! why did I send him away from me? I, his mother, and could send him to others to be made well instead of taking care of him and nursing him back to health myself! What evil could have possessed me to have made me do such a thing?" cried Mrs. H.

But Lina continued calm and gently soothed and helped her mother, who at once began preparations for leaving home and going to her son at F.

Hastily arrangements were made for the immediate departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hillon and Lina, and the same evening found them well started on their northern journey. Fortunate it was for the travelers that fine weather characterized that month of November. A few days of hurried travel and they stopped at Jacob's door tired and anxious, but thankful to find Will still alive, though very low. Cautious,

indeed, was Jacob in revealing to his nephew the fact that his parents and sister had come to visit him.

"Let them come in at once," urged Will, "I am so glad they are here; they have come to see me die."

"Oh! my son," sobbed Mrs. Hillon, entering and pressing her face to his, "can it be that we have come for this?"

While Jacob had been breaking the news of their arrival to Will, Gwyn had hurriedly stated to the parents and sister something of the nature and cause of his illness; and when Will called for them to come in his mother and Lina were listening at the door. Mr. Hillon had gone to water his horses and did not hear Will's remark about dying.

"No, indeed! Willie, it isn't that we've come for," said Lina cheerfully; "we've come to make you well, and we are going to do it. Father has come to bless you, and you know we are always healed when he administers to us!"

"Yes, I know we have been," said Will, very faintly, "but you remember the fortune the old lady told me; it has all come true, only my dying young—"

"And that isn't going to come," persisted Lina.

"Do you not remember what has been promised you repeatedly in your blessings? You are to go abroad and preach the gospel, and do a great work in the earth; isn't that better to think about than the cheerless fortune the old lady told?"

"Don't worry him, Lina, dear," whispered the mother, "if our poor Will is to die—"

"Mother!" almost shouted Lina, "I tell you he is not to die now! Because

he has acted foolishly, shall we let him die like a fool? No! our brave, handsome Will, is going to live, and overcome and rise above this stupid network in which he has been entangled! He cannot die!"

The girl spoke with vehemence, her fine dark eyes were flashing with an almost supernatural light, and her frame fairly quivered with emotion.

While she was speaking her father entered the room with Isaac Smith, the Bishop's brother, who had watched with Will much of the time during his illness.

The earnestness of the girl and the spirit in which she spoke seemed to inspire all present with new hope and faith in Will's behalf. Even the sick man himself was surprised into an effort to partially rise in bed, which, with his mother's aid, he did, watching and listening to his sister in blank astonishment.

Such language from daughter to mother must have sounded, at least, disrespectful, but for the sincerity of purpose which was apparent both in her words and manner.

Brother Hillon, assisted by the other brethren present, at once proceeded to anoint and administer to his son; and frequently and fervently were these ordinances repeated.

Then Lina and the Bishop's daughter Fanny, put themselves up as Will's physicians and nurses, in which callings they were exceedingly diligent and attentive. They did not tell that in all the plans for his recovery they were instigated, instructed and continually helped by the wise, faithful and humble Marian, for she cautiously forbade their naming that fact to any one. But what with the wild sage and horehound poultices they made him

wear, the arnica and vinegar washes, they caused him to use, the mint, raspberry leaf and peach bark teas they persuaded him to drink, together with the fresh, sweet influence of their young, inspiring presence, Will was made well in two weeks in spite of himself.

But he was still pale and weak, so weak that he could not accompany his mother and Lina to the "other valley," to visit Grandpa and Grandma Howe. So they got Isaac Smith to go and take them over, that Will's father might remain with him.

"Can't I go, too, if Lina does, Uncle Isaac?" asked red-cheeked Fanny.

"I'd like you to, if your mother doesn't object," answered Isaac, the old bachelor, as he was dubbed; for, although he was passing from the twenties into the thirties, he was still unmarried; yet he was always kind and courteous to ladies, even very young ones—especially very young ones.

"May I go, mamma," coaxed Fanny, "Aunt Ida's folks are always inviting us over, and I've not been there for such a long time."

After a little consultation in the family, it was agreed upon that Fanny should go, which pleased both herself and Lina exceedingly.

It was now the beginning of December. The young people were already laying their plans for the good cheer to come with the approaching holidays. And Fannie's and Lina's mammas consented to the girls going prepared to spend Christmas and New Year's in "the other valley," although Mrs. Hillon assured her son that she should not remain more than a few days, lest he should take a relapse, if

she were not there to caution and care for him.

Isaac took the ladies over in his wagon; but the girls were delighted to find good sleighing when they reached "the other valley."

And immediately the season's pleasures were entered into by both Lina and Fanny with a zest neither had ever before known. They were "the girls from F.," and being new girls in the settlement, both pretty, both modest and yet gay, they became acknowledged belles at once. No ball or party was complete without the two girls from F., and not a day or evening passed that they were not invited out on some pleasant occasion.

Of course they concluded to remain for the holidays; but the evening before Lina's mother and Fannie's uncle were to start back to F., the girls declined all invitations, and remained with them and Grandpa and Grandma Howe.

The previous evening, Sister Hillon, her parents and Isaac had attended a dancing party with the girls.

"Who was that large, fine-looking gentleman who danced so often with Lina?" asked Sister Hillon of Isaac, as they all sat round the fire.

"His name is Printz, I believe," Isaac answered. "He is a new comer here, no one seems to know much about him."

"Why do you say he danced so often with me, mamma?" asked Lina; "twice in an evening isn't very often, is it?"

"He danced with you more than twice, Lina," said two or three in a breath.

"So he did!" Lina acknowledged; "but when he danced with me the

third time, he came for Fanny, and some one else had chosen her."

"And he was glad of an excuse to choose you again," said Fanny.

"I don't about that," Lina answered; "but I like to dance with him, he's so tall and strong and brave looking."

"Anything else?" asked Isaac, with a quizzical smile at Lina.

"Oh! yes, a great deal," returned the girl, laughing and blushing; "but I am not going to say any more now."

And for a wonder, Lina did remain silent for some minutes, looking straight into the fire and knitting away on Grandpa Howe's stocking, as if her breakfast next morning depended on her finishing it. While Isaac, leaning back in his chair and letting the braided whip-lash he was mending fall idly from his fingers, watched her earnestly, and he, too, was silent. A long, long train of thoughts passed quickly through his mind; first, running backward several years to a time when he had known and loved a little girl, with voice and eyes like Lina's, but a paler face and more delicate form; then of a grave in the F. burying ground, which he often visited alone and at night; and then of the uncertain present and mystic future, in which the bright young creature before him seemed to almost fill the vacancy so long left in his hungry, yearning heart, to almost take the place of his dead love.

"What a flood of warm, bright sunshine she would bring into my cold and darkened life," he mused; "but no—I dare not think of it; she is too young and too pure for one like me."

"Uncle Isaac! don't you hear Grandpa asking what time you want to

get started in the morning?" called out Fanny, laying her hand on his, and shaking it to attract his attention.

"Well, well," said Isaac, rising hastily, "I beg pardon, Brother Howe; but I think I must have been nearly asleep. We ought to start as early as possible, as the days are so short; and if you will all excuse me, I will go to bed."

Lina was awake very early next morning, thinking of her mother leaving her, for they had never yet been separated for more than a day or two at one time.

"Fanny," she whispered softly, arousing her companion, "I think I'll go with mother, after all; we shouldn't enjoy ourselves without her and your uncle here?"

"Why not?" asked Fanny, rubbing her eyes and sitting up in bed. "You don't care for Uncle Isaac's company, and surely you can do without your mother for two or three weeks. Let's not be babies, and make them all laugh at us."

Fanny was still half asleep, but Lina took her expressions into careful consideration, nevertheless.

"Well, I should think I do care for Uncle Isaac's company," she said, "it's real nice to have him with us at the parties and suppers; if he were going to stay, I shouldn't miss mamma so much."

"Oh, well, Aunt Ida's brothers are nice men, too, and they'll be kind to us, if we'll let them," said Fanny. "Let's stay, and not hinder Uncle from getting off early, or they will have to drive so late."

Lina concluded to be brave and look at matters more as her friend wished her to; so she said no more on

the subject, but hastened to dress and go to her mother.

"You must not be out too much evenings, Lina," said Mrs. Hillon, when she was about bidding her parents and daughter goodbye. "You and Fanny must look after each other, and if either of you should get a cold, don't neglect it, but nurse yourselves up at once."

"We are going as far as Aunt Ida's mother's with you, Uncle," said Fanny, throwing a shawl over Lina, and then climbing into the wagon. And so the two girls went for a morning ride.

A little way down the road, Mr. Printz, the "tall, brave looking man," that Lina liked to dance with, passed them in a sleigh, smiling and bowing at them as he glided out into the deep snow, and into the road again ahead of them.

One of Aunt Ida's brothers stood by the gate when the wagon drove up, and as Uncle Isaac helped first Fanny and then Lina out, he addressed the young man, saying, "You must take good care of my little girls; I would if I were going to stay with them."

"Oh! Uncle, I wish you could stay!" said Fanny earnestly.

"I wish so, too!" whispered Lina, so low that he could just hear it, as she bent forward to place her hands upon his shoulders in order to spring from the wagon to the ground; but just then her foot slipped on the snow-covered wheel, and she was only saved from falling to the ground by falling into Uncle Isaac's arms. Her words and the circumstance caused a long forgotten warm thrill of pleasure to course through Isaac Smith's chilled heart; and I almost believe it was justifiable in him that he gave one quick,

close pressure to the priceless burden that rested for an instant on his breast. Yet he condemned himself for it afterwards in thinking it over, although he knew it was really a part of the accident, for he had no time to consider the matter until it was all over with.

When Lina stood firmly upon her feet again, although she was blushing deeply, she raised her eyes coyly to his, and said "Thank you," in a way that relieved Isaac of the fear that she might be offended.

Mrs. Hillon was very favorably impressed with Isaac's intelligent and unassuming words and ways, as they traveled on together conversing pleasantly.

But when they met Mr. Printz returning in his sleigh, she suddenly felt very unfavorable impressions towards him. For the first time she seemed to realize at that moment the fact that she was leaving her young, inexperienced daughter in the midst of a perfect whirl of gaiety, and that this man, a stranger to them all, had unmistakably paid marked attentions to Lina, at least on one occasion where she had been present. The thought crossed the mother's mind that they were not far out on their journey and might return and snatch Lina from the dangers which she felt threatened her.

Oh! had she but have mentioned that thought to Isaac, how readily would it have been carried into effect, for it would but have responded to his own thoughts and feelings at the very moment. But neither gave the least token of what was passing in their minds, and so their team trotted on, bearing them farther and farther away from the chance of rescuing the one in peril.

As Mr. Printz drove into town on

his return, he had some business, real or imaginary, with Ida's brother, and made a hurried call. The girls were just starting to walk back to Grandma Howe's, and graciously accepted a pleasant invitation to ride with the gentleman, in his sleigh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROMISCUOUS KISSING.

A LETTER TO BENNY. MAY 6TH. (HIS MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.) 1887.

L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Dear Ben :

ARE you sure that I failed, as you say.

To reply to your latest, kind letter?

I'll try, then, to answer it here, and today,

For I dislike remaining your debtor.

"Today!" ah, what memories, blissful and fair,
Arise, with faint shadows between!

I can see a bright maiden, with wavy brown
hair,

Your mother, when only sixteen.

How lightly we danced and how gaily we sung.

How cheery and glad were our words;

To the fresh air of evening our laughter was
flung,

As free as the music of birds.

And again, I behold her, as years follow on,

A happy, fond, loving young mother;

Two cherubs our wee, dainty Sue is the one,

And our plump, rosy Ben is the other.

That bright baby boy, how I fondled him then!

How I loved him! Does such love e'er change?

Mine has not grown less, but I know, my dear
Ben,

You think I have, somehow, grown strange.

You wonder, and likely with very good cause,

At a change so unheard of as this—

That your mother's own sister should suddenly
pause,

When you'd give the familiar old kiss.

You wonder the more, too, because of my age,

Ah! boy, at that point comes the turning;

My first twenty years was a holiday stage,

In the other eighteen I've been learning.

One lesson which deeply impresses me now,

I have mastered within the last year;

So important it seems that I cannot tell how

It ever could trifling appear.

You may not accept it, although I explain,

The clearest and best that I can;

To your mind, perhaps, it may doubtful remain,

Even when you're a wise, aged man.

But to me it is grand, for I know it is true;

No mythical whim, and no hoax;

I wish I could show its bright value to you,

And to thousands of other young folks.

But hundreds of those I would bless from my
heart,

Would receive but with jeers and with hissing,

This lesson, which I would so humbly impart,

On the theme of Promiscuous Kissing.

I would say, Don't indulge in it, gallant young
men;

And, girls, oh beware! don't allow it;

For I tell you, there's poison and gall in it,
when

The world would all sweetness avow it.

"Oh! kissing's delightful," laughs one, "where's
the harm?"

"Why yes," says another, "its fine;

Nothing else that we play at has half such a
charm,

It's lovely!" "It's boss!" "It's divine!"

While others, more staid, like yourself, Benny,
dear,

Will ask, "When old friends chance to meet,

Or if not merely friends, yet with relatives near,

Isn't kissing a part of the treat?"

Oh! Benny, there was a time when it would do;

But the world is so ripened in sin,

We can't tell what loop-holes dark imps will
crowd through,

If they have but a chance to peep in.

And the "charm" so engrossing, so widely in-
creases,

Its limit no human can tell;

For if aunts may be kissed, so may cousins and
nieces,

And why not fair playmates as well?

Oh gentlemen pause! And oh ladies beware!

There is taint from such unions of breath,

Which, seeming exquisite, oft leads to despair,
In temptation and darkness and death!

Says one, "Why with innocence mix the impure?"

With your theory I cannot agree;
It is not true of all, for kissing, I'm sure,
Could have no such effect upon me."

My friend, there are many exceptions, perhaps,
Worth considering, in this regard;
But those strongly shielded should not open gaps,
'Tis the custom I'd have you discard.

A dozen strong men may be able to drink,
And be not o'er balanced by wine;
But the thirteenth may weaken and fall—don't
you think
It were better if all would decline?

The girl who from lover's lips, ardent and red,
Never felt his warm breath on her face,
From the fair path of virtue has never been led,
To the pit-fall of sin and disgrace.

The wife who keeps sacred her kisses for him,
To whom she has given her all,
Will never be tortured by jealousies grim,
If the husband's heart be not too small.

And ah! if it is, all the more hath she need,
To be cautious and wise in her ways,
That the heart e'en so weak, be not wounded
and bleed,
Perchance, 'neath the world's ruthless gaze.

And will she not value his kisses as pearls,
More dear than the most precious stone,
When she knows they're ne'er given to gay,
winsome girls,
But are sacredly kept for his own?

The boys and the girls who guard wisely their health,
And for loved ones at home keep their kisses,
When they marry will sense all the worth and the wealth,
The real sweetness of marital blisses.

Nor should brothers-in-law call wife's sister their own,
And kiss them with freedom and ease;
For many great evils and sorrows have grown
From simple beginnings like these.

Now Benny, dear boy, take this heart lesson home;
And if you can't sense it in youth,
Wait not for experience too hard to come,
To show you its beauty and truth.

And if you can never accept of it all,
If you even receive it in part,
It may keep you from much of the poison and gall,
Which might otherwise canker your heart.

Remember I love you the same as of yore,
But for kisses I'm going to wait,
Till we reach the bright home, on the fair,
peaceful shore,
When we've entered the beautiful gate.

Where sin and temptation will never exist,
But love will be holy and true;
There, there, my dear Ben, you shall kiss and be kissed
By your loving and faithful Aunt Lou.
Marion, Cassia Co., Idaho.

BENNY'S OPINION:—"Aunt Lou is right, mother; but I never thought of the subject in that light before."

A VISIT TO BACHELORS' HALL.

BELLE.

"I SAY, Jack, can't we ride out to Castle Peaks this morning? It is just lovely weather."

"Now, Nan, what do you want to go there for? The Peaks look lovely from here; and when you get to them there is nothing to be seen except the level expanse of desert beyond."

"Let's go and see the desert, then. We shall at least have the pleasure of the ride."

"Well," said Jack, with a sigh of mock resignation,

"When a woman will, she will,
You may depend on't;
And when she won't, she won't
And that's the end on't."

"And so I guess I'll be obliged to take you or you'll bother me all summer."

"Indeed I will," I retorted, "and get Mattie to help me."

"Come on, Frank, we have fallen into the hands of the women folks and they never give a fellow any peace until they get their way; so let's make

haste and saddle the ponies," and with a ridiculously wry face he took up his hat and left the breakfast room, followed by his friend Frank Black.

Frank and Martha Black were the children of our mother's girlhood friend, and they had come to spend a few weeks with us at our pleasant country home near the little village of P——, and of course we were anxious to make their visit as pleasant as possible.

Mattie and I made haste to don our riding habits and descended the front steps just in time to meet the gentlemen as they led up the horses, and then they assisted us to mount.

The June sun shone brilliantly, and every shrub was alive with insect life, which sent forth a monotonous hum. Far away above the crest of Castle Peaks a few clouds were to be seen, but so light and fleecy that it seemed as if the slightest puff of wind would blow them out of sight. As we rode along the pleasant country road here and there a few stunted cedars were to be seen, and yet more frequently a sturdy pine. The fields sloped gently up toward the neighboring foothills.

"What a lovely morning for a ride!" exclaimed Mattie.

"Yes, it is," said I. "Let's go round by Hawk's Castle."

"What a queer name! And is it really a castle with 'ye ancient moat and drawbridge?'"

"Oh, no," laughed Jack, "it is only a three-roomed cottage perched up against some picturesque cliffs that face a stretch of beautiful meadow, through which runs a stream of clear water."

"Then how comes it by such a grand name?" said Frank.

"Oh, Walter Holbrook, the owner's

son, gave it that name after a hawk's nest that was built in an old cedar tree above the house a few summers ago. The Holbrooks live there every summer and keep a dairy; but they have not yet moved out of the village this summer."

We soon dashed round the cliffs and were hailed from the house: "Hello! Hello! Where are you off to? Get down and come in."

A tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired young man advanced his six-foot-two of manhood from the open door. This was Mr. Walter Holbrook, known to all his acquaintances as Dolly, not that he resembled a doll in the least, as he was rather too tall, altogether too talkative, and was the proud possessor of what we girls term "a love of a moustache." I believe there is a legend that he was at one time a very little baby and was called Dolly for a pet name; however, I do not vouch for this, and it may be that it was only by the rule of contrary.

He assisted me to alight, and after Jack had introduced Mattie and Frank he offered Mattie his arm, and directing Jack where to tie the horses, led the way to the house. Here he proceeded to introduce Mattie and Frank to his companions, with both of whom I was already acquainted.

"Bachelors' Hall, ladies, at your service," said Dolly. "Say, boys, don't you wish it was the fifth of July? You see," he continued, turning to us, "we sweep regularly every Fourth of July, and wash dishes every time we forget what we had for dinner last."

"Which is not often," said a curly headed, blue-eyed fellow, who bore the somewhat high-sounding name of Adolphus Fitz Hugh. "At least that's his Sunday name, but we call

him 'Curly' for short," remarked the irrepressible Dolly.

We were quite sure they could not forget for what they had last used the dishes when we looked at the array of things the third young gentleman (an awkward, shy young giant by the name of John Scott, who blushed every time Mattie glanced toward him) was moving out of a chair. First he took up a plate, which had apparently last contained dough; then another plate—more dough; then a pan containing still more dough, and sundry knives, forks and spoons, revealing the fact that even the chair was smeared with—a little more dough; while on the hearth a very black coffee pot kept close company with a frying pan, in which was a mixture of bacon fat and ashes.

We laughingly declined the chair, the appearance of which Dolly excused by saying, "You see, I had to use that chair for a table this morning, as the table proper was in use."

It certainly seemed so, as there were heaped thereon a saddle, two ropes, a pair of spurs and some saddle blankets. The walls were decorated with ropes, spurs, two pistols in holsters, while a long rifle hung above the mantlepiece of the wide-mouthed fireplace.

"I'll tell you how it is," said Curly, "today happens to be Dolly's turn to cook, and he wishes to make the most of our appearance."

"That I do," retorted Dolly good-naturedly. "When I cook I give the boys coffee, bacon and bread, and when the boys cook they give us bread, bacon and coffee, and you cannot fail to appreciate *my* superiority."

"Well, ladies," said Curly, "just come when it is *my* turn to keep house,

and you shall see how tidy I keep the Hall."

"Yes," said Dolly, shaking his head, "come when it is Curly's turn. Why, everything will be so immaculately clean you will be obliged to brush your clothes to keep from sticking," and Dolly drew such a droll face that we all laughed.

When the merriment had subsided Frank asked for a drink of water, and Dolly, after gravely appointing Curly "deputy housekeeper," during his absence, ushered us out to the pump, where he proceeded to treat us to a drink of the most deliciously cool, clear water in a tin dipper. We all praised the water, and then Dolly said, "Yes, this is the best water anywhere around for miles, and we have other attractions. Yonder," and he pointed to a stunted, straggling cedar, whose roots were imbedded in the crevices of the rocks, "yonder is the tree that contained the nest that gave the old castle its name; and although the nest is gone now, we still have a ghost, and that is almost as interesting."

"A real ghost!" exclaimed Mattie and I in a breath, "do please tell us about it."

"Well, I will, but come into the house first and sit down."

On returning to the house we found that Curly had improved the time of our absence and produced a bench from somewhere on the premises, and after spreading a blanket over it he invited us to be seated.

When we were all comfortably arranged Dolly assumed an air of exaggerated mock tragedy and commenced, "Several years ago, when this house was new, Curly and I agreed to stay and keep house a few days while mother and the girls went to town. It

was late in the fall, and when night came on it was pitchy dark, and to cap the climax a dismal wind had arisen and was moaning drearily around the house. Every now and then we could hear the hoot of a lonely owl, who was perched in that old tree above the house.

"Well, Curly and I had just sat down to supper when there came a gust of wind more violent than any that had preceded it, and we heard a fearful crash. We jumped up and hurried out of doors, to find that a chimney had blown off the kitchen. After ascertaining that no worse damage was done, we came back indoors, and there—standing with his back to the fire, was a man neither of us had ever seen before. Well, I inquired who he was and where he came from, and he only said he was a peddler and would like to stay all night. We agreed to this and asked him to show us his goods. He showed us his stock and I bought a jack knife and Curly some buckles, and then we asked him to sell a curious old pistol he carried at his belt. After some demur he sold it to us for a dollar and six bits. Then we gave him some supper and showed him where he could sleep.

"After talking about the peddler a while, Curly and I went to bed and to sleep. Now," said Dolly impressively, "look out for the ghost!"

Mattie started and glanced around apprehensively, while I just succeeded in smothering a scream.

Dolly laughed and continued, "In the night we were awakened by the tramp, tramp of heavy feet and the groans of the peddler in the west room. We jumped up to go into his room, and just as we crossed the door sill the clock on the mantle struck twelve.

Curly said he guessed the old fellow had eaten too much of mother's mince pie and had the colic, so we gave him some ginger and then went back to bed.

"I don't know how long we laid and listened to him before we went to sleep, but when we woke up the calves were bawling and it was nearer noon than I like to own. We jumped up and dressed and went in to see the old man, and there, strange to relate, we found," here Dolly raised his hands and shook his head, "we found that the old peddler had disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared the night before.

"And from that time to this on every windy night just after the clock strikes twelve there is a ghostly groaning and tramping which sounds very much like the noise made by that peddler's No. 10 boots.

"And now our friends look at Curly and me and shake their heads and whisper of dark deeds done at midnight and gravely inquire where we got that pocket knife and how we came into possession of that old peddler's pistol; while the 'unco' good' are sure our sins will find us out. But Curly and I have never, never told what became of that old peddler, or what we did with his money."

Here Dolly stopped, and closing his eyes and folding his hands groaned dismally.

"What was that man's name, Mr. Holbrook?" inquired Frank gravely.

"Jacob Stout," said Dolly with evident reluctance.

"And what kind of a looking man was he?"

Here Curly got up and went out, and Dolly again replied, "He was

short and dark and wore a very long beard."

"And had he lost the fourth finger of the left hand?" again inquired Frank.

Dolly looked round for Curly, and then answered ruefully, "Y-e-s."

Frank laughed, "Oh, you're a fraud. Why, I saw that old fellow when I was out in Nevada last spring, and he was still peddling."

"Oh," pleaded Dolly, "oh, please, please, don't speak so loud, or the ghost may hear you and leave; and then, where, oh where could we find another object as attractive to take its place at Hawk's Castle?"

And then we laughed at the mock despair on Dolly's face. Jack said after such a ghost story as that we had better go on, and asked Dolly how far it was to where we could obtain the best view of the desert between Castle Peaks.

Before he could reply Curly came in with an armful of wood, and throwing it down exclaimed, "If I'm not much mistaken it will be just pouring down in less than an hour; the clouds are banking up against the west mountains as if they intended to bring on another flood. You folks had all better stay here until the storm is over and have some dinner."

By this time he had a fire burning, and he arose from the hearth clapping his hands to clear them of ashes and continued, "You will confer a real favor on me by staying, for I think it would be a real pity to nip Dolly's rising genius, by denying him an opportunity to display his boasted skill as a cook."

Dolly glanced ruefully at the stack of doughy dishes, the dirty frying pan,

on the hearth, and then at the glowing fire.

"Now, Curly, you are confoundedly hospitable—excuse me, ladies—and all because it isn't your turn to cook. And, besides, you know there is bread to bake. But if the ladies *will* stay they shall be right welcome, and I shall do my best to serve them a presentable dinner and uphold the honor of Bachelors' Hall."

We laughingly declined this invitation, to Dolly's evident relief, and hurried to the door only to find Curly's words fully confirmed. The clouds that had seemed so small a few hours ago were now a bank of impenetrable gloom between us and Castle Peaks, while here and there the lightning drew zigzag lines athwart the horizon, and the muttering of the distant thunder was borne to our ears on the wings of the freshening breeze.

"Well, we'd better hurry home," said Frank, "as Mattie is awfully afraid of thunder."

"Are you, Mattie?" I laughed. "Why, it's just fun to get caught in a shower."

"Not for me," said Mattie soberly.

And as we rode away Dolly said, "Come, boys, let's 'speed the parting guest.'" And as we dashed round the cliffs they waved their hats and shouted, "Farewell! Come aga-a-in!" and then we passed out of hearing.

"Well, what do you think of Hawk's Castle?" inquired Jack.

"I for one have certainly enjoyed the visit, and even Mr. Holbrook's ridiculous ghost story," said Mattie, "but you know we haven't yet been to the Peaks."

"So we haven't," said I, "and I move that the next fourth of July, or the first fine day thereafter, the pres-

ent company go to the Castle Peaks, and on the way visit Hawk's Castle and see if Dolly has really swept the floor. All in favor say Aye." The vote was unanimous.

During this dialogue I had been privately congratulating myself on my excellent horsemanship, but the saying that "pride goes before a fall" was fully verified in my case, for just at this point my horse stumbled, and pitched me more hastily than gracefully over his head. Both Frank and Jack reached the ground almost as soon as I did, quite solicitous to know if I were hurt; but truth compelled me to admit that I was not hurt in the least; so they assisted me to remount, and we resumed our ride homeward. A few moments more and we dismounted at our own steps, and none too soon, for we were scarcely under shelter when the storm burst overhead. The lightning flashed vivid lines of electric fire from heaven to earth, and deafening peals of thunder followed one another in rapid succession, while the pouring rain soon formed tiny streams in every hollow of the ground.

But the storm was too furious to last, and the sun reasserted itself, while every leaf and flower seemed fresher and brighter for their recent bath. In the distance an exquisite rainbow spanned the tops of Castle Peaks.

MY DREAM.

CACTUS.

I DREAMED of a river whose waters deep
Reflected the sky's clear blue;
Of coral caves where the mermaids sleep;
Of a boat that was staunch and true

And in this boat myself and friend
Went sailing adown the stream—
To an isle where its journey ends
Beneath the sun's bright gleam.

A veiled helmsman silent sat
In the stern, as we sped along,
Careless alike of our social chat,
Our merry jest and song.

'Til we sang a song that told of pride,
Of romance, love and war,
Then he left the helm and we went aside,
And were stranded on a bar.

With danger, trouble and earnest toil
Our barque at last was free;
And we vowed by neglect no more to spoil
Our journey by land or sea.

In the narrow current strong and true
We drifted; all was fair;
Till on the banks, against the blue,
A city rose in air.

Its burnished spires shone in the sun
Like beams of living gold—
They came and vanished one by one;
'Twas beauteous to behold.

As the vision vanished from our sight,
We turned our eyes before;
Again we've drifted from the right;
Oh, shall we reach the shore!

We're in the rapids! See how fierce
The water seethes and boils!
The jagged rocks our boat may pierce!
It shivers, strains and toils.

Quickly as thought my arms I twine
Around my child and friend;
Then raise my voice in prayer to Him
Who only knows the end.

The helmsman mute, with flashing eye,
Now roused from dreamy thought,
Seizes the helm, and silently
The quivering boat soon brought

From danger's threatening aspect grim
Where boiling waters raved.
Then joyful hearts gave thanks to Him
That we from death were saved.

In the narrow current, true and strong,
Again we our path pursue;
Till the goal is reached we sought so long;
Our perilous journey through.

I said in my heart, a moral lies
In my dream, and I'll warning take.
In this world we may gain or lose a prize,
Our happiness mar or make.

In the river of Life's a narrow way
That is smooth and of danger 'reft,
But shoals and breakers we'll find alway
If we swerve to right or left.

Happy is he whose own strong will
Keeps him in wisdom's ways ;
Whose helmsman, Conscience, will e'en fulfill
Stern duty throughout his days.

But should we weaken and go astray,
As all are wont to do,
Our Father's provided an easy way
That we may our path renew.

"Repent," He says, "and thy sins forsake,
Walk straight in the narrow way,
And I of thy cross a crown will make
In my own good time and way."

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 405.]

"HE talked to me in a gentle, fatherly way, and spoke very sorrowfully of the coming trial. He called me by my name; he came over and put his hand on my shoulder and said in a low, pained voice that he believed I had sinned. That if he wronged me he hoped I would forgive him. 'I stand ahead of you,' he said, 'and I have my Father's work to do, and if I fail to do my duty by you in this darkest hour of your life, although it is a painful duty, he may require your soul of me.'

"I believe," he said with greatest humility and sorrow, 'that you have committed some grievous sin and lost the Holy Spirit. That you are courting destruction, by keeping your error hidden and failing to repent of it; for from God it cannot be hidden!'

"I knew what he said was true, but that only angered me the more, and as he proceeded to lay before me all the consequences of persevering in such a course, I grew wild with anger and I struck him!"

There was profound sorrow and indescribable pathos in the confession. He paused a moment as if the memory were almost too painful to endure.

"It was a mean, cowardly blow, and he staggered and leaned against a chair, pressing his handkerchief to his face, for that is where I struck him. I seized my hat and left the house, determined more than ever that I would push the trial. As I went out I met the sister at whose house the President of our branch was staying. She held a telegram in her hand and accosted me, although I tried to push past her.

"Planting herself in the path, with arms akimbo, she asked me where the President was. I told her very ungraciously where I had left him, and something in my manner or words displeased her, and she began to rail at me:

"You are a mean, ungrateful man," she said, 'and I know that you stand on the brink of the bottomless pit, for the President has been fasting three days for you, and I heard him praying for you last night, when you, no doubt, were sleeping softly and dreaming how to do more mischief in this branch of the Church!'

"I hurried on, but I knew what she had said was true, and that I struck him under such circumstances has rankled like a thorn in my flesh ever since. They were all assembled when I arrived, but the President, and he came in a few moments calm, mild, just; but the marks of the ugly blow that my cowardly hand had dealt him, I firmly believe, will be visible upon my soul through all the ages of eternity.

"All was begun with sober decency, and just as I was about to make the charge in proper form a woman opened the door and came in. It was the partner of my guilt, and we had -al

ready learned to detest each other cordially.

"She looked at me with as gloating a look of gratified malice as ever darkened and disfigured a human countenance. It was in expression the exact counterpart of the feelings of my heart. And that woman stood before that assembly like a beautiful fiend, with nothing to gain and all to lose, and told the whole story in all its hideous and revolting plainness.

"How I hated her! As she went out she came close to me where I sat, stupefied by the ruin that was closing over me, and bent down until her beautiful hair touched my cheek, and with those divine lips sneered at my Priesthood and called me a low name.

"I neither admitted nor denied the charge, and since it was a crime man could not forgive, they did their duty by solemnly excommunicating me, and 'delivering me over to the buffetings of Satan.'

"I know how Cain felt when he was driven forth upon the face of the land, for I have been a second Cain. Your question and mine I can answer now; Satan does not take care of his own. He tempts to evil and glories in the anguish of his victim. He feels a malicious joy in depriving the Savior of a soul; a soul of the benefits of the holy sacrifice offered up by Jesus Christ.

"Through all the misery and anguish of the twenty years intervening, I have had a knowledge that the gospel was true, but I had lost the light and could not walk by it. Do you not understand," he said as he noted the look of bewilderment on the face of Dager Blank, "that if you had had a lighted lantern to enable you to see the path you trod, and you blew it out,

that you could not forget that you had had a light, but you could no longer walk by its vision?"

Dager assented, and listened fascinated to the strange recital as the tramp proceeded.

"Through the long stretch of desolate years I have been conscious that I surrendered my manhood and honor to a meaner intelligence, for the dark, malignant influences of the air, are those who did not keep their first estate and were not worthy of bodies. Every person is conscious of this who yields to temptation, be it man, woman or child.

"I have been in hell, for I have been conscious of the glory of heaven while realizing its loss. Sometimes I have prayed, but more often I was dumb and defiantly enduring.

"But God is merciful, and my opportunity came tonight. If the taking of life is so great a crime, the saving of life is a corresponding virtue. But it is not the reasoning of cold philosophy that tells the spirit what is true.

"When that woman's cry rang out on the night air, that old familiar spirit spoke to my soul: 'This is your opportunity to win forgiveness for your sins. This child has a great work to do for its dead ancestors, and the evil powers seek its life.'

"Did I hesitate even when the same spirit bore testimony to me that I was going to a dreadful death? And yet let me give God the glory, for He guided my steps, saved me where another was stricken down, nerved my hand and held up the roof while I saved his precious little one. The pain I feel is sweet, the anguish holy. I have not known such joy for twenty years," he said solemnly.

Dager looked upon this strange being and hardly knew whether to account him sane.

"You do not comprehend what I am telling," the tramp said, "but the time will come when you will. You will be saved as a 'brand from the burning.' What you have passed through has been to prepare your mind to be willing to receive a message of peace. The whole earth stands on the brink of a reign of terror, such as France knew, only more dreadful. The souls of all honorable men sicken, for they know that the world is powerless to heal its own disease, and they who will not engage in crime, oppression and bloodshed must needs flee to Zion for safety. I can see in your face the signs of the great battle you have fought. Your faith in philosophy, in men, in yourself has been well nigh destroyed, that there might be room for faith in God. The soil has been plowed by adversity, the good seed has been sown; but only the Father knows what the harvest will be. Many there be whose spiritual natures are not refined enough to respond to the requirements of the Church of Christ, but all the honorable of the earth may enter into the kingdom of God and live under the law."

For some time he lay with closed eyes, when he suddenly opened them and said: "When I am dead do not forget that in this solemn hour, with the mantle of inevitable death around me, I bear witness to you that God lives, that His Son Jesus Christ died for the sins of the world, making the resurrection possible; and that in our day upon the rock of revelation He has established His kingdom, and it is called the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The wind swept down the street, dashing the rain against the windows, and shaking the house like a wild thing in a rage.

Again the eyes of the lean tramp closed, and the breathing was fitful and labored. His pulse, under the finger of Dager Blank, that a few moments before had been bounding like a steel spring, was now scarcely discernible.

"Oh, my country!" the dying man exclaimed in a sorrowful voice, "your breast has been drenched with the blood of your noblest sons and daughters. How sad that government and religion should be at war with each other! They who are the father and the mother of every progressive civilization; different in function, equal in power, the male and female elements of one perfect system. Woe! to that nation and that people who are orphaned of either."

All was still for many minutes, and Dager began to wonder if the eyes of his poor friend would ever open again.

There was a rustling near the door, then a low knock, and the door was pushed open and a man entered, followed by two women. They approached the couch and looked upon the sufferer's face.

"Is he conscious?" asked Mary Gray, for it was she and her brother and Mrs. Lawson.

This woman had refused Dager only a few hours before, but how different the feeling he entertained for her and that other woman who had once refused him. This was love built upon the deepest respect, and could not die or turn to bitterness; the other was passion, and robbed of its desires it turned to blackest withering scorn of her and himself.

"I think so," he answered gently.

"Mrs. Lawson wishes to thank him," she whispered. "Mr. Lawson is very badly hurt, but not necessarily fatal, the doctor says."

The lean tramp opened his eyes. "You are the woman who fed me when the whole world seemed to have turned against me," he said as he looked into the tear-stained face of Mrs. Lawson.

"I am that woman whose babe you saved from death, the woman whose husband you rescued, and I have come to thank you," and she poured out the gratitude of her soul and her sorrow for him in a flood of womanly words.

"When you go back to Utah," he said to her, "I want you to do, or rather see that a work is done for me in the sacred temples of our God, and whatever debt you feel you owe me will be thus cancelled. Come near me and I will tell you the name."

She leaned over him and he whispered it to her, and to her great surprise it was one she had heard mentioned by her father when he spoke of the earlier days of the Church.

Dager and Mary Grey had been conversing in low tones. He had been telling her what the dying man had said of her brother, and she explained the relationship between them.

Mrs. Lawson was anxious to return to her husband, and Mary desired to remain, so her brother suggested that she stay while he escorted Mrs. Lawson to the hospital and he would return for her.

Again, before the light of dawn, they two stood side by side. The breathing of the tramp was becoming more and more labored, and the pulse weaker and weaker.

"I feel," said Dager in a low voice,

"that this sight is too trying for you, Miss Grey."

"It is, indeed, a terrible sight; but he is a hero and I could not desert him in his last hour, even when I am utterly helpless to do anything for him."

So together they watched the last movement, heard the last breath flutter over the lips of the apostate-repentant, and they hoped forgiven. They wept together over the ghastly remains, she from pity, he because he loved the dead.

Mary Grey's brother came and took her away, and Dager, leaving a fellow unfortunate with the dead tramp, went out into the darkness of the street, to try to recover some of the steadiness of nerve that was natural to him.

Who shall say whether it was force of habit or providence that led his footsteps toward the office?

The first pale light was beginning to make objects discernible as he neared the building where the printing office was located.

The storm was spent, the streets were entirely deserted, and as he leaned against the high board fence that surrounded the premises, he heard a strange sound. Applying his eye to a crevice between the boards, he saw Mr. Blackwell shoveling dirt into a shallow hole and stamping it down.

Dager was sufficiently interested to remain until the task was completed, and Mr. Blackwell, all unconscious of the eyes upon him, piled some broken boxes over the spot, and with an old broom carefully obliterated his own tracks as he walked backward toward the building and softly let himself in with a latch key.

That last act was so suspicious, that Dager was very strongly impressed to

go and dig up what had been buried, for his over-wrought nerves and natural dislike and distrust of the man suggested nothing less than murder.

But restraining the desire and contenting himself by simply noting the spot, he went his way to give orders for the funeral of his dead friend.

It was nine o'clock when he entered the office. Mr. Farce and Mr. Blackwell were there before him, and he immediately became aware that something of a grave and unusual nature had occurred.

Mr. Farce was first to enlighten him, and as he proceeded Dager was conscious that deep-rooted suspicion rested upon him.

"My safe was broken open last night, and all the money I had in the world was stolen. I became convinced that the bank where it was kept was unsafe and by the advice of my partner withdrew it; it was for the most part gold, and therefore it will be next to impossible to trace it. However, there were a few bank bills and notes of exchange whose numbers and denominations I have. We are of the opinion, Mr. Blank, that the safe was robbed last night just after that disastrous fire."

Dager felt the cold, snaky, suspicious eyes of Mr. Blackwell upon him. He tried to act naturally, to express the real indignation and regret he felt. The effort was a failure; his nerves, already shaken by many contending emotions, by his sorrow and the want of rest, were in no condition to respond steadily to this new demand. His face flushed and then grew as pale as the face of his respected employer.

"Mr. Farce," he stammered, "have you any suspicion as to who the guilty parties can be?"

Mr. Farce shook his head.

"I have," said Mr. Blackwell, "I have more than a suspicion, for I think I know."

"Then there is some hope of recovery," Dager said eagerly. "Mr. Farce, have you any instructions for me? When I have seen the man who was burned to death last night buried, I am at your service."

"We have taken every precaution already that the guilty parties shall not escape." Mr. Blackwell responded with a sardonic smile.

"You will oblige me by not mentioning this matter outside of the office," said Mr. Farce, not unkindly; but Dager realized for all that, that the seeds of distrust of him had been planted in the heart of his honored employer.

He cared more that he was Mary Grey's guardian than he was his employer; but said nothing, and simply bowing his head in acquiescence he passed to his desk, and proceeded to re-create the scene of the conflagration in such a masterly manner that they who read it lived it over again.

When the hour for the lean tramp's funeral came, he went, but was conscious that he was every moment shadowed by a detective. The body of the tramp was buried, and above his grave was a small memorial stone, on which no name appeared; but it bore these words:

A HERO.

Erected by his Friend.

There were flowers, too, and quite a number of persons remembered his heroism long enough to follow the coffin to the burial ground.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INACTIVITY IS DEATH.

CECIL FORTESCUE.

BUILT where the hills and valley meet,
The wheels all still are wrapped in frost;
The water pulseless at its feet;
The busy soul of labor lost,
The mill in winter stands.

We miss the water's sheeted drip;
The moon glints on the crusted snow,
The 'cicles frozen to its lip,
That stopped the water's rapid flow
And stilled the earnest hands.

The evergreens seems closer now;
More dense the shadows they let fall,
Than when the birds sang on each bough,
And answered love with lover's call,
In summer's golden days.

But over all the dear old place,
Where e'er unsightly thing appear,
The snow hath spread its matchless grace
And left the outlines smooth and clear
Beneath the moon's calm rays.

There's something here that pleases me;
The peaceful silence of the place,
Where grief and joy alike sleep on,

And passion's soul hath hid its face—
In solitude my mind
Finds restful bliss in silence deep,
Apart from surging human tides,
This pulseless chill and death-like sleep.
Doth all mean impulse bind.

Need I confess, my soul all bruised,
Recoils from vict'ries dearly bought;
Life's loveliest, holiest things passed by,
For arrant fancy lightly caught
By outward ruddy bloom?

Your own soul answers me. You too
Have felt the pang of labor lost,
Of motives stamped with deep distrust;
Scanty results, for mighty cast
Laid by in memory's tomb.

But still I've gained some added strength;
Tested the temper of my steel;
I've drank the mingled bitter-sweet.
By suffering learned what others feel.
And ere an hour goes by

I'll hie me back to join the throng,
(Leave peace and stillness, deadly deep),
To bear and battle with the strong.
To live, to sorrow, sing and weep.
Let sleep come when I die.

◁THE WORLD▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

FOREIGN—THE FLIGHT OF THE ITATA—THE
PEOPLE'S PARTY—MEMORIAL DAY—THE
PRESIDENT'S TRIP—MR. EDISON'S NEW
INVENTION—OUR NATIONAL DEBT.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Foreign.—

QUEEN VICTORIA is a great grandmother. This baby, daughter of the duchess of Fife, who is only to be admitted to the rank of duchess, may wear the English crown some day. The sons of the Prince of Wales are unmarried. If they remain so, or are childless, she will be the queen's successor. She is not as far from the

throne as Queen Victoria was when she was a baby.

Emperor William's arrogance is said to have created a state of affairs that menaces the peace of Europe. His meddling has not advanced the prosperity of Germany; on the contrary, the Triple Alliance, the strongest guarantee of peace in Europe, has been weakened since Bismarck's overthrow. Discord in the empire has threatened to produce discord among the allies, and this would result in just the state of things for which Russia and France have been preparing and waiting so long.

The Flight of the Itata.—

There was something decidedly cool in the manner in which the Itata put off to sea with the United States deputy marshal on board.

The Itata, being a vessel equipped by the Chilian insurgents for purposes hostile to the existing government, the United States, by virtue of its laws of neutrality, was bound to prevent its return to Chili with supplies purchased in this country. So it was manifestly impossible for our government to take any other than the course it pursued, which was the arrest of her captain and the subsequent placing of a United States Marshal on board, supposing she would quietly remain under arrest, was a very short-sighted proceeding as events proved. When the Itata left her anchor and put out to sea, her peaceful surrender was a complete vindication of American ideas of international duty and responsibility.

The People's Party

That was born at Cincinnati, is another third party dreaded by the Republicans, because every Alliance man in the South is a Democrat, and every Alliance man in the West will vote the straight Alliance ticket. This it is prophesied will produce the same result in the Presidential election that the Prohibition party was responsible for in 1884, and political seers say it will elect the same President.

Memorial Day.—

All over our land on the 30th of May the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves was observed. The North spread its garland on the graves of the "Blue," and in this month the South will honor the graves

of the "Gray." Tears of affectionate remembrance bedewing alike the graves of the victor and the vanquished. The one fought for the maintainance of his State's rights, the other for the perpetuity of the Union, both believing he was right.

After twenty-six years the passion and the bitter rancor of the strife has subsided. The standard of the Gray went down in the gloom of defeat. The victor was crowned with laurels, both were one—country-men, both brothers. To-day they are remembered in every city, town and village. The "Blue" for giving up life that the principles should live. The "Gray" that he should fall a victim to a lost cause.

And this day, with its sunny skies, its sacrament of flowers, has done more to cement the kindly ties than all the eloquence of orators and the measures of poets.

All hail! Memorial day! with its loving offices. God bless our land and keep alive for many a year the feeling of fraternal remembrance and kindly recollection. "Love and tears for the Blue. Tears and love for the Gray."

The President's Trip.—

During the late trip of President Harrison to the West, he made 140 short speeches and witnessed thousands of people who had never had an opportunity of seeing a President before. Each morning people would pass fresh bread into the train, and his party was constantly supplied with everything in the way of products that the country through which he was passing afforded. In crossing the plains at places where it could hardly be believed that man or beast could

exist, from 3 to 500 people would be eagerly awaiting the train at the stopping places, and they would send up cheer after cheer for the only President who had ever passed their way. School children would throw flowers as the train rolled by, and at some of the stations that were passed at 1, 2, and 3 o'clock in the morning hundreds of people would be found waiting. On these occasions the President would arise and dress so that these people should not be disappointed. In many cases the President would be deeply affected, and he would greet his friends with tears in his eyes. In every case where the President was obliged to arise at 5 and 6 in the morning, he never laid down during the day. From this an idea may be gained of some of the responsibilities of high officials in our country.

Mr. Edison's New Invention.—

Thomas A. Edison is perfecting an electrical invention for the World's Fair that is to be called a kinetograph. This instrument, that produces objects as well as sounds, will give a photographic view on a large scale by means of a scene of a play, an opera, or a prize fight or any public exhibition in a manner that represents the facial expression with the sound the play of muscles, together with the surroundings. Mr. Edison had an acre of ground at the Paris Exposition for his electrical display. He wants a larger tract at the World's Fair.

It is now generally conceded that the Koch lymph is a fraud. At the time of the publication of the medical discovery, the *New York Medical* world went wild: prominent physicians neglected their work and went

abroad by scores to procure the precious fluid. When they came back they instituted a series of experiments on a magnificent scale. Each of the prominent hospitals of New York city set apart a ward for the exclusive treatment of patients by inoculation. Although the Koch baloon was punctured rather early in its rise, it still soared. But now the collapse is complete. Public interest at first at fever heat, flagged to such an extent that when the announcement was made that two of the hospitals had given up experiments, having met with no success whatever, the fact was hardly noticed. Even if the other hospitals continue the treatment, it is almost determined that there will be little more talk of Koch and his lymph. The only conjecture in the popular mind now is whether the health authorities, in view of the dangerous complications which have been caused by the inoculations, should not inhibit the treatment.

Colonel T. W. Higginson has recently written an article for one of the New York papers, in which he has affirmed that New York is the literary center of our country. This declaration has created much comment, principally among the Bostonians, who are looking to their laurels. Leaving the bitterness of this discussion to those who it most concerns, it is but just to state that the time seems to have arrived when no city or locality can claim a monopoly of literary taste or acquirement. In these days of rapid transit and universal travel, it is almost impossible to get beyond the culture and advanced thought of our civilization. Washington never urges its claims as a literary center, yet it is

a known fact that the demand for the best periodical literature is greater there in proportion to its population than in any other American city. Coming westward, there is no lack of libraries and readable newspapers. The press of to-day disseminates not only news but literature with an unsparing hand.

Our National Debt.—

The Census Bureau has been making some inquiries as to the matter of the bonded debt of the United States, and has brought to light figures that show the debt burden of our government to be less than that of any other great nation. In 1890 the amount of debt for each person in the country was \$14.63, while that of Italy was \$76.06. In Austria Hungary the amount per capita was \$70.84; of Russia, \$30.79; of Great Britain, \$87.79; and of France, \$116.35. Germany alone of all the nations had a smaller amount to each inhabitant than the United States, and France had the greatest of all the countries. The burden in most of the smaller nations in Europe was also much heavier than ours. Germany, ever since the days of Frederick the Great, has been averse to assuming bonded debts. Prussia, during the days of that restless, ambitious potentate, was constantly engaged in wars, but these were paid for as they were ended, and although the taxpayers were impoverished by them, they had no consequent debt to carry from year to year. The theory that a national debt is a national blessing has never found favor with our statesmen, and financial obligations were always discharged as speedily as possible. After the beginning of the administration of John Quincy Adams,

our national debt was merely nominal, and during Jackson's administration, it was practically obliterated. At present the credit of the United States is greater than that of any other great nation.

The quarrel among the Lady Managers of the World's Fair is greatly to be regretted. The appointment of Lady Managers was an opening wedge and an opportunity in which women had a chance to display her managing ability, and also to refute the oft repeated charge made by men, that it was not possible for women to work together amicably, but the unseemly wrangle over a question of authority will destroy many of the benefits that would have accrued to women if the commission could have accomplished its labors in harmony. Miss Couzins' threat to take the stump and make her deposition a matter of national importance is an idle threat, and makes the matter more ridiculous. The appointment of a separate Board of Lady Managers was a mistake. Good, capable women should have been put on the regular Board without distinction of sex. The work of woman should have gone in on the same basis as that of men, and have stood on its own merits. No separate exhibit was necessary—all work going into the exhibits—without mention of the maker's sex would place it on a fair and square basis for impartial judgment.

Since the reciprocity scheme has been put in operation deeper interest is felt in Mexico and the countries south of us. Newspaper correspondents are doing Mexico and this is what Frank Carpenter says of it, "It is a land of different civilization from ours.

Its people are a people in themselves, it is a land of wonders and a continuously changing kaleidoscope of strange things of both man and nature." Of the women he says "The women are as strange as the men, though their plumage is less gay. Those of the wealthier classes are dressed in black. In the interior cities of Mexico the better class of women wear no hats, and their heads are either bare or covered with a black shawl out of which their olive-complexioned faces shine and their dark lustrous eyes look at you with a strange wonder. The Indian women are much prettier than

their wealthiest sisters. They have a striking beauty under age, but after 30 they grow old rapidly, hard work and poor food makes them wrinkled and old at 35. They are more picturesque than the higher classes and their dress takes you again back to the east. The clothes of all are as a rule cleaner than other people in the same degree of poverty, and the self respect they possessed when, under Montezuma, they were the most civilized people on this continent, clings to them still and many students of Mexicans believe they are the people of the future."

CURRENT ISSUES.

THE WORD OF WISDOM.

Editor Young Woman's Journal:

THERE is, I am satisfied, no more prolific cause for crime than intemperance. There are at the present time about 55,000 criminals in the prisons and penitentiaries of the United States, 50,000 of whom are males and 5,000 females. Thus it will be seen that ten-elevenths of all the criminals of this country are males, while only one-eleventh are females, thus showing the great lack of morality in the male portion of the community as compared to the female.

Men are by force of their training, surroundings and habits more immoral than women. Why is this? Can we truthfully say that the girl baby is more susceptible of refining influences than the boy baby? This may be the case to a limited degree, but all things being equal, we may say that the boy and girl as beginners in the race of life are nearly equal, at the time of

birth or for a few years after; but as soon as they grow to be boys and girls, or are able to realize their surroundings and they begin to play out of doors, while the little girl is watched and religiously guarded from vice or any chance of acquiring indelicate habits, the little boy is left more to his own devices for amusement and to choose his associates; and he soon learns to despise in many instances the restraining influences of mother's watch care or of elder sister's attention, and bravely talks to his playmates in sneering tone of his little sister, dubbing her as "Sis," who dares not leave her mother's apron strings. And so the little boy soon assumes that mother's care is all well enough for sister, but it wouldn't do for a little man who seeks for himself amusement and companionship. And soon he thinks he is fast assuming manly proportions by following the pernicious examples of elder boys in smoking and chewing tobacco and indulging occa-

sionally in a little tipling on the sly.

So the mother perceives that her boy is being gradually led away from the refining influences of home, and that finally he has drifted into habits that if indulged in by her daughter, the girl would be ostracised or barred from society; while the boy is permitted to indulge in all manner of small vices and yet can have a passport into the same circles as his purer and more refined sister.

The boy smokes a cigarette, but if the girl should do such a thing even her own brother would say she was unfit for a sweetheart for his playmate, who, like himself, indulged in the same pernicious habit. He may chew tobacco and occasionally become intoxicated, and yet he is at liberty to visit the daughter of his neighbor and associate with the family of the best people of the town, smoker, chewer and drinker though he be. And yet if any young lady of his acquaintance were guilty of the same vices, the young man himself would be the first to cry out shame, and would consider her beneath him in the social and moral scale; and so we readily perceive the effect of the moral training which our girls receive and the lack of the same in the care of our boys.

A celebrated temperance teacher has stated that 80 per cent. of all crimes committed have their foundation in drunkenness, and that indulgence in alcoholic drinks produces and stimulates a desire to commit crime.

Joseph Smith the Prophet, inspired by the Spirit of God, wrote on February 27th, 1833:

"If any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good; it prompts men while thus

steeping their senses in strong drink to cultivate all their baser passions, and the person who seeks to prevent them from doing wrong is often looked upon and treated as an enemy. Behold, it is not good, men kill their wives and children under its baneful influences. Men maddened with drink murder their fellow-men and destroy their own lives. And the Lord further says, In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men, I warn and forewarn you."

Look around you, young people of Utah; do you see the efforts of evil and conspiring men to plant their nefarious traffic of strong drink in every town and city in fair Utah! They have been successful, and evil exists, and the dram shop and its concomitants, the brothel and gambling hell, are here to tempt and lead away the Saints, and more especially their young children. Behold it is not good; behold, the evil and designing men are here. They are here as editors, as saloon keepers, as gamblers and Liberals, and represent that class of men who declare in their daily organ that to see a young Mormon drunk or frequenting houses of ill fame makes their hearts rejoice, because through these excesses they expect to lead young Utah from under priestly rule.

Jesus said that offences must needs come, but woe unto them by whom they come. There must needs be temptations, even in the fair cities of Zion, until God's people learn to overcome all evils. I say unto my young brethren and sisters as Christ said, Beware of the leaven of the Gentiles, for these evils of drunkenness and crime are the leaven by which they

desire to produce evil in the midst of Israel. Enticing the young into paths of sin by the glittering baits which they hold out.

The meaning of the Word of Wisdom as given through the Prophet Joseph, is that the Saints, even the very weakest of them, must refrain from the use of tobacco and strong and hot drinks of every kind. And God has said, "If my people will observe to keep this law, observing this Word of Wisdom, they shall have health in their navel, marrow in their bones, and strength in their loins; they shall run and not be weary and they shall walk and not faint, and the angel of death shall pass by them as he did Israel of old and not slay them."

DEAR EDITOR:—My earnest regard for the welfare of the youth of Zion and constant solicitude for their future purity and happiness must be my excuse for this hastily penned letter. You are at liberty to publish the same in your worthy paper if you deem it of sufficient importance.

Your Brother Truly,
SEYMOUR B. YOUNG.

WHAT SHALL THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS READ?

DAVID JOHN.

BOOKS are instruments of knowledge, but it requires taste and good judgment to make a suitable and useful selection. It is possible to store the memory with romances and various kinds of light literature; but it should be taken into consideration, before choosing or reading a book, how much real and useful knowledge we are likely to gain by its perusal.

The gospel stimulates the literary propensities, it should also inspire us in the selections of books.

The choicest thoughts of the past, the richest ideas that adorn the mind have sprung from inspired minds. What then is our duty in relation to reading?

We answer, to raise the standard of literature to the highest pinnacle. This the Apostle did at Ephesus. Such was the effect of his preaching, that his hearers, who had in their possession costly books—scrolls containing the mystic symbols of sorcery and astrology, and by which they obtained their livelihood, "brought them together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver."

Here we have a specimen of what should be done with corrupt literature. Our aim should be to read books filled by the spirit of the gospel. As the sun is in every blade and flower, giving life to all nature, in like manner the light of truth should give life to all books which we read.

Patronize only the literature that imparts knowledge and increases the wealth of the understanding. We have books on all subjects—religious, history, science, language; books to enlighten, to discipline and to amuse.

Truth is one, whether it comes down from heaven or up from the earth, back from the revolution of the past, or out from the abysses of the mind. All truth speaks in one voice, it may be different in tones; but it speaks for one end, that is the voice of God; that end is the weal of man.

We are not required to adopt books written by any particular talent to the exclusion of others. It requires every

mind to stir up the gift that is in it, and to work in its own way. There is a spirit in every book which can easily be detected.

Here, then, is the test of healthy literature—the book that “hath not the spirit of Christ is none of His.” By this test, what books are we called upon to lay aside and disapprove? All trifling and prostituting books should be shunned.

The aim of reading is not to nourish sickly sentiment, to cause men to whine and laugh, but to labor and worship among eternal realities. All books which aim to crush the religious element in man, quench the sense of moral obligation, rupture the tie which connects him to the Eternal, in whatever form they appear, they may come in the garb of philosophy, wit or eloquence, we must repudiate all that do not breathe loyalty and reverence to God.

All sensual writings, which appeal more to the passions than to the reason, excite more animal feeling than spiritual thought, that view man rather as the citizen of time than the offspring of the Infinite, must be put away from us. Such books are hostile to that religion which requires us to do all to the glory of God.

The Latter-day Saints have gathered out of the various nations in compliance to the divine command: “Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.” If it be the duty of the Saints to separate themselves from the personal friendships of men of corrupt minds, can it be right for them to admit their pestilential and contagious thoughts into their own houses by the perusal of their corrupt works, or to promote their circulation

by purchasing their production? Separation from such literature involves no reasonable denial.

Infuse the spirit of the gospel into the minds of the youth, that none will read or keep a corrupt book, in this age of gospel light. There are thousands of volumes issued from the press every year with nothing in them deserving attention. They start no thought and kindle no inspiration. While, on the other hand, as Milton says, “as good almost kill a man, as kill a good book.”

The great painters and poets of the world have gone to divine Scripture for materials out of which to work those grand productions that have filled successive ages with their fame. The finest subjects for historic painting within the entire circle of the fine arts have been selected from the Scriptures. Such are Lot and his Two Daughters hastened by the Angels out of Sodom; and the Finding of Moses on the Nile, by Rembrandt; Moses Striking the Rock, by Poussin; The Deluge, by Trumbull; Belshazzar's Feast, by Martin; The Transfiguration and The Madonna, by Raphael; Moses Receiving the Law, Abraham and Isaac at the Foot of the Mountain, Paul's Shipwreck, Christ Rejected, and Death on the Pale Horse, by Da Vinci; Christ in the Garden, by Guido; The Fall of the Damned and the Resurrection of the Just, by Rubens. Raphael, the first painter in the world, and who was employed so extensively by Leo X., painted chiefly scriptural subjects. His famous cartoons are all scriptural themes.

Let the young ladies and all other persons go into the field of biblical truth, the truth contained in the Book of Mormon and the Book of Doctrine

and Covenants, let them peruse with interest the sermons and saying of inspired men of God, and feel that there they will meet the deepest experience of every living man and every question that agitates the common heart, whether social, political or religious, and try it by the light of the divine law, whose principles are ever in favor of popular rights.

This law denounces oppression, recognizes the rights of all, and incul-

cates special sympathy with the poor and the oppressed. The greatest minds have acknowledged its superiority. St. Paul had traversed the literary domains of the eastern hemisphere; he had gathered the choicest gems from the writings of the Hebrew rabbis; but when he entered the study of the gospel, he said: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord."

◀HYGIENE.▶

A LETTER

FROM A GRADUATED MEMBER OF SISTER SORENSEN'S CLASS IN OBSTETRICS.

I WISH to say a few words to my young sisters regarding the instructions imparted by Sister Hannah Sorensen to her classes.

I have been privileged to attend one course of her lectures and truly say to all I am thankful to have been thus favored. Her teachings are in strict accord with the principles of our gospel as far as I understand them, and I testify that we enjoy the spirit of our religion in our exercises, which are always opened and dismissed by prayer. My sisters who read the JOURNAL are acquainted with some of the peculiar circumstances connected with—and some of the many sacrifices made and persecutions endured by this sister in order to identify herself with this people and emigrate to Utah. I feel convinced that this was no happening but that the Lord who knoweth all things and understandeth the thoughts of every heart, saw that this lady possessed the knowledge so much needed by the

daughters of Zion, and with this great understanding still retained a spirit of humility, and a willingness to ascribe to her Heavenly Father all the glory, taking unto herself no honor, but being willing and anxious to instruct her sisters regarding the formation of their bodies, and suggest what articles of diet would nourish and strengthen the body with out the use of artificial stimulants; of how to bathe, sleep, work and live in a natural manner, thus avoiding the use of drugs, and patent medicines, clearly showing that good nursing, fresh air, repose, exercise, sunshine, and peaceful, cheerful association, will bring about more permanent cures than just taking medicine, our teacher ever holds up before us the efficacy of the oil we use accompanied with the prayer of faith used in wisdom, fasting, and humility.

Dwelling largely upon prenatal influences and showing that an ounce of example and prevention is better than a pound of precept or cure, teaches us to observe the laws of nature, be free and easy in our dress, not

to be serfs to the goddess of fashion, who has brought to the human family so much suffering, misery and death.

In my opinion she teaches just what our young ladies and mothers should know, so that we could see the necessity of gradually living up to them. We can already take pattern from the many reforms now being introduced by the world in diet—also in the Madam Jenness-Miller dress reform, and other things.

A prominent American doctor said if he could only invent a medicine to cure headache without removing the cause he could make six fortunes.

We put into our stomachs that which produces headache aided by sleeping in poorly ventilated rooms on feather beds from 11 o'clock at night till about the same hour next day, in many cases with blinds down and a lamp turned low, consuming more oxygen than half a dozen persons breathing this same air over and over again.

We often indulge in things that bring ailments upon us, then take medicine to alleviate the effects by putting our nerves to sleep or in some way lulling the pain while we are under its influence, but we seldom think of removing the cause.

Dear girls just imagine your sturdy brother putting a pair of corsets on before going to work in the field or canyon; we all know he could not use his muscles or perform his labor without great inconvenience and discomfort. No man would endure such bands, but we girls will work equally hard according to our strength with these stiff bones around our bodies. I have seen young ladies wash, scrub, and clean stoves with these bands upon them, and their sleeves so tight they could scarcely bend their arms, and

yet we can accustom ourselves to these things till our muscles are weakened to such an extent that when we first leave them off we feel as though we would stoop, and become round shouldered, and our bodies ache for the artificial support. I have had this experience and know, and I can testify to you my young sisters that there is much unnecessary suffering endured by our sex just from the use of this one article of dress.

I am acquainted with one large family of young ladies who have never used them, and they are without an exception, models of grace and symmetry moving about their home duties with ease and comfort.

I heard a lady doctor from the east say that corsets had killed more children than the Juggernaut and swallowed up more lives than the Ganges.

Respectfully your sister, a class member.

MRS. EMILY CLUFF,

PROVO, June 20th, 1891.

PUBERTY.

AN ESSAY READ AT THE CLOSING EXERCISES OF SISTER SORESENSEN'S CLASS IN PROVO, JUNE, 1891.

PUBERTY is that period in woman's life when the reproductive organs should be developed into perfection. In this period many of the causes for the diseases of womankind are laid. Puberty is supposed to begin at about ten years of age, and maturity is reached at the age of twenty in the majority of cases.

How carefully should the health of the girl be guarded at this critical period, for upon the care given her at this time depends much of her future welfare and happiness. She requires

more care and attention than does the boy in these years.

God has endowed the two sexes with equal intelligence, but how different is their mission! Man is physically stronger, and better able to cope with the difficulties of life, while woman is frailer and more sensitive in her nature, and the law of her life is love. Yet she possesses, withal, the necessary qualifications, patience and endurance, to perform the work required of her by a wise Creator, that of bearing and rearing her offspring. The blood is the supply of life, and if one part of the system is taxed too heavily, it is always at the expense of some other part. Yet our girls in these years are placed in the same schools and given the same tasks that boys are, with little or no physical exercise. And what is the consequence? Simply this: That the reproductive organs are dwarfed and deprived of their natural strength, and in many instances the girl is deprived of that holiest, grandest gift of God unto His daughters, the crown of motherhood.

As the natural birth is the beginning of the child's life, and upon its treatment the first year depends much of its later health, so may these years be termed the birth of the woman, and her treatment during this period controls to a very great extent her health and welfare during the remainder of her life.

God never designed that His daughters should suffer as they do now in performing the labor and fulfilling the mission placed upon them, and we may rest assured that it is caused through the breaking of His laws. If nature's laws were observed, maturity and menstruation would appear at the same time, and much unnecessary suf-

fering and waste of precious life and health might be avoided. But in too many cases both parents and teachers overlook this important fact, and strive only for intellectual advancement, either not understanding or entirely ignoring the fact that the moral and physical nature should be developed at the same time.

Oh, how carefully should the growing girl be guarded during these years that no contaminating influences may be brought to bear upon her. With what solicitude should the books that she reads be selected, and the companions with whom she associates be chosen. And how great the responsibility of the mother in guiding and directing the expanding body and soul of the girl thus placed in her care. But her reward will be doubly great if when the years of puberty are passed she sees her loved daughter stand forth fully qualified, mentally, morally and physically, to perform the mission assigned her, that of becoming mother to some of the noble spirits reserved by our Creator to come forth in this dispensation.

In conclusion, I wish briefly to express my appreciation of the truths taught us here in this class, and thank our noble teacher for the untiring zeal which she has manifested in imparting the same unto us, with a hope that our heavenly Father will bless her with strength to pursue her work until the daughters of Zion understand and live these principles in purity.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite—of the idea made real.

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

WORDS AND INCIDENTS OF THE
PROPHET JOSEPH'S LIFE.SPRINGVILLE, UTAH,
May, 1891.*Editor Young Woman's Journal:*

I READ Elder Andrew Jenson's lectures last winter, in which he clearly shows that our first parents, Adam and Eve, were located upon this continent, and that the eastern continent was first settled by Noah and his family after the flood, the ark having been driven across the Atlantic and landed in the interior of the east land.

In his remarks upon the building of the ark, Brother Jenson by some means arrived at a conclusion as to the direction of the locality in which the ark was built, which though not entirely correct, is approximately in the right direction from here—if he had located the spot north, west or south from here he would have been entirely wrong.

The place or country where the ark was built was designated in my hearing by the Prophet Joseph Smith as being in or near South Carolina.

And now, while speaking of the Prophet, I will relate one or two more sayings of his, which, though somewhat of a personal nature, are the words of a great prophet of God, and by repeating his words and works I think I honor him and God who sent him and give information to future generations—at least I help fulfill one of his predictions, which, however, I had not the least suspicion at that time that I would ever do.

He was advising the Elders all to keep daily journals, "For," said he,

"your journals will be sought after as history and scripture. That is the way the New Testament came, what we have of it, though much of the matter there was written by the apostles from their memory of what had been done, because they were not prompt in keeping daily journals."

I have kept the journal as he directed, and you, dear Editor, have sought the matter I have written therein, thus we are both contributing to the fulfilling of that prediction. Many similar incidents have occurred of late years.

On one occasion while the prophet was waiting for his boots to be repaired by my brother Dimick in Nauvoo he indulged in recounting personal services rendered him by Dimick; he exhibited his gratitude and greatness of soul in this way:

He said, "Now, Dimick, in return for such acts, you may ask of me what you will and it shall be given you, even if it be to the half of my kingdom."

Dimick told it to me, and said that in thinking what he should ask for, decided he would not ask for anything that would impoverish Joseph, nor would he ask for worldly honors or goods, but made this request:

"Brother Joseph, I want that where you and your father's house are (having reference to eternity) there I and my father's house may be also."

Joseph sat in meditation but a moment, and then said, "Dimick, in the name of Jesus Christ it shall be even as you ask."

On another occasion when Joseph was sitting in Dimick's shop waiting

for something, he got on a wonderful strain of relating the history of the world in the past, recounting many strange things I never had read or heard of before, and when he came to the present times he did not stop, but went on and related the principal events that will transpire in the history of the world down to the time when the angel will declare that time shall be no longer.

Although I did not see the events with my natural eyes, the vividness of their appearance to my mind was next to reality.

He declared the succession of events with as great clearness as one of us can repeat the events of our past lives.

Kindly Yours,

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

THE PROPHET ON OLD HOUSES.

WHEN the Saints moved to Nauvoo or Commerce, as it was then called, it might be called a deserted town, or partly so at least, as there were many empty houses, mostly built of logs and had stood so long that the mud had fallen from the spaces between them.

The Saints just driven from Missouri were glad to get such shelter as those old houses would afford, and they were all soon filled, sometimes two and three families in one house. Some houses had no floors, some no doors.

Soon the inmates became sick—sickness increased until Joseph began to be alarmed and saw something very unusual in the new affliction. He looked into the matter as only a Seer and Prophet could look. He saw the trouble and where it came from. Those houses had been dens of iniquity. He

instituted means to empty them again by moving the people into tents and doubling up families in better houses. My father's family he took into his own house and tent.

I once heard him say concerning houses that had been inhabited by wicked people, that before the Saints moved into them they should be thoroughly cleansed, then fumigated with brimstone and whitewash. Afterward there should be a season of prayer in the house, and it should be dedicated unto the Lord for the use they designed it.

Those old houses had been owned or occupied by wicked, unprincipled men, gamblers, outlaws, licentious robbers, etc., and those that were of the same stamp had met there for evil practices and criminal purposes and there carried on their orgies. While this was the pastime or work of men and women in bodies, disembodied spirits of the same ilk stood around in highest glee and in various ways manifested to one another their enjoyment of the performance of the vilest of sins.

When the owners or occupants of the houses were dead, they enjoyed each other's society with their new pals in the spirit state, and when the righteous took possession of their old houses, all combined to kill the new inhabitants, and hence so much sickness—for all evil spirits, whether in the body or out of the body, are opposed to this work and this people, and the spirits in the spirit world have means by which they can affect people on earth, and are as diligent there as here to do good or evil.

The last of these old houses doomed to destruction stood quite alone, and for a long time was occupied by one lone woman who persisted in staying

there although requested to vacate. Finally Joseph told William Huntington and another brother to go and burn the house that it might no longer be inhabited. They went without delay and removed the woman and her

effects and cleansed the house by fire, but first shoved the roof down inside, as it was against the law for a man to burn even his own building that had a roof on. Yours truly,

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

HOUSE AND HOME.

Dear Sister Alberta:

IT was not from discourtesy for that I is not one of my failings, but from that antagonist to our comfort and happiness, as well as pleasure, La Grippe, which not only deprives us of our pleasures but prevents us doing our duty also; I am sure, if you have ever made the acquaintance of the animal, or disease, by whatever name you choose to call it you will hear me out in my statement, viz., that it is not by any means an agreeable companion.

Your very interesting and instructive letter deserved a better fate than to be lightly passed over, and I hope that many a young housekeeper, whose means are limited will profit by reading of your ingenuity and copy from your economy and neatness.

I never have been driven quite to the same devices for utility, and convenience, as you describe yet I have had to contrive in more ways than one, articles, out of comparatively nothing either for ornament or use, and I will tell you of one or two.

First, then, for my contrivance for an extra book case. I obtained three smooth pine boards four feet long; these I stained walnut with Richardson's wood stains, worth ten cents; I had an old-fashioned, four-post bedstead which I did not like in that form, so I took

off nearly three feet of the points; these made the legs for my book-case. With some old broom handles, I made the uprights to support the other two shelves; next I took the best of the fringe from an old mantle and nailed to the edge of each shelf, and I have a receptacle for my books, or forty volumes of them, not to be sneered at by those who are without an article of furniture so indispensable to the reader and lover of good books.

I needed a lambrequin for one of my chimney pieces, so I purchased one yard of coarse dress canvass (ten cents per yard) divided it in two, lengthwise, keeping the salvage for the top edge, divided into deep pointed scallops, then with German wool, I worked in one a sunflower, in another a large rose, in one, I put a horse shoe, cut out of black velvet, which I worked on with gold colored silk, nails of the same color, on another I put a palm leaf fan, cut from velvet also, on this I worked a rosebud, in silk the ribs, and handle are of old gold silk, on another I have birds and butterflies in kensington and so on; to the point of each scallop, I attached a small tassel costing five cents each, and I have been more than once accused of being extravagant in the cost of my lambrequin, yet the whole affair cost

but sixty cents, besides the ends of silk and wool, which were too small for a more elaborate piece of work.

Did space permit I could tell you of many more contrivances of the same kind; and I often wonder at the hard-looking homes of some whom I visit, while I am surprised at the lavish expenditure manifest in others, where a little time, and taste would render the rooms more home-like, and cozy, besides cultivating a taste for needle work, or the use of the brush on the rising generation.

This not only applies to the interior of the house, but to the exterior also; if the door yard was freed from weeds and rubbish, and a few flowers planted, even of the very commonest description, it would be pleasing to the eye, conducive to health, and give the passer by an idea that the tenant had come to stay, and not merely to camp for a short time, before seeking "fresh fields and pastures new."

WHEAT AND OTHER CEREALS.

OLD mother earth has given to man the very things he needs to keep him in perfect health. First among these are the golden grains; they contain in great abundance and well-suited proportions, those substances in organic combination that are required to build up the body, as its tissues are spent from day to day.

Nature furnishes us in the organic kingdom, not "proximate principles" as such; not fibrin, albumen or casein; not starch, sugar or fat; not chlorides, carbonates or phosphates; these latter, if obtained from the food products, come only through *destructive* analysis. Out of her own ample storehouses she

gives us those wonderful products of the soil suited for human food. Nor must we fail to note the fact, that it is these, untouched by the hand of the chemist, that are received and appropriated by animal organisms. Trees may grow and thrive upon inorganic foods—in the aqueous or gaseous form—but animals never. The human animal, in common with the others, would very soon starve to death on these substances. Neither will the *proximate principles* of food support animal life, not even if we select those that are strictly of organic origin, as starch, sugar, oil, fibrin, albumen, etc. The vital instincts reject those products that do not come directly from nature's own laboratory.

The tables from Payen at the head of these chapters will give a fair idea of the relative nutritive value of the different grains. It will be seen that the saccharine element is most abundant in rye, the fatty in maize and oats, and the starchy in rice; we observe, moreover, that oats are rich in mineral or saline matter (good for teeth and bones), and also in nitrogenous substances.

The human body is known to be composed of some fifteen ultimate elements (the older authorities give thirteen), as shown by chemical analysis, all of which are supplied in common wheat. It is not strange, therefore, that this grain is a staple among food products throughout the civilized world, the fact being founded in the physiological needs of the human race. But it is strange, yes, marvelous, that this same wheat which a beneficent Creator furnishes to our hand for the renewing of our bodies, should be largely stripped by man of its nutritive materials before he eats it.

There is more than a grain of truth in the saying, that "the principal article of human food in America is a robbed, depreciated substance, incapable of sustaining human life." That "the human animal in America is drenched with starch" (in the use of white flour), "and destroyed by it." That "the ten thousand mills in America which are to-day engaged in pulverizing wheat and sifting from it its gray matter" ought to be classed with the "distilleries of the land," as shorteners of human life, and that the "extermination of the one is not more to be desired than the annihilation of the other."

What stupidity (shall we call it madness?) that in the flour of commerce we should take away from the wheat—in a large degree, certainly—no less than twelve of the fifteen elements that belong to it, and without which the growth of the human body can not be maintained! In other words, the wheat, with its fifteen elements, which are nearly or quite identical with those of the human body, is reduced for the most part to a white, starchy substance, containing only three of the ultimate elements, carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. The rich supplies of silica, sodium, sulphur, phosphorus, calcium, nitrogen and other elements that are found in the bones, teeth, hair, nails, muscles, and in the blood, are gone! And the self-defrauded people, instinctively aware, as it were, that they are perishing for lack of those life-giving products, are now attempting to supplement the loss in a way that is none the less ridiculous and foolish. Vainly endeavoring to compensate for the things wasted, they betake themselves to the swallowing of certain substances which are little else than

proximate elements or principles derived from the foods proper.

If lime is a necessary constituent in our bones, we can easily supply the system with the needed "salts" by eating wheat, not lime, or other calcareous substances. If sulphur is required in the hair, we shall obtain it from the grains; not by taking the crude article. If sodium is called for in the formation of the different structures, let us look to the wheat and other cereals for that ingredient; not to soda or chloride of sodium.

Had God or nature intended that we should eat inorganic substances, or even made it possible for us to subsist upon them, what need would there be to till the earth? If, like trees, we can live upon gases, or derive nourishment from phosphates, etc., why turn the furrow or put in the seed? These materials abound in the crust of the earth and are in no sense the products of agriculture.

But why debate this question? It has been shown again and again, that so far from man being able to subsist upon inorganic matter, neither he nor the lower animals can get nourishment out of them; they can only live upon the natural, organic products of the earth. It has been repeatedly demonstrated, that even those proximate principles which are strictly of organic origin, as oil, sugar, starch, fibrin, albumen, casein, etc., can not sustain animal life; both dogs and men would starve to death on any one of them, or all of them put together.

For example, wheat alone, with water (the latter as a carrier of nutrient material) will support human life for an indefinite length of time. But if we separate the wheat into gluten, starch, sugar, etc., and attempt to live

upon these, with or without the water, certain death will in a few weeks or months repay us for our folly.

"Dogs fed by Magendie (*vide* Kirke & Paget's 'Physiology') on flour bread died in forty days; other dogs fed on bread from whole-wheat meal or flour flourished and thrived. The three-fourths impoverishment of the mineral ingredients proved fatal to the first: Why should not mankind suffer in some manner from living on impoverished food?

"The history of the Roman empire in the time of Julius Cæsar shows that wheat, as an article of food, combined with fresh outdoor-air life, is capable of producing and sustaining the highest type of physical manhood the world ever saw. The empire was built up and maintained by soldiers whose main article of food was wheat. *Susanna W. Dodds, A. M., M. D., in Health in the Household.*

COOKING RECIPES.

LEAVENED GRAHAM BREAD (GENERAL DIRECTIONS).

TO the inexperienced housewife, the following directions for making Graham bread with yeast, will be convenient for reference. Though the best of rules may fail, without that rare counterpart, known as good management.

1. See that the yeast is good and the flour the same.

2. If you like moist bread, scald a cup or part of a cup of flour, and cool to blood heat; then add warm water, the yeast, and just enough flour to form a batter that will drop (not pour) from the spoon.

3. If bread rather dry and flaky is

preferred, omit the scalding, and make the sponge a little thinner; thin enough to pour from the spoon, but not too easily.

4. You may use for the sponge either Graham or white flour sifted; most persons prefer the white, perhaps from the fact that ordinary Graham is inferior in quality, and the sponge made of it apter to sour. Mix with water not warmer than blood heat, add the yeast, and beat till you have a smooth batter; you may allow of good hop yeast about half a cup to a quart of water.

5. Set the sponge in a warm place to rise and do not let it get too light; in summer you can leave it on the kitchen table. In winter it is better to set it on the tank of hot water at the back of the stove, or if you have a range place on the shelf above it.

6. Mix the bread as soon as the sponge is ready; many a batch has been spoiled through neglect of this rule. When the batter begins to send up little bubbles, the fermentation has commenced, and by the time the whole mass looks light, and rather foamy, proceed to mix.

7. In cold weather warm the flour a little before you make the bread; and if ordinary Graham is used sift it; best Akron is fine enough without.

8. Use for wetting simply the sponge—no water. And for moist bread (which has the stiffer sponge, with scalded flour in it) mix very soft; entirely too soft for kneading. Simply work the mass well with the hands (in the tray) till it is thoroughly mixed; then scrape the dough from your fingers with a knife and smooth off the top. Now sprinkle lightly with flour, cover with several folds of old table linen, and set in a warm place to rise;

it may take several hours or over night. When risen the dough will have stiffened somewhat; then knead ten to fifteen minutes (according to quantity), working in very little flour.

9. But for bread that is rather dry and flaky, mix the dough (with a sponge that will just pour) considerably stiffer; stiff enough to leave the sides of the tray; then lift to the bread-board and knead vigorously about fifteen minutes. When worked enough the dough becomes elastic; if you give it a poke with the finger or with your closed fist it will rise or spring up when the pressure is removed. Then return it to the tray—over the bottom of which you have sprinkled a little flour—cover and set to rise.

10. Always mix in a warm room, so as not to chill the bread; in very cold weather you may protect it from draughts of air, by covering with several folds of thick flannel, kept for the purpose.

11. When the weather is cool or cold, make the sponge in the afternoon or evening, and mix the bread before bedtime. Next morning knead and form into loaves, then set to rise and bake.

12. In very warm weather make the sponge in the morning; this enables you to mix, set to rise, mould, and finally, bake, all in the daytime; whereas the dough would almost certainly sour if it had to stand over night.

13. Do not let the bread get too light in either the first or second rising; when it has doubled in volume, it is just about ready for moulding or baking.

14. Allow sufficient time for the fermentation; do not hasten or force

it, by keeping either the sponge or bread too warm; neither must you let it chill before fermentation begins.

15. Mould into small loaves, having a pan for each; this favors thorough baking; it also gives more crust, which is the sweetest part of the bread.

16. Have a good even oven, and not too hot in the outset; the heat should permeate the loaf gradually, giving it time to swell a little before the crust forms.

17. You must allow a longer time for baking Graham bread than you would for white; forty to fifty minutes for small loaves, and about an hour for large ones.

18. Have the oven a little hotter for Graham than for white bread; moderate the heat toward the last, and finish without the slightest approach to scorching; the crust should be a good chestnut brown, neither too thick nor too thin.

19. When taken from the oven turn the loaves out of the pans, and lean them up endwise against something till cold; then wrap in clean old linen, and put into the bread-box, also clean.

20. The next day (or several hours after baking), cut in even slices, not too thick, and the last thing before sending to the table. Do not leave the cut loaf standing to dry out; either wrap in a clean cloth or lay it back in the box.

Briefly stated, leavened Graham bread differs from white in the following particulars: It requires less kneading by about one-half; it takes a little longer time for baking, and rather a hotter fire; and—for moist bread—it is mixed as soft as it can be handled. In other respects the management is

essentially the same, either for Graham or white bread.

The best pans for baking loaf or other bread, are made with closely fitting covers or lids, which confine the heated air about the bread and prevent its sweetness from being lost in the exhaled vapors. These pans may be made of tin or sheet-iron, with a cover of the same material. The bread that our grandmothers baked in the old-fashioned oven or bake-kettle, owed its superior sweetness to the fact that the loaf was placed in a confined atmosphere. If bread is baked in open pans, the big brick (or stone) oven which bakers use is best; it takes in a great many loaves at once and confines the heated air about them. But as private families can not all be supplied with bakers' ovens, there is no way but to use the ordinary cook stove.

LEAVENED GRAHAM BREAD.

Make a sponge by taking three pints of warm water, two-thirds of a cup of yeast, and enough white flour to thicken. Have the water no warmer than blood heat; then stir in part of the flour, add the yeast, and enough more flour to make a batter that will pour from the spoon, but not too readily. Beat till smooth, and then set to rise in a warm place. In all but the very hottest weather make the sponge in the afternoon, say between four and five o'clock, or in time to mix the bread before bedtime; if the yeast and flour are good, and the temperature just right, the sponge should be light enough in three hours or less time.

When ready sift into the mixing bowl—a clean wooden tray, if you have it—three quarts of Graham flour,

or enough to form a dough that you can mould; if best Akron is used, omit the sifting. Before you begin to mix dip out a pint of the flour to work in at the last, if needed; then make a well in the center of the remainder, pour in the sponge, and gradually mix in the flour, being careful not to get the dough too soft, nor yet very stiff. As soon as it will leave the sides of the tray lift to a bread-board and knead thoroughly from ten to fifteen minutes; then sprinkle a little flour over the bottom of the tray, and lay in the kneaded bread; cover with several folds of old linen, and leave on the kitchen table, or in some other moderately warm place to rise over night. In the coldest weather warm the flour a little before you mix, and when you set the bread to rise it may be well to throw a folded blanket over it, or you may carry it to the furnace room after the fire is low.

Next morning, the bread having risen to twice its first volume, is waiting a second kneading. If this can not be done immediately, you will have to set it in a cold room lest it get too light, and bread that is risen overmuch is never sweet. The only really safe rule is to knead as soon as the batch is ready; ten minutes' light kneading will be long enough. Mould into small loaves (this amount of dough will make five or six), put them into separate pans, cover, and set in a warm place; in half an hour, or when they have risen to double their former size, place in a very moderate oven; do not forget this last item, as the bread should swell a little before its surface hardens. Follow with a steady heat—rather hotter than for white bread—and bake from forty to fifty minutes; larger loaves would require

about an hour; reduce the heat toward the last, and finish with an evenly browned crust, not the least bit scorched. If on removing from the oven any of the loaves are not firm to the touch and well browned, top, sides and bottom, they must be set back a few minutes for further baking.

As soon as done stand each loaf endwise, leaning against a stone jar or other upright object, on the kitchen table; this will admit the air on all sides, leaving the crust dry and brittle, not soft and tough. When thoroughly cold wrap in a clean cloth and lay in the bread-box; cut the next day. After the bread is two or three days old

you may slice and toast; or cut it a little thicker, dip quickly into cold water and crisp in a hot oven.

Very good bread is made—and many like it for a change—by working into the above sponge equal parts Graham and white flour; then knead, set to rise, mould into loaves, and when risen again bake as before. The bread is a pale buff color, and very sweet and good. Or you may use all Graham, both for sponge and mixing, and make in other respects the same; many prefer it to the above bread.

—*Susanna W. Dodds, A. M., M. D.*
in Health in the Household.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THERE is a phase of the great question of motherhood which has dwelt often and with force upon my mind, and I have sometimes thought I should like a public audience to listen to my views upon this matter; not only because I have never seen or heard of any one advancing just the same idea, but also because I should like as large a number of listeners to my words as I could possibly have. Now, for several reasons I have determined to put a few thoughts together and insert them in this department, in order that you, my dear and intimate friends, may hear what I have to say, and thus open the way for discussion, thought, sympathy and, I hope, advancement.

You know that the theory of "prenatal influence," as it is called, has gained so many adherents that it is almost impossible to find a woman or

even a well-informed girl who does not have it at her fingers ends, that just as a woman thinks, feels and acts during the nine months previous to her child's birth, just so will her child think, feel and act, not only in this life, but in the worlds to come. I protest with all my soul against this mighty responsibility being cast so ruthlessly on woman's poor shoulders. There! Have I not taken your breath away? You are all ready with incontrovertible arguments, gleaned, I am almost sure, from those who have so often "told you so," and perhaps from so-called doctor books. But I ask you to calmly and efficiently rid your mind of all prejudice and preconceived notions, and sit down quietly to reason with me.

In the first place I am going to use a few illustrations to prove my position. Let us take good old Abraham

for the first subject. Do you find anywhere in the Bible that his mother had any remarkable premonition of the great spirit she was about to bear? Or in other words, do you think his mother studied the stars, the religion of the Hebrews, or the arts necessary to produce such a philosopher, astronomer and civil engineer as Abraham? Do you suppose that Terah was afraid to scold around the house for fear of ruining the disposition of the unborn little heathen? On the other hand, does not God in the Pearl of Great Price distinctly say that He knew Abraham before he entered his mother's womb? And, furthermore, does He not add, that He had reserved this same Abraham for a special work?

What do these two statements imply? First, that Abraham and his mighty yet powerfully obedient disposition were well known facts in the eternities long before this world was made. Also, that he, Abraham, was of the stuff that God chooses for His rulers on this earth.

You may argue that his mother must necessarily have been a remarkable woman, gifted, bright, of a powerful disposition, else she could not have been his mother. All this I eagerly grant. But I protest against arguing that his mother or her outward circumstances shaped and molded the grand character of Father Abraham. No, indeed, our great heavenly Mother was the great molder of his spirit and his individuality. His earthly mother had much to do with his little earthly manners, habits, ways or characteristics, if that will better express my meaning, and his training both during the nine months before his birth and for the ten years after his birth had much to do with his earthly career.

But as a mother, she was only the mother of his body. Next, the molder of his earthly existence.

I admit God always chooses the suitable vessels to carry out His purposes, even choosing with great care not only the mother but the father of His choice spirits, but this notion that during the nine months previous to birth the whole character of an unborn spirit is framed, the poor mother weltering under the thought that if she inadvertently lost her temper that in consequence thereof her child's disposition were to be ruined for life and all eternity, this is a monstrous doctrine; and the light of the gospel teaches no such thing.

I will not try to say more on this subject now, but, like the story papers say, this shall be "continued in our next."

♦

LIFE.—As the pleasures of the future will be spiritual and pure, the object of a good and wise man in this transitory state of existence, should be to fit himself for a better, by controlling the unworthy propensities of his nature, and improving all his better aspirations, to do his duty first to God, then to his neighbor, to promote the happiness and welfare of those, who are in any degree dependent upon him, or whom he has the means of assisting, never wantonly to injure the meanest thing that lives, to encourage, as far as he may have the power, whatever is useful, and tends to refine and exalt humanity, to store his mind with such knowledge as it is fitted to receive, and he is able to obtain; and so to employ the talents committed to his care, that when the account is required, he may hope to have his stewardship approved.

◁ OUR GIRLS ▷

SHALL WE TEACH OUR GIRLS TO BE INDEPENDENT?

MANY and serious have been the reflections no doubt in the minds of all Saints, since the issuance of the manifesto, but whether it has struck home to the hearts of the young ladies of our community in its full force I am very doubtful. It has pressed upon my mind for some time past, till at last I resolved, that with the help of God, I would try and lay those impressions before the Y. L. M. I. A. of this stake.

The YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL of March, I have observed has an editorial, bearing on the subject which, I am glad to see. I quote from that a few important items. "I have not the statistics of this territory beside me at this moment, but it is a well known fact that there is a preponderance of females over the male population of the territory of Utah. Now just add to that, fact the number of miners, roughs, adventurers and dissolute men generally which have entered into the count, then remember that as a people, we have rarely among us a young man over the age of twenty-six unmarried, and there is something in this to set our young girls, their mothers and fathers to thinking. Go into any settlement of this territory, visit the meetings, the places of amusements, theatres, or any like gathering, and you will at once notice the great preponderance of girls over boys, young women over young men, then subtract if you are acquainted with the people present, the young men who are not as respectable as they might be, those whom you would object to have your

own daughter or sister marry and the result is something startling. It may well cause you to ask where are all these wise, and really beautiful young women going to find a husband and a home."

I will add one more stanza. "Heretofore there has rarely been seen among us such a thing as an old maid, but wait ten years. If the present order of things prevails here then that does now you will find some of these girls, whose unbridled dispositions have led them to accept sin rather than remain old maids, and then after that, I believe I am safe in asserting, that at least one-third of the remaining girls, will have faded into a hopeless, helpless old maidenhood."

Now it is this last line of the editor that I wish to comment on. This picture is so altogether doleful and dreary, and is not one whit overdrawn, the picture that has confronted the human family ever since the retrograde to monogamy was established. The problem that the daughters of Eve today and for many years, almost centuries have been trying to solve stand before the young ladies of the Latter-day Saints.

Let us see how years of experience have taught them to do, in a community made up largely of females, and where monogamy prevails. Young men have come to understand their advantage, and have come to the conclusion that let them lead what kind of life they may, that is not notoriously bad, that they can indulge any habit they choose, it will be winked at by the young ladies, who know that they must make choice of these same

*All communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

young men, or remain forever single, a few honorable exceptions can be found in most communities, but I am told these exceptions are fast falling away from the ratio in late years. This state of affairs aroused the independence of young ladies abroad, the better disposed ones, and they protested against this species of slavery, and determined to make spinster-hood honorable, and it has been this silent, though sometimes openly spoken sentiment, that has drawn down on the heads of this noble band of women, all the insulting insinuations, and overdrawn caricatures, that have been heard on every hand abroad, and often seen in low class illustrated papers, and sometimes appear in the better class ones, as well. And let me say that this petty tyranny and abuse has come chiefly from these same young men before mentioned, and some older ones as well, who have learned that there are young ladies, whose fears of spinster-hood or old maidism, are not sufficiently strong to induce them to overlook the evil habits and ways of these young men, and join hands with them in what ought to be sacred matrimony, but what is becoming to be a hollow farce in such unions, and where often times wives who have permitted themselves to make such unions often look with envy on the free independent lives of their single sisters, who are not subject to the petty tyranny exhibited by these choice young men, who can attend any number of club gatherings, come home at any hour of the night, sometimes not as soberly as might be, not to speak of any worse evils.

This condition of affairs existing during many years, has at last partially emancipated these despised ones, till today single women are spoken more

respectfully of, and marriage is at a discount. What an emancipation! Many and honorable are the occupations to which both married and single women have devoted themselves, bright and almost holy have been the pages of history claimed by such women as Florence Nightingale and many modern women like her who have devoted their lives to the good of others, on whose life no low insinuations dare intrude. We also have among us women we could mention, who are devoting their time to the good of the public, whose names are always honorably mentioned, and who have chosen to lead single lives. It is to direct the minds of our girls to these bright lights, and lead them to look above their present surroundings, till God shall lift the oppression that now rests upon us, these lines are penned, and to teach our girls that to obtain an independent livelihood means partial freedom from the evils of our present situation.

And that to be able to support one's self, means less temptation to obtain fine clothes, fine jewelry, and the pleasant things of life, commonly supplied to young people by their parents till marriage; less temptation to gain these things through a life of sin; less time to think of the things we would like to have, but have not money to obtain; less disposition to want foolish extravagances because of the knowledge got of what it costs to get these things.

Girls abroad have come to know that it is not wise to teach themselves that to look forward to such offers of marriage as are presented to them, as the ultimatum of their lives, for they know they will be doomed to disappointment, and right here let me say

and impress it so deep as to leave a vivid remembrance, that the girl who is not continually looking forward to a marriage that may never come, living out a day dream, the ideal of which may never be realized; the girl who is not blinded by these illusions, but steadily minds her own business, cheerfully cultivating all the gifts and graces of the heart and mind, striving to become more amiable in temperament, more lovable in disposition, doing all their hands find to do for the good and comfort of others. When the true man comes along, he will know her almost at sight, marriage will come as a happy consummation to such a life, founded on such principles.

To this kind of a girl who never realizes the coming of the true man, because there are not enough of them, single men, to come, I would say, if you have laid this kind of a foundation for your future, spinster-hood will have no terrors for you and when you have passed into years you will come to be known as a kind, pleasant maiden lady, and not the inevitable, cross, crabbed, sour old maid. The girl who has lived to the age of six and twenty, or perhaps thirty, and who has looked for marriage and the ideal man that has never come, souring disappointment is the inevitable result. Girls, lift yourselves above these idle loungers and take hold of the realities of life, and you can calmly say to the young man, who seeks you, if he comes from the saloon, the pool table, if he is given to street loafing, the dude, or any but the true man, "I have learned how to live alone, and can support myself." You are not the man I want to be the father of my children. I have no fancy to spend the long hours of

night waiting your return from the saloon, I have no fancy to be deprived of the comforts, yes, even the necessities of life by the gambler, the pool-table frequenter, or to be the wife of a street loafer, and spend long days over the wash-tub trying to support myself and children, or to be the wife of the dude, who when my hairs have grown gray, will be ashamed to call me his wife, and will not care to have his dude acquaintances see the patient wife who has deprived herself of many things to gratify his vanity.

The present situation of affairs in our midst is all new to you girls, and the realities of these things you do not know. Try and learn wisdom from your sisters abroad, who have learned by hard and bitter experience these things, and above all, girls, when the admirer comes, try and divest yourself of all egotism, and carefully scan yourself, to see what there is about you that should call forth such extravagant expressions of admiration as are frequently poured into willing ears, and if you cannot really see any good reason for such expressions, set him down at once as a flatterer and listen no more, for if you do listen to this subtle and delightful language you will live to be called by other than endearing terms, till your soul sickens.

We have prepared for your attention an article on work for girls, to help you to choose some avocation by which you can earn an independent livelihood. May God give you courage to face these things squarely and come off conqueror.

Lovingly your sister,

CARRIE M. C. SMITH.

LOGAN, CACHE COUNTY.

—♦—
SUCCESS comes to patient efforts.

CHARACTER.

LUCY PERRY.

"CHARACTER," says Samuel Smiles, "is property. It is an estate in the general good-will and respect of men; and they who invest in it—though they may not become rich in this world's goods—will find their reward in esteem and reputation fairly and honorably won."

A good character may be obtained, not only by the rich and powerful, but by the poorest and humblest of God's children. Character is priceless. Wealth cannot purchase it, neither can the powerful or educated obtain it by force, law, flowery or eloquent speeches. And yet it is easily obtained and is something no one can take from us. The first steps of the formation of character is in the home, and in this capacity, the mother has the greatest influence. There is a common saying that "Manners make the man," and another that "Mind makes the man," but truer than either is a saying that, "Home makes the man." For home-training includes not only manners and mind, but character. It is in the home that the heart is opened, the intellect is awakened, and the character is molded for good or evil. In the course of a conversation with Madam Chapan, Napoleon Bonaparte remarked: "The old systems of instruction seem to be worth nothing; what is yet wanting in order that the people should be properly educated?" "Mothers," replied Madam Chapan. The reply struck the emperor. "Yes," said he, "here is a system of education in one word. Be it your care, then, to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children." Do the mothers in Israel know how to educate

their children? If not, why not? Our religion embraces everything that is good. And are they not taught continually, in the principles of the gospel, that is, if they take the liberty of attending meetings, which it is their privilege to do? Have they not the written word of God in their homes, from which they can teach their children? If they have not, something important is lacking. Mothers, do not neglect the spiritual and moral education of your children even if some household duties have to go undone. Remember that upon your character and teachings depend, to a great extent, the character and future destiny of your children. And if they become careless and negligent, remember, too, that you cannot plead ignorance as a just excuse for the part you had in the formation of their characters. Fathers and older brothers and sisters also have a share in forming the characters of the little ones, as do also Sunday school and primary teachers. Those who are associated with children in any way cannot be too careful of their acts. It is human nature to imitate, and especially do children follow the example of their elders.

When we grow up and enter into society those with whom we associate have a great influence upon the formation of our characters, as do we also exert an influence over others. Is it not, then, necessary that we associate with the good, and live lives that will not tarnish those with whom we come in contact? As certain as a pure, clear stream becomes tinted by coming in contact with a muddy one, just so sure does human nature take up with its surroundings. Every day we live, we are making our character better or worse, stronger or weaker. Every act

we perform, be it good or bad, is a link in the great chain which forms our character. Every sin we commit is a weak link. As a chain with weak links is not strong, neither is a character, and it is upon these points the adversary will work to attempt our overthrow, and unless we are striving to overcome our faults and have the Spirit of the Lord with us, his attempts will not be in vain.

But what constitutes a good character? Does pride, hatred, speaking evil of our neighbors, anger, disobeying our parents, breaking the Sabbath day, or in short, disobeying any of the commandments of God? We answer, no. On the contrary, they only bring misery and despair, and the knowledge of a guilty conscience. It is by cherishing the little virtues and obeying the laws of God that we form good characters. Said St. Francis de Sales, "How carefully we should cherish the little virtues, which spring up at the foot of the cross." When asked what virtues he meant, he replied, "Humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, condescension, softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, candor—all, in short, of that sort of little virtues. They, like unobtrusive violets, love the shade; like them, they make little show, they shed a sweet odor all around." If we should fall into any extreme, it should be on the side of gentleness. A soft answer quenches wrath as water quenches the rage of a fire. Truth uttered with courtesy is heaping coals of fire on the head, or rather, throwing roses in the face. How can we resist a foe whose weapons are pearls and diamonds? We sometimes hear the remark, "If it was

only as easy to do right as it is to do wrong, I could be very good." Let us question this remark. Why is it easier to do wrong than right? Does it make us happier and more contented? Do we gain more true friends? Perhaps some thoughtless ones may think us cute and witty if we use a little slang to give more force and emphasis to our speech. And others think us smart if we try to show our independence by disobeying our parents. Do we find more satisfaction in neglecting our duty than in performing it? Do we have a clear conscience when we speak an unkind word, thus wounding the feelings of another, or treat the aged with disrespect? In fact it is easier to be discontented and miserable than to be contented and happy? True we are only mortals and "To err is human." We also have many temptations placed before us. But the Lord has promised that if we do our part He will do His. When we are baptized, we have hands laid upon us for the gift of the Holy Ghost. This prompts us to do right and warns us against evil, therefore, every time we commit a sin we have a fight against this prompter. We should always remember that kind words make friends, harsh words make enemies; slang is unbecoming to any true lady or gentleman; a polite person is always respected; a liar is shunned, while the company of a truthful person is sought for; idleness is the devil's workshop, industry brings wealth, knowledge and respect; an honest person is always trusted; the performance of duty brings satisfaction; patience saves much worry; the truly great are modest; pleasant, cheerful persons are always loved; "I can't" never accomplished anything, "I can"

accomplished much; prayers, offered in humility, bring heavenly blessings.

If we cultivate these virtues, while we are upon the earth, when we pass to a nobler, higher sphere, we shall leave a memory loved and honored by our friends, and respected by our enemies. A memory well won by the formation of a good character.

Three Mile Creek. Box Elder Stake.

Y. L. M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

MALAD CITY,
May 24th, 1891.

THE twelfth Quarterly Conference of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Malad Stake of Zion was held at Portage, May 18, 1891.

Meeting called to order by Stake President E. A. Harrison. Singing by the choir and prayer by Brother Baker.

Present on the stand, General Superintendent of the Y. L. M. I. A. Elmina S. Taylor, Stake President O. C. Hoskins and the Stake Presidency of the Y. L. and Relief Society associations.

Minutes of the previous conference were then read, also the half year report of the Y. L.

The reports of the different associations were called for. President Ellen Hoskins reported the Portage association improving; President S. A. Jones represented the Malad association as progressing.

An essay on Truth was nicely rendered by Philena Hall of Portage, followed by a song by Miss Rhoda Young of Portage.

The Samaria association was reported by Sister Clarkston as doing well; Sister Ward represented the Muddy

Creek association in a favorable condition.

A duet was then rendered by Prof. Woozley and Miss Annie Jones of Malad.

Counselor Josephine Dechamps gave a few instructive remarks, and Secretary Catherine Jones spoke for a short time.

General Superintendent Elmina S. Taylor felt a pleasure in meeting with the Y. L. of Malad Stake of Zion; showed the girls the necessity of upholding their President and improving every opportunity, for "Improvement is our motto and perfection is our aim." Gave other valuable counsel and urged all the young ladies to subscribe for the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL, as it is the only organ we have in the interest of the Y. L. M. I. Associations.

Prof. Woozley and Counselor Josephine Dechamps then gave a duet.

The officers of the Y. L. associations of the Church were put before the conference and unanimously sustained, also the officers of the Malad Stake of Zion.

President E. A. Harrison made some closing remarks, and conference adjourned for three months. Meeting closed by singing "Guide us, O Thou Great Jehovah."

A vote of thanks was tendered Sister Taylor for attending the conference.

Benediction by Brother D. P. Jones.

Sister Taylor, accompanied by Stake President E. A. Harrison, visited the following wards: Malad, Samaria and Muddy Creek, holding a meeting at each place.

CATHERINE JONES,
Secretary.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY.

FRANCES H. TOWNSEND SMYTH.

ALL Hail! thou glorious day,
 With joy remembered;
 Ovation, song and lay
 To thee are rendered.
 Thy morn dawns fair and bright,
 All nature breathing
 Sweet melody, and light
 Thy brow enwreathing,
 Ere yet, with stately grace,
 The sun hath risen
 And kissed Aurora's face,
 Emerged from prison.
 The birds at thy approach
 Gay carols singing;
 Far on the air encroach
 And gladsome ringing,
 Their notes vibrate and thrill
 In tuneful measure;
 No singer's voice could trill
 Such songs of pleasure.

Then rising o'er each rustic town and village,
 (Where Utah's thrifty husbandman by tillage
 Reaps now the well-earned products of his
 labor,
 Learns as himself he, too, should love his neigh-
 bor)

The starry flag doth deck the aerial breeze,
 While music sweetly echoes through the trees,
 And ev'ry Mormon boy, enthusiastic,
 His heart elate with joy, and step elastic,
 Speeds forth; and in the air with glad effusion,
 Fires gun and rocket there in rich profusion.
 The maiden greets thee, too, in garb resplend-
 ent,

Her loveliness anew beams forth transcendent
 No bird of beauty rare dons gayer plumage
 Than Zion's daughters wear in rival homage.

Anon both old and young,
 Their way betaking,
 Enlivening scenes bethrong
 In merry making;
 All hasten to thy shrine
 In quick succession,
 And proudly form in line
 Of grand procession.
 All join in praise to thee;
 Nor dimmed by sorrow
 Thy anniversary
 Shall be. The morrow
 To grief and care is lent;
 To thee are given
 Sweet peace and glad content,
 The gifts of heaven.

Those whom the gospel take
 On foreign missions,
 Rejoice for thy dear sake
 Thou hast arisen
 Midst thoughts of home, though might their
 steps be weary,
 A star of hope to light their pathway dreary.
 Shine on, bright star, enshrine
 In history's pages,
 For future ages,
 Thy radiance divine.
 Each ray but gilds the cord that binds us nigher
 The coming of our Lord, the great Messiah.

FRIENDSHIP.

ANN C. ROPER.

FRIENDSHIP is a tie of nature and affection, which binds all mortals together as with a strong cord. There are two kinds of friendship, one the true and the other the pretended.

True friendship retains love, honor and respect for fellow-beings, forgiveness for their faults and striving with the help of good counsel to improve their habits.

Pretended friendship is generally the unbuilding of society. You may perhaps think you have a friend, and will confide and trust to him under these circumstances many things which would have been better untold. For a short time only will they remain a secret, for they will soon reach other ears, and you will find true friendship did not go far in your case.

Beware, then, of the unfaithful friend, for the memory of him (if you have ever had one) will follow you through life. True friendship is like good health, its true value is never known until too late.

HE who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◀ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▶

VOL. II.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST, 1891.

No. 11.



EMILY YEARSLEY VANCE.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

EMILY YEARSLEY VANCE.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Ogden City, June 5th, 1868. Her

parents, Nathan Yearsley and Ruthinda Stewart Yearsley, have been members of the Church of Jesus Christ of

Latter-day Saints from their youth. David Yearsley and Mary Ann Hoops Yearsley, the parents of Nathan, belonged to no religious denomination until the gospel saluted their ears, when they were soon baptized and left their home in Pennsylvania for Nauvoo.

Here David kept store in one of the Prophet's houses, until the expulsion of the Saints. He came with the first company to Council Bluffs, where he sickened and died, leaving a widow with eight children, the oldest of which was sixteen. She succeeded through all the trials and hardships incident to those early days, in bringing all the children to Utah, when she took up her residence in Ogden, where she has resided to the present time.

The parents of my mother, George Stewart and Ruthinda Baker Stewart, were from Alabama, but of no persuasion until they heard the gospel which was their signal to gather with the Saints, but on their way and while remaining in Missouri a few months, the husband sickened and died, leaving a widow and nine children, and while coming westward, four months later, a tenth, my mother, was born.

Grandma Stewart resided in Ogden, also, whither she had brought all her children, and was among the first to plant corn in that place. The crickets threatening to take their prospect of a crop, the whole family fought them until ready to give up in despair, when kind Providence sent the gulls to eat up these destructive pests. Food was scarce, however, and she would gather segos and wild fruits to spare the morsel of meal or occasionally the pan of flour that could be obtained. But Sister Stewart was never heard to complain. She always thanked the

Lord for what she had, and hoped to see better days in the future, which she did. Her life was spared to witness all her children, save two who died, become grown and settle down in married life, when she was called from earth to join her devoted husband in the Spirit world.

I feel that I have been greatly favored of my Heavenly Father in being blessed with such goodly parents,—those who are willing to work for their children and make such sacrifices for the gospel's sake. Many temptations have been set before me, but by obedience to the wise counsel given me, I have been able to shun them, and feel that I can never repay my dear parents for their worthy example, and timely instructions they have given me. I hope this is the feeling of all my young sisters of Zion toward their parents. Honor your fathers and mothers, and from my own experience I will promise you shall be blessed.

My childhood days were spent in Ogden City. I always loved to attend the Sabbath School, and was a member of the first Primary and Young Ladies' Association organized in the Weber Stake. Though I was yet small, I shall never forget the good counsel Aunt Eliza R. Snow gave us upon the occasion of their organization.

Feeling myself incapable, I never desired to hold an office, but take pleasure in the reflection that I never failed to perform any exercise that was assigned me during my membership. Here, also, I attended the Ogden Central school during the winter season.

It was now when I was twelve years of age that my father moved his family to the Promontory, Box Elder Co., where he owned a farm and ranch.

Soon after our move, a branch was organized in that locality, and my father was called to preside over it. The place of holding meeting and Sabbath School, though seven miles away, was none the less attractive to me, and my duties of teacher and secretary in the Sunday School were seldom performed by another. With such facilities as the district could afford, I opened and taught the district school two years, when I was sixteen and seventeen years of age. Before my father moved his family to Brigham City permanently, he, for three or four successive winters, moved to this city that his children might attend school. And in my associating with the people of Brigham in school and ward capacities, found many friends whom I can never forget.

I was solicited to join the ward and tabernacle choirs, and to aid with my might the teachers of our Sunday School, later called to the counselorship in our Y. L. M. I. Association of the ward. Two years ago I entered the Box Elder Stake Academy, and attended most of that school year.

On June the 4th, 1890, I had the privilege of going to the House of the Lord, receiving my endowments and being sealed to Angus Vance, a worthy and honorable young man from Alpine, Utah Co., who has acted as principal of the Academy during the past two years. We enjoy that sweet and consoling influence all young people do who go to the temple and are sealed as they should be.

We spent our first summer in Alpine, the former home of my husband, returning to Brigham in the month of September, when I was chosen counselor to Sister Minnie J. Snow, President of the Y. L. M. I. A. of the Box

Elder Stake. With fear and trembling, and after sincere prayer to my Heavenly Father, I accepted the position, and have enjoyed my labors greatly in that capacity. My sincere hopes and desires are that I may magnify my calling and be a counselor in very deed to our worthy President.

I feel the responsibility of my calling, and trust I shall ever be an instrument in the hands of the Lord to help in this great latter-day work. I hope ever to be a worthy example to my young sisters, and to use the time and talents God has given me in helping them in this day of temptation; for I do not feel like putting my talents under a bushel, but would like them exercised and thereby multiplied, and may this be the aim of all the daughters of Zion that they may be shining lights to the world, is the wish of your sister in the gospel,

Emily Yearsley Vance.

THE sufferings of the just may well be likened to fleeting shadows or passing dreams. As soon as the bright morning of eternity begins to dawn, the shadows of mortality are for ever dissipated; and they forget at once, in the glorious light of God's majesty, the tribulations which they have endured for His cause. The unspeakable joys of which they partake so absorb all their faculties, that there is no room left for sorrow or suffering. If, indeed, their past trials are remembered by them, it is but to swell with fresh rapture, and to tune their voices to louder anthems in the praise of Him who has given them, in exchange for the cross, such an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

SHE lies before the wizard hill
And plies her silver seeming wiles,
Seeking to woo his steadfast will
With sudden changing sighs and smiles.

With perfect maiden art she plays
Her ripples' glance and swells' shy grace,
And rains the rapture of her sprays
In kisses on his furrowed face.

Now angered by his heedless air
Her scene of injured virtue tries —
With sobbing breath, and tossing hair,
And baleful passion in her eyes.

When sudden storms in fury break,
She flings herself upon his breast,
And seems by her sweet fears to make
An echo of her love confessed.

So plies with art and bides with time,
That thus perchance some moment weak
May own the power of the rhyme
Her cadenced motions ceaseless speak.

And wielding long her subtle spell
Of "woven pace and waving hands,"
The far off ages yet may tell
His fate among her wave strewn sands.

A STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

I FIRST met Oline—her name was really Ottoline—in the spring of 1884. She had at that time just entered on her duties as housekeeper for the brethren who worked in the office of the Copenhagen conference. She was a healthy, good-looking girl of twenty-two years; with brown curly hair, a good complexion, and eyes that truly reflected an innocent soul. But her chief attraction was the beautiful, beaming expression of the face: indeed I never saw anyone look so brimful of happiness as she always did.

She seemed to make sunshine wherever she went; for one had only to look at her sunny face to feel elated.

"You seem very happy, Oline," I said one day, as we were sitting together in the dining room—I had some writing to do and she was mending some clothes—I had been looking at her in silence for some moments, while she, unconscious of being observed, was softly humming a tune, as she diligently stitched away at a pair of well-worn socks.

She looked up now, sweetly smiling, as she said:

"Yes, indeed, I am really very happy! It seems as if I must sing all the time to give vent to the joy in my heart. It seems so wonderful when I think of it, that God has condescended to remember me, who has done nothing to deserve it, and sent His gospel to me, while I was groping in darkness."

"How did you become acquainted with Mormonism? do you mind telling me?" I asked.

"Not at all," but glancing at the shadows on the opposite houses—"I see it is supper time, so if you will excuse me today, I will tell you some other time, what little there is to tell." And she quitted the room with her basket, and I resumed my writing.

I often had writing to do at the office, consequently Oline and I were thrown together a great deal, and our acquaintance soon deepened into warm and sincere friendship. We did not again have an opportunity of talking confidentially on such matters for some time, as our days' labors and evening meetings occupied all our time.

One Sunday after Sabbath School—

it was general fast-day, so Oline did not have to go home and prepare dinner for the brethren. We concluded to take a walk till meeting should convene at two o'clock. We therefore walked down to the North Boulevard which was not a great distance from our meeting-house.

North Boulevard is a favorite promenade with the gay Copenhageners on Sundays. And I had that in common with them, that I was very fond of strolling up and down the Boulevard, when there was a throng. Although it is mostly the aristocracy that frequents this place in the hours from twelve to four—thus there is generally an incessant stream of humanity urging forward and backward—mostly all classes are represented. For anyone who delights in studying physiognomy and wants variety, here most certainly is a splendid chance.

Here is the shop girl in gorgeous array, with her beau, the butcher's errand boy; his hat on one side of his head, his showy watch chain and his cane, with which he daringly strikes each lamp post as if he had a special grudge against each one. Here is the lady in simple elegance, with her fashionably dressed escort. Here are officers of the army on horseback, looking immensely important; and officers of the navy casting disdainful glances at the "impudent-looking land-lubbers," their brother officers of the army. There, are students looking supremely indifferent to everything about them: all absorbed in wonderful learned debates among themselves. Here, too, is the solid citizen, who deals in cheese and butter, with his buxom spouse, who awkwardly pulls at her lace shawl and wonders if everybody admires her towering head-gear as much

as she evidently does herself. And here, gathered by a bench, is a group of country lasses gazing with awe and admiration at the handsome carriages, and their lovely occupants as they drive slowly past—slowly that they may see and be seen by everybody of note; one lass—how I see her still—cautiously retires behind the bench, the back of which she clutches with both hands, that this lieutenant, who has turned to salute some passing ladies, may not let his impatient charger back right up and crush her precious toes. And last, but not least, here are two Mormon girls, one of which looks curiously at this or that interesting face, wishing she had a leaf of each one's journal, providing they all kept one; and wonders what kind of a thread she should want to guide her through such a labyrinth of sorrows and joys, hopes and disappointments, as should be written on such pages. While the other gently pulls her sleeve and says: "Do you know, I would not change lots with anyone of these, however rich, beautiful or happy they may seem; no, not for the world? It is not with admiration I look at them; it is with pity in my heart for their ignorance and willful blindness. Come let us leave this magnificence"—sarcastically—"I long for the quiet shade of the king's garden."

So accordingly we sauntered down through Gothers Gade and soon found ourselves seated on a comfortable bench right opposite H. C. Anderson's statue; while on our left is Rosenberg Castle with its wealth of relics from former days' grandeur. Around the iron fenced statue in front of us is a crowd of happy-faced children—the most natural frame to Andersen's pic-

ture—just as if they still expected to hear some wonderful tale from the half parted lips, stony and cold. One little girl in pink and with flaxen curls cries delightfully as she skips around the statue on one foot: “We are going to have mock-turtle for dinner and ice, and tomorrow we move in the country—isn’t it beautiful to live!” At this, Oline, who is lazily resting her head on the back of the bench, looking with dreamy eyes through the foliage, at the serene sky, suddenly sits upright and exclaims: “Isn’t it! I was just thinking that very same thing. And it is strange life never seemed so beautiful before; since I became a Mormon I view it so differently. I think sometimes that I but half lived till then.”

I embraced this opportunity of reminding her of her promise to tell me how she became acquainted with the gospel, concluding by saying: You have given up much for your religion, I have heard, Oline.” “Oh, no,” she answered, “not very much, I wish it had been more, I should have been willing, most willing I hope, to have given up more.” Poor girl, she was so zealous, so earnest about her religion. She did not at that time realize how much or how little we are able to sacrifice in the hour of temptation.

She then proceeded to tell me her story, parts of which I was already acquainted with. It was substantially as follows: “You know I lived with my sister in Aarhus (Jutland) before I came to Copenhagen. She is married to a seafaring man, Captain Block. (I do not remember the names, so, as it is not material, I shall substitute them with others,) I have another sister, who is not married so well—financially speaking—she has for some years been identified with ‘Mormon-

ism’ and was, of course looked upon by the rest of the family as a kind of black sheep. She had often talked to me of the principles of the gospel, but being so young, I paid little attention to it. I did not, however, regard her as my sister, Mrs. Block, did; I thought much of what she taught reasonable and sensible. About two years ago I became acquainted with a young man of good habits by the name of Carl Brim; he was first mate on my brother-in-law’s vessel. He later visited my sister’s of course, and we soon became attached to one another. He was so good, so kind, so well in my eyes, all that was noble, of course. A little over a year ago we became engaged, and oh, I was so happy! I loved him very much indeed and we spent a year, of what I thought, the greatest bliss earth could afford. He was not at home very much of the time; but when he did come home we were very happy together. I did not think it possible that anything could ever happen to separate us. Before he started on his last voyage it was decided we should be married on his return, or soon after. So we parted—no more to meet in this world—I presume; but I did not realize that at the time. I felt heavy-hearted, as I always did when he had gone, but looked forward with joy, to the coming July, when it was expected he would return.

“Meanwhile my other sister was preparing to leave her native home and friends to go to Utah and gather with the Saints. I felt very much grieved at the thought of losing her and pondered much upon what wonderful power it was that could draw her from home and friends to a strange country, where the customs of the people and

their language were alike unknown to her. I was with her a good deal now and she pled with me earnestly that I would examine the principles of the gospel, as she called it, before I rejected it. I promised I would, and did so in good earnest. The consequences were, that I began to understand the sublime nature of my sister's religion. I prayed earnestly for a testimony and the Lord heard my prayer.

"Still I hesitated. I knew perfectly well that I would have to give up all that I then held most dear: friends, relatives, home and worst of all, love. I could not relinquish my love; I could not think of life without Carl. I was sorely troubled. On the one hand my conscience left me no peace, but exhorted me constantly to trust in the Lord, embrace the gospel and let the consequences follow. On the other, my love of this world and of him who was absent prompted me to harden my heart against its better impulses and stay with my friends, my home, my love and be happy in it.

"In my affliction I again turned to the Lord and prayed for strength to leave it all for His sake. And He made it easy for me to do my duty, and when I had once determined to serve Him I marveled that I could ever have hesitated.

"There now came a very trying time to me; for, of course, my sister, Mrs. Block, became enraged, pled with me, cried and begged that I would not so disgrace them all, and wanted me at least to defer joining the obnoxious Church till her husband and my betrothed should have returned. But deeming it imprudent to expose myself to the pleadings of my lover, I fled to Copenhagen, where I was soon baptized and received into the Church.

"I was now thrown on my own resources for a livelihood, and, not being very clever at anything, except, perhaps, housework, I went out to service. I found a very good situation with a wealthy merchant's family. I did not receive very high wages, and had a great deal of work to do; but I was so inexpressibly happy and contented—could sing all day. I suppose I should have been there still had not Brother A—— offered me my present situation. But then, you know, the change was one for the better; I am better paid, have not so much work, and then the privilege of always being near the brethren to hear their encouraging words and wise counsel. Is not that better than all other things I used to value so highly?"

Oline had concluded her narration, and, looking at me, with a smile, said:

"You see, there was not a great deal to tell, but I hope I have not tired you."

I assured her that I had on the contrary been very much interested.

"And have you ever heard anything from your lover?" I asked.

"Yes; I wrote and informed him of what I had done; that I had, of my own free will, given him up; no one had persuaded me to join the Latter-day Saints, and sent him back his ring, as I did not suppose he felt inclined to continue the engagement with me, who belonged to the poor, misrepresented Mormons.

To this I received a long reply, urging me, by all that was holy, to leave the Mormons and come back to him. I did not reply to this, as I had said all I could say on the subject in my first letter; I felt that nothing I could say would change his opinions

of our people, and my purpose to stay with the Saints being fixed, I considered it would merely be a waste of words. I have received two more letters from him since, while I lived with the merchant's family, but I do not think he knows my present address, and I am glad of it; for, although I do not in the least regret what I have done, still, it gives me pain to read his pleading words and expressions of sorrow at having lost me, and know that I can send him no comforting words in return. I seldom allow my thoughts to dwell on him or bygone days, when we were happy together. Indeed, I often wonder that it cost me no more pain to give him up; but I realize that it is God who makes my burden light.

"No," she concluded, smiling shyly at me; "I have quite given up all thoughts of that kind of love for the future; but not of love altogether. I fancy I shall marry some good man who already has a wife."

"Indeed? and have you perhaps already some prospects of becoming wife 'No. 2,' before many years?"

"No, I cannot say that I have; though—but this is a secret of course—there was a missionary here some time ago that I liked very much; he went home with the last emigration. He was always very kind to me; but of course never said anything that could lead me to suppose that he thought of me in any other way than as a sister. He always spoke so highly of his family and thought so much of his wife and children, that I know he is a good husband. That inspired me with my foolish fancy for him, I suppose. However"—with just the suspicion of a sigh—"he is gone now, and I am not likely to ever see him again!"

We sat a few minutes in silence, till gradually I became aware of the fact that the little ones had left the statue, which was now surrounded by some German tourists, one of which explained to his comrades that this was a homely man with a beautiful soul; and pulling out my watch I saw that it lacked a few minutes of two, so we made great haste to get to Crystal Gade in time for the meeting.

Summer passed uneventfully. And winter came with its short days and long evenings—evenings so fraught with home comfort and happiness. Many a pleasant evening did we girls spend in No. 14 when the brethren were absent, and when they were at home, too, for that matter. How we would gather around the dining room table with our work, while one or the other would read aloud or tell a story out of real life; and once in a while the flowers, baskets or boxes we were making would have to be admired, examined and criticised before they were carefully stored away for the coming Christmas. Sometimes the brethren would come in and praise our work and industry, while we would seize the opportunity to beg for some of their Christmas experiences.

And sometimes the old dining-room would witness other scenes, when we, in rehearsing our theatricals, would make it ring with our merriment at the failures of some of the struggling actors or actresses who would retire with an offended mind at having his or her grand efforts received with so little appreciation.

Oline took great delight in these theatricals, although she was anything but a dramatic genius, but she worked with a will and tried hard to play her part well and was generally well re-

ceived by a kindly disposed audience that was ever willing to cover our deficiencies with the mantle of charity.

Yes, when I now recall the by-gone scenes of my youth I think some of my most pleasant memories are connected with no 14, Lorentzens Gade.

Thus the winter passed pleasantly for Oline and me. While the days were occupied with our different duties evening generally found us together somewhere: at singing-practice, at general meeting, at rehearsals or at Young Ladies' meeting, over which I had the honor of presiding; Oline was first counselor. And it was here, I think, that her true character and best traits were brought out. She would exert herself to the utmost in trying to make these meetings as interesting as possible. What ever she did, she always seemed actuated by a spirit that never failed to make its good influence felt among us. In her humble, earnest way she would exhort the young girls to be faithful and steadfast, and not allow themselves to be lured away from the truth. She exhibited the sincerest sorrow for those girls that were led astray, which I am sorry to say, happened too frequently. She often said to me: "What should I do, what would become of me, were I no longer worthy to stand in the Church?"

One evening, towards the end of the winter, when I, according to a promise, came to spend the evening with her, she met me in the corridor with an uncommonly beaming face, and I knew instantly that something extraordinary had transpired.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, take off your things quick

and come with me to my room: I have something for you."

"It must be something wonderful: you look ready to explode any moment."

"Here," she said, when she had eagerly pressed me down in a chair by the table and pushed a tray with something on towards me. "Here is first of all, a piece of napoleon, your favorite cake! and then I have something to tell—a great piece of news—now I'll allow you one guess, but quick, quick!"

"It is surely nothing short of a proposal, judging from your excellent looks?"

She burst into a gay little laugh and exclaimed: "You are right—that is it—I have had an offer of marriage and from whom do you think?"

"From your missionary."

"Right again!" And she clapped her hands in great glee. "Now what do you say!"

"Well, really;" I answered I don't know what to say. It's a serious question; you are the one to decide."

"Well now, wait and let me explain it all," and she dived down into her pocket for a letter, that looked as if it had been carefully studied.

"You see he does not want an answer now, but will wait until I have seen his home and family; his wife—isn't it odd for a man who is making an offer of marriage to a young girl, to speak of his wife—so different from—well I was going to say: his wife approves of the affair of course, and he will send me the money so I can go with the August emigration if I wish to come—isn't that generous?"

"Very; are you going to accept the offer?"

"The offer of marriage, you mean?"

—archly. "Yes, I shall; I have made it a subject of prayer, and I feel convinced it is God's will."

So it was decided, and Oline looked forward with quiet joy to the time when she should see the man she had secretly admired since she first saw him. I do not know whether she loved him. Oline was impulsive, but not fickle-minded. I think deep down in her heart still smouldered the love for him who had won her first pure and girlish affections; but I believe she respected and honored the man who, unconsciously and—I firmly believe—without any intentions on his part, had gained her admiration.

She had but one sorrow now: that of leaving Denmark without being reconciled to her sister, Mrs. Block. "If I could but see her once more," she would say, "and tell her how happy I am. I would, in spite of her protestations, tell her all about the gospel—it surely, surely, could not fail to make an impression on her. Perhaps I could get her to investigate. Oh, think of the joy!—but where is the use of talking about it; I fear it will not happen. But I have prayed, oh, so earnestly, that it might; that I may see her before I leave my country."

The Lord heard her prayer. Ah, that we would pray wisely and not torment the Lord late and early with supplications for things that are not good for us, until He, weary of us, grants the favor.

One day, in May, I was seated at my writing in No. 14, when a vigorous pull at the door-bell told me the mail had come, and a few minutes later Brother C—— opened the door to the room where I was seated, and, tossing some letters on my table, asked me to kindly give the one to Oline,

which had her name on it. A little later, when she came in, I handed it to her.

"A letter for me—and from Jutland—my sister's handwriting, dear me what can it mean!" She tore open the seal and seating herself on a pile of books and newspapers, which were heaped on the floor, devoured its contents. She sat quietly a little while after she had read it, gazing fixedly at the floor, then she burst out weeping. Alarmed at this, I inquired anxiously what had happened.

"Oh, it is joy that makes me weep—think of it, my sister sends me a check for fifteen crowns and wants me to come and see her before I leave—however she has found that out. That was all I wanted to make me completely happy! God is good!"

"Shall you go, dear?" I inquired.

She looked at me wonderingly. "Shall I? certainly! if Brother L— will let me."

Brother L— was president of the mission and master of the house, consequently Oline had to consult his wishes. Later in the day she informed me that she had obtained permission to go to Jutland and be absent a week, and she decided to go the following Saturday, (this was Monday).

In the intervening days, before her departure, Oline was in ecstasy; she could think of nothing, talk of nothing but the pleasure she anticipated. Her sister had written very kindly to her, and it was evident she regretted her harsh treatment of Oline.

"It is not unlikely," said she one day, "that I can convince her of the truth of Mormonism, she is otherwise such a good soul. They could very soon emigrate to Utah; my brother-

in-law is quite well off, you know.
Oh, I am in great hopes!"

Yes, she was very sanguine; I only hoped she would not be disappointed.

I was at first somewhat concerned about this journey. I feared that her sister had changed tactics and would overwhelm her with kindness, simply for the purpose of drawing her away from the gospel. On mentioning this to Oline, she dispelled my fears by assuring me that her sister was not capable of such deceit. "But suppose you should meet your old lover? do you think your heart would be proof against his pledges?" I ventured.

She looked at me steadily a minute before answering. "Come, come my dear, have I fought and struggled so hard against the love that threatened to overmaster me before I could join the Church to turn traitor to my religion at this day, do you think? No, no! I have no fear on that score; besides I do not think I shall see him now: he is doubtless gone to sea again, long before this time—and you must remember, that I am almost the promised wife of another man." After that I had no fears. I trusted to her sincere love of the gospel and did not harrass her any more with my scruples.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

EXILES.

MILLICENT.

OH where are the feet of the children?

The paths are all freshly trod;
Where the waters meet, prints of childish feet,
Show quaint in the yielding sod.

And under the willow branches,
And the delicate mesquit spray,
Those trampled flowers, mark happy hours,
Where the children have been at play.

But no childish arms reach upward,
Or swing from the sturdy bough;
While the quivering spray, seems to sigh and say,
"Oh where are the children now?"

And the wild bird calls in wonder
To her mate in the twilight grey,
For no brown eyes, full of glad surprise,
Have peeped at her eggs to-day.

And the dove mourns low in the shadows,
From her nest by the cholla's side,
For the hands are away, that bent the spray,
Her nestlings and home to hide.

You may trace their steps through the cornlands,
To the lone tree's deepening shade,
Where the house still stands, in the mellow lands,
By their childish fingers made.

But through all the desolate cornlands,
Are whisperings, sad and low;
And the lone tree sighs, as the night winds rise,
"Oh where did the children go?"

We miss them by meadow and streamlet,
We are missing them more and more;
While the moonlight drifts o'er the rocky cliffs,
And enters the open door.

Through the wide uncurtained windows,
The early sunlight gleams,
But no curly heads leave drowsy beds,
And lonely the morning seems.

For the homestead is drear and deserted,
So full of glad life before;
And never again, at the window-pane,
Nor yet at the open door,

Will the fresh young faces gather,
And the brown eyes eagerly roam,
O'er the well known way by the ruin grey,
Where "father" is hastening home.

They are gone from the field and the fountain,
They are missed by the open door,
And the dove may mourn, from her nest forlorn,
For the children will come no more.

For home is home no longer,
When the free man's sacred right
To worship God, on his native sod,
Is crushed by the hand of might.

When oppression's powers are banded
To tear the home altar down,
Then all must array, who would still obey
God's mandates, or dread His frown.

Exiles from home and country,
 In a strange land's unknown ways,
 They are journeying now, where the knee may
 bow,
 And conscience her altar raise.

From the Madre's pine clad summits,
 And low from each lovely glen,
 Fair Freedom's star shines out afar,
 And will gather her own again.
 JUAREZ, MEXICO.

THE WESTERN BOOM.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 445.]

OVERCOME by fatigue, Dager Blank sat at his desk in the newspaper office after the funeral and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. He did not dream of the fire, his dead friend, or the terrible accusation that hung over him; but he dreamed of warm pink fingers laid lightly on his hair, of serene blue eyes, filled with kindly confidence, looking into his own.

He awoke, strengthened and comforted; awoke, not to find Mary Gray at his side, but Dick Sawyer.

Dick had tried hard to dislike Dager Blank, but had found it impossible to be angry or suspicious long of a person who was forever doing him some kindness, and latterly he had come to think Mr. Blank a sort of prince in disguise, quoting him on all occasions.

"I hope you will excuse me for waking you, sir; I know you are tired, but—" and he looked cautiously around and dropped his voice to a whisper.

Dager was accustomed by this time to Dick Sawyer's peculiarities and knew that it was as impossible for him to refrain from being mysterious, sly and suspicious as it was for a cat to refrain from catching a mouse.

"I don't know, Dick, as I shall ever be able to forgive you, for I was dreaming that I was in heaven, and that is the only way I ever expect to get there."

"You'll go to heaven all right enough," Dick said, in a tone of conviction; "what worries me, is that I'm afraid you'll go to jail first."

Dager was all attention.

"I've got something to tell you, and if anybody else hears me, it will be the worse for us both." With this he made a sudden dive at the door lead-into the hall, flung it open, to see if anybody was listening, then he flew around the room with swift, noiseless tread, until not a corner of the room has escaped thorough search. He came back to Dager's side and said, in a low tone: "It pays good dust to be careful; there's no knowing when a 'centerpede' will crawl onto you. Now I was in this here room this morning when that 'slick cuss' was makin' Mr. Farce believe you had robbed the safe."

"You were!" said Dager, in astonishment. "Why, Dick, there was nothing of the kind said."

"Not while you were in here, but before you came; he said it plump out. And he told Mr. Farce that he was sure those two Mormon preachers had received the plunder, and wanted all three of you arrested, but Mr. Farce would not do it. You don't know it, but there's a detective on your tracks; and Blackwell don't know it, but there's a detective on his tracks," and he stuck out his own breast tragically.

If it had been a less serious matter Dager would have been thoroughly amused, but as it was he waited with some anxiety for Dick to unbosom himself.

"The thievin' was done the night of the fire. I was at the fire, of course, where a newspaper man should be, and I stayed till the last dog was hung, as a newspaper man should; so I was coming home just before daylight, and I saw a man with his eye glued to a crack in our fence, and I said to myself, 'If there's anything in our yard worth looking at, Dick, it's your duty to see it.' So I slips over," and he glided noiselessly across the room and back again to show how it was done, "and peeped in. Mr. Blank, as sure as I'm a living sinner, there was that 'slick cuss' burying something in our yard. He covered the place up with old boxes and swept his tracks out, but I'm onto him."

Like a flash Dager remembered the circumstance, but he waited for Dick to proceed.

"As soon as I found a chance, I dug it up."

Dager was not a little startled at his daring.

"And it was—the money, of course!" Dick said, triumphantly.

"Dick," said Dager, "I believe every word you have said, but don't you know that you have placed yourself in a very dangerous position? The having of that money in your possession would be sufficient to convict you of the theft. You should have taken an officer with you, before venturing to do such a thing."

"Well, aren't you glad I got the money?" Dick asked, a little nonplussed. "I thought of getting an officer, having the old covey arrested, hand-cuffed, loaded with chains and brought to the edge of the pit while I exhumed the stolen treasure, and then, Mr. Blank, I thought of the time when I was so sure you were the leader of a

band of robbers, and if it proved to be a dead cat that Blackwell had been burying, I did not want too many guests invited to record obsequies. There is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, sir, in any walk of life; but the step is the shortest in the calling of a detective, of any."

"What do you propose to do next?" Dager asked. "Of course, Dick, I am very glad Mr. Farce is not to lose his money, and I am sure he will reward you liberally, but this matter places you and me in a very embarrassing position."

"I propose to find that other person who was looking through the crack of the fence. Now, I want to put a personal in the paper, offering a reward to the fellow to come forward and make himself known. His testimony is all I need to complete the chain. This is where I need your help; please write out a proper notice, telling the man where to meet me, or where to write me, but using an assumed name, and send it to the compositors. I'd have put it into the other paper, but the 'slick cuss' reads every word of *that*, and he never looks at ours."

Dager laughed in spite of the gravity of the situation. "I can do better than that for you, Dick; I can produce the man."

Dick was beside himself with joy.

"It was me you saw there, but never until now have I connected that circumstance with the robbery."

"You're a regular baby, you are! Say, let's go right now and swear out papers, and let the 'slick cuss' sleep in jail."

"Not so fast, Dick. Remember I am already under suspicion, and you are but a boy. I'm just a little afraid that the case would look rather shaky

in the cold eye of the law. Let us consider the matter."

For some time they conversed in low tones, and separated, evidently well satisfied with the programme they had arranged.

Dager put his books and papers together, and, with a heart full of thankfulness toward Providence that there was a hope that he should be able to clear himself of the suspicion of crime, and at the same time save his employer's money, he picked up his hat to go out.

The door opened and Mary Gray came in.

Dager laid down his hat and found a great deal to do in putting various things to rights on the tables.

They exchanged greetings, and she sat down by the table and leaned her head on her hand wearily.

"I have just been having a conversation with my guardian, Mr. Blank, and understand that—that—"

"That I am suspected of robbing the safe."

"Yes, and I came to tell you that it will be an easy matter to prove an alibi. To say to you that if it were impossible for you to do so, I should still believe you innocent."

Dager Blank stood perfectly silent, looking down into the true blue of her earnest eyes, and did not speak to her, nor even so much as touch the hem of her dress. There is that in a virtuous love, however speeds the wooing, that is to the soul like a spring of clear water in a garden, keeping everything about it fresh, pure, sweet and fragrant by its presence.

"You came to us a stranger," she continued, "and you, as guardian says, have never given any satisfactory account of yourself; but I was at the

meeting at the Hill Schoolhouse last night, and your conduct was noble." She paused, but he did not speak, and she went on. "Mr. Blackwell is my father, but I cannot honor him, though I forgive him."

"I cannot tell you," Dager replied, "how unspeakably happy your words have made me. The accusation of robbery sits very lightly on my heart, for I hold the keys to the mystery in my possession, and—" Then it flashed across him that the real criminal was Mary's father.

"And what?"

"I think I had better acquaint Mr. Farce with the facts first."

She assented.

"Dager longed to ask again the question he had asked the night before. To insist on a more favorable answer, on at least knowing the reason for refusal, but he could not.

"How is Mr. Lawson?" he asked, after a lengthened pause.

"Very much worse; there are internal injuries, and I do not think he will ever be a sound man again. Dr. Wilberforce says it is possible that he will live, and quite probable that he will never walk again. His poor wife is nearly beside herself with grief and self-reproach. Her brother is a great comfort to her, and will remain until there is something definite in his condition. It is a sight to see that great, strong man stricken down in the pride of his manhood, more helpless than a little babe. He believes he will die, and his every idea is fixed in so arranging his property that the Mormons cannot get a cent of it when he is gone, that his boy will have the benefit of it. Oh, Mr. Blank, how sinfully and how blindly do we misjudge each other." She rose to her

feet and held out her hand. "Good-night, I have the care of Mrs. Lawson's baby now, so may not linger longer."

He held her hand just one moment, and she passed out of the room, and was gone.

The shadows were gathering and still he sat by the table, dreaming of the future, no hour of which was complete without her presence. At last he arose with a sigh, preparatory to going to his lodgings, and smiling grimly, as he noted on the other side of the street a shadowy form, and knew that when he left the house that form would become his shadow.

Mr. Farce met him at the threshold, and, deeming it only honorable, Dager Blank turned back, determined that come what might his good friend and benefactor should know the truth concerning him, and also that the money was found.

Having signified his desire to speak with him, Dager placed two chairs where the cool breath from the open window would fall upon them, but did not light the gas.

"Mr. Farce," Dager began, "I know I am accused of robbing you, and I know by whom. I have never trusted that man. I have ever believed him to be deeply false, cruel and merciless. Do you remember the writing in my note-book, which came so near losing me the place in your office, which I so much desired? That first impression of Mr. Blackwell? I have, in the months of subsequent intercourse, found no cause to change that opinion. For many reasons I desire to make you acquainted with who and what I am, why I came here, and the reasons I had for wearing an assumed name."

"An assumed name?" queried Mr. Farce.

"Yes, and of all the things that I ever did in my life, I have cause to regret this deception, so common and important as it is considered in this part of the world, more than anything I ever did in my life."

"Then I would not think you would find it hard to make your peace with heaven."

"It will probably be easier to make my peace with God than with man," Dager replied, seriously; "but before I enter on explanations, permit me to say that for you I have the profoundest respect, that I feel the deepest gratitude toward you for your generous confidence, your unfailing kindness to me during all these months that I have been known to you only as a tramp journalist. That I make this confession because, whatever transpires hereafter, I desire to deserve your respect and esteem."

Mr. Farce held out his hand, and there was a stronger pledge of mutual faith in the quick, firm clasp than mere words could ever convey.

Then Dager Blank told, in the twilight shadows, the story of his life. The name of his family, his pampered luxurious childhood, his college life, and the death of the parents he had hardly known, and the loss of fortune. How he had worked his way up to an honorable position, and the cause of his sudden flight from home, business and native State.

Mr. Farce thanked him for his confidence and expressed his belief in his birth, and beguiled, perhaps, by the confidence which twilight holds, they talked of Mary Gray and the strange relationship brought to light between Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Farce's ward.

"I was not at that meeting, Mr. Blank," Mr. Farce remarked, some time later in the evening, after the doctrines, methods and peculiarities of the religion taught by the Mormons had been fully discussed, "but there is in the books I have read, and the conversations I have had with them, something that comes nearer to giving me satisfaction than anything I have ever met before. This new system contains that without which all things in theology are a mere delusion and filled with fear rather than peace. Its skepticisms are placed on a basis of fact. The higher spiritual laws are no longer unapproachable mysteries, but may be, in a measure, comprehended *as facts*, with system, method, order and law. Not that I believe that religion will be reduced to a science, but science is not at war with facts, but falacies, and it will be used as a means of purification; or, rather, as the touchstone of truth. While science in a deeper sense will be exalted by theology. Children need only commandments, but the world of men are full grown today and are questioning those commands, and on the answer rests their salvation. They will no longer brook a great unapproachable Exception, where they are so vitally interested. I mean to embrace this new faith and go to Utah. I mean not only to embrace, but to live this religion that I believe to be a new birth from heaven."

Before Dager had time to respond, a moving figure caught his eye, gliding through the yard.

While warning him to silence, he directed Mr. Farce's attention to the person, and they sat in perfect silence while Mr. Blackwell—for it was he—dug where he had buried the stolen cash of his partner.

He did not utter a sound when the fact became perfectly apparent that the money was gone, but the two silent watchers lacked nothing in the absence of articulate language to understand the fearful wrath that the discovery occasioned him. He went as he came, sleek and silent to the last, and a night-bound train carried him where none of the actors in this drama are ever likely to see him again.

Then Dager—for we shall continue to call him so—told Mr. Farce what is already known to the reader about the money and its whereabouts.

The termination of this episode was rather discouraging to Dick Sawyer, but being of that kind who everlastingly hang on, he recovered from the disappointment, aided, no doubt, by the liberal reward which Mr. Farce bestowed on him.

The two men parted at midnight, and Dager had not told him, as he had intended, of his love for Mary Gray.

A week passed by. Thank God, time cannot stand still! There was no special change in the position of those whom we left seven days ago. It seemed like a week of preparation rather than action.

Mr. Farce sold his newspaper office, got baptized and was making active preparations to go to Utah.

The condition of Mr. Lawson grew worse, and even his wife, who had nursed him with a remorseful tenderness and an unflagging devotion, began to despair. In those awful moments, those long, still watches of the night, she would sit beside him, holding his hand, bathing his brow; longing to utter words of spiritual comfort, but she could not. Waking and sleeping,

he talked of his property, the little, petty human discords that had troubled his life, his boy and his future; but to the spiritual world, the eternal life, he was dead while he yet lived. But his wife had loved him, and who shall describe the added pain that the conviction brought her, that this was absolutely the last parting—the last meeting for them forever. The end came, one dark and rainy morning, when Mrs. Lawson was alone with him. He had asked that his boy be brought where he could see him. He spoke regretfully that the boy owed his rescue to another, and talked half incoherently of the great future the boy should have. Suddenly he seized his wife's hand and whispered, hoarsely:

"The other world is very, very, very dark, my wife; great God, how terribly dark it is!"

After the funeral, by making sacrifices, Mrs. Lawson's brother managed to get enough ready cash out of what Mr. Lawson had owned to enable him to take his sister home with him. They were all going together, Mary Gray, Mrs. Lawson, the two returning missionaries and Mr. Farce. The latter gentleman refused to yield his position as guardian to anybody, even a brother.

Dager Blank was out of employment, but he did not try to get any. He hovered about, doing what he could to assist in the preparations for departure, feeling terribly lonely and miserable. He wanted to talk to Mary Gray again on the subject nearest his heart, but it seemed that the opportunity never came. This new faith seemed to have seized his understanding, to have fastened itself upon his heart. He could not avoid thinking of it, analyzing it, comparing it with

all of the knowledge brought from the schools of his old life. At night, when he vainly tried to sleep, he groaned in anguish, "Would to God that I could believe it!"

It was the last night before the Mormon missionaries and party expected to start on their journey. Dager had spent an hour at the house, and the two young men being obliged to leave, in order to attend to the baptism of some late converts, Dager also withdrew, and after traversing several streets where their route took the same course, he turned off and went to his lodgings. Such a despairing longing seized him to know God, to have a sure anchor on which to rest his soul, a solid foundation upon which to build up the rest of the structure of his life. He did not light the gas, but moved uneasily about the room, too full of this infinite longing to be able to compose himself. A sudden resolve came to him to accept this faith, and believing, ask God to nourish and strengthen that belief. As much alone in that hour as though he was the one being left on the face of the earth, he knelt in the silence and darkness of his room and pledged his life to God in return for the testimony of Jesus Christ.

When he presented himself at the place of baptism he was conscious that a holy, solemn joy greeted him. The clasp of the hand of the two young men made him feel that he had a kindred upon earth forever.

The solemn ceremony was completed. How entirely to the satisfaction of the principal actor, all his after life has been a witness. On his heart rested the peace which is heaven's best gift, and the light that rolled over his soul, being of the spiritual world, the

speech of earth has for it no symbols. There is no appreciation save experience.

Dager Blank was at the station next morning to see the departure of his friends. He was sorry that he was not going with them, but cheered himself with the thought that not many days should elapse ere he found himself in Utah, for the true spirit of the gospel was upon him—the spirit of gathering. One blessed moment was given him in which to say a farewell word to Mary Gray.

"I am not satisfied with the answer you gave me the night of the fire. You did not give me a reason, though there are many and good reasons why you should have said 'no.' I have given satisfactory explanation to your guardian of who and what I am and have been. My recent acts tell what I intend to be." The bell rang and the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" and Dager found himself hurrying the woman he loved toward the steps without an answer.

"I am going to ask God to give you to me," he whispered, as she set her foot on the lowest step.

She looked up at him, the loveliest pink flush sweeping over her face and neck, and he had an answer that kept him perfectly happy during the days it took him to prepare for departure.

In due time they all found themselves settled down in a lonely valley in the shadow of the grand old Wasatch hills, each striving among a host of others to work out the problem of their own destiny, while assisting in the great work of God being wrought out upon the earth.

The Western Boom, to them, was but a memory, but in that memory lay the proof that God can overrule every

circumstance, no matter how untoward, for the benefit of those who bow in submission to His will, and who desire righteousness.

Mrs. Lawson's parents received her as a precious gift from the Lord, which she was, and in every way strove to make her forget the sorrow of her past life; and her boy became the pet and idol of the household.

Are you disappointed, dear reader, that this story did not end with a wedding? Well, remember it is a true story, and is not yet ended; and only out of deference to long established customs, I will say that I think Dager Blank will marry Mary Gray; and it is just possible that Mrs. Lawson will make Mr. Farce supremely blest—at least, she does not say that I must strike the sentence out.

There is only one thing more to be said, and that only in the hope that it may bring the balm of peace to some bruised spirit. In conversation one day with a man whose spiritual light is very great, Mrs. Lawson, in speaking of the irreparable mistake she had made in that marriage, said:

"How is it that I, a praying girl, who would have given him up if I could personally have been convinced that it was wrong, was permitted to make such a blighting mistake?"

He laid his hand on her head as he replied: "Perhaps you needed a lesson; perhaps God saw you were strong to endure and come back, and this noble boy may be the connecting link between the Church of Christ and a great and good family; you understand."

Ellen Jakeman.

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—*Richter*

MAY DAY ADDRESS.

HOPE.

We meet for mirth and pleasure,
This gladsome, bright May-day;
May all drink in full measure,
Mingling in song, and dance, and play.

May the fairest of the sisters,
In her robes of emerald green,
'Broidered o'er with buds and lillies,
Flowers of every hue and mien.

From the hawthorn's waving branches
To the violet, sweet and rare,
Lilac that the soul entrances,
Wild rose, blue-bell, daisies fair

Come to laugh at winter, dreary,
Come to cheer the heart again,
That grew heavy, sad and weary
Gazing on the barren plain.

We are far from home and country
Yet 'tis all the land of God;
This another leading sentry,
In the path the Nephites trod.

We might tell of famed Cumorrah,
Of the scenes enacted there;
Of the lonely sad Moroni,
Bending 'neath his deep despair;

For 'twas there the journey started,
Onward we must follow still.
For thus spake our dear departed
Joseph, teacher of God's will.

Thence to Kirtland we might lead you;
'Twas the Saints' first gathering place.
Tarried there and reared a temple
First our darkened land to grace.

In the last great dispensation
When the Christ shall claim His own,
Gathered from each clime and nation
Fruit of seed His hand hath sown.

On to Far West leads the pathway;
Land of promise land so rare,
It might well be called an Eden
Blessed of heaven so wondrous fair.

Hosts of Satan met and trembled
When they saw Christ's army there,
Hastily his powers assembled,
Raging in their mad despair,

We could tell of woe and weeping,
Mobbing, driving, deepest wrong;
Chant a requiem for our sleeping
Loved ones, murdered by the strong.

But you all too well remember
That soul-trying, bitter day,
Dark as any bleak December,
Seemed the blood-stained, stormy way.

And another queen of beauty
Claims our notice—fair Nauvoo—
Born of labor, born of duty,
Born of faith most strong and true,

We'll not touch upon her sorrow,
History's pages mark the tale,
She will have a bright tomorrow,
For God's promise will not fail.

And today let Carthage slumber
Joseph, Hyrum with the blest,
With the holy ransomed number,
In that home of peace and rest.

But the exiles we will follow,
From their blood-bought native land;
Home and country! Oh, what hollow
Sounds unto that outcast band!

Follow them o'er plain and mountain—
Faint and worn, yet strong of will;
Like a living, gushing fountain
Was their faith in Jesus still.

See, there bursts upon their vision
Utah's broad and peaceful vale.
Like a dream of heaven elysian,
Hear, their glad hearts cry, "All hail!"

Valley, lake and flowing river,
With their ramparts rising high;
Guarded, saved by God the Giver,
Ensign breathes her welcome nigh.

Years roll on—a wondrous city
Bursts upon a startled world!
Those they drove forth without pity
Here have freedom's flag unfurled.

And from every land and nation,
Islands of the seas afar—
From the high and lowly station
Follow Saints their beacon star.

Years of plenty! Brigham guiding
Like a Moses in the land;
Teaching, cheering, sometimes chiding,
With a wisdom truly grand!

But slow mingling with the people,
Powers of Satan gather in;
Here and there behold his steeple,
Here and there are dens of sin!

Now he laughs in wild derision
That God's Kingdom is o'erthrown;
All too soon is his decision,
For 'tis only wider grown!

To the north her cords are lengthened,
Gathered there the strong and brave;
Far, far south her stakes are strengthened—
Ephraim comes, his lost to save.

Let the exiles shout, "Hosannah!"
If they are the pure in heart;
Let poor Judah shout, "Hosannah!"
And prepare to take his part.

Sons of Lehi, faint and weary!
Know, too, that your God is nigh.
Dark no more your path, nor dreary;
He hath heard your bitter cry.

Soon will dawn a long, glad May-day
For our wintry, weeping world;
Fadeless flowers adorn each pathway,
And Christ's banner be unfurled.

JUAREZ, May 1st, 1891.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

LULA.

THAT was the beginning of a familiar acquaintance between the "tall, brave looking man," Mr. Printz, and the two youthful "belles of the season," Fanny Smith and Lina Hillon.

Quickly the month sped by which the girls were to spend at the valley. Their days and evenings were almost entirely passed in festivities of one kind or another. And now, my heart issore with sympathy and regrets, while my pen essays to briefly trace the darkest shading which my story bears.

From the first hour of their acquaintance, Mr. Printz set his eye like a hawk's upon Lina, and began laying his plans to beguile and entrap the innocent, unsuspecting girl. Deep, subtle plans they were; and so successfully did the wily, wicked man contrive and carry them through, that when, a few days before the time for the girls' return to F——, he disappeared from the valley as mysteriously as he had entered it, he left Lina strangely

stupefied, to awaken when she might, only to the realization of a broken heart. No one ever seemed to know from whence he came, or where he went.

Lina's grief was not that he had really won her heart; there had scarcely been time for her to have settled her affections upon him, even had she felt so inclined. But he had flattered and pleased her to such an extent that charmed; she seemed also to be chained, and helpless in his power. She never could understand how it was, that she could be so mystified and overwhelmed as to have yielded compliance to his dark, fiendish designs. She only knew when he was gone, that he had stolen from her that which nothing ever could restore, the golden glory of her maiden purity; and left in its stead a cold, dark cloud that would shadow her life forever.

In the presence of others, Lina was studiously cautious not to give the slightest cause for suspicion of the dire misfortune which had befallen her; but when alone, and safe from interruption, her grief knew no bounds.

"Oh! if he had cut off my hands, and taken them away, if he had even killed me in the most cruel manner, there might be forgiveness for him; but what can I do now?" she would moan. "How shall I dare to pray? God must be too much offended with me to bear the insult it would be for me to ask favors of Him. And how shall I meet my good, pure, faithful father and mother? And Will—oh, my brother Will! Didn't I call you a fool, and think to advise you how you must live that you might overcome your follies? I am the fool now, my follies are greater than yours have

ever been; poor mother has looked for clouds, but not for one so black as this; I fear this last will kill her. Oh! God, have mercy upon her and me."

Lina seldom wept, and from such sad soliloquies as the one quoted, she would turn to her grand-mother, or Fanny if they chanced to enter the room, with some timely remark, or laughing speech, which would ward off the suspicion that she was anything different to the gay, light-hearted girl she had always been. It was wonderful that she, so young, could be so brave in her hopelessness.

The team which was to take the girls back to F., arrived one Saturday afternoon, to remain over Sunday, and start home Monday morning. Will was strong enough now, so that he came with it, and also Isaac and Marian Smith.

When it was learned by some of the neighbors and near friends, that the little favorites, Fanny and Lina were to leave the valley so soon, a few of them flocked into grandma Howe's in the evening, to sing songs, chat socially, and bid the girls goodby. A real merry time was spent, in the midst of which, Isaac and Lina happened to take seats close to each other in a shaded corner. While they were thus seated, a little Scottish maiden was coaxed into singing Robbie Burns' sad love song, beginning with "Ye banks and braes." The girl sang in a plaintive, tremulous voice, which, together with the sorrowful words and notes of the song, touched Lina's heart to the core; and as the last lines were rendered in low, prolonged strains, more touching than those which had preceded them, stifled sobs welled up from the smothered, bursting heart.

"And my false lover stole the rose. But oh! he left the thorn with me!"

Lina could have groaned aloud in agony of spirit as those singularly expressive words fell from the singer's lips; but so well did she control herself that only Isaac, sitting close beside her, knew that she was weeping. With a tender, soothing clasp, he laid his hand upon her's as it rested in her lap. The touch had much of sympathy in it, and relieved her greatly; and could she have looked into the eyes bent eagerly upon her face, she must have seen that they were filled with deep, yearning pity, and Christ-like compassion.

"My darling child," said Mrs. Hillon, kissing Lina again and again, when they were once more clasped in each other's arms, "how glad I am to have you with me, safe and well, after all these weeks. Did Will tell you what he is going to do next spring?"

"Not a word of it, mother," answered Lina, "what is it."

"He has been called to take a mission to Europe," said Mrs. H., "and who do you think is to be his companion from here?"

Lina's first thought was of Isaac Smith; but she did not want him to go, so she did not mention his name. Somehow—she never asked herself why—she felt comforted when Isaac was near her; felt as though life was less unendurable, and as though a portion of the heavy weight upon her heart was lifted off. She did not guess that he had come to understand her better than any one else in the whole world, and that a great, warm current of sympathy coursed spontaneously between his heart and her own. She waited a moment, took a second

thought, and then said, "Edward Grange."

"Yes," her mother answered, "it is he."

The time for the departure of the missionaries soon drew near, so rapidly did the winter season glide by. Letters were exchanged between members of the family at home in the south, and those in F. Two weeks before Will and Edward were to start for England, news came of the marriage of Wallie Hillon and Mary Evans, which had taken place in the temple at St. George.

"Why don't you celebrate the occasion anyhow?" said Fanny, when Lina had told her of the event, and what a nice time they should have if they were only all at home. "I would, if it were my brother; I'd get up a dance, or a supper, or something pleasant, and then write them of the affair."

"How would you do it?" asked Lina.

Fanny answered promptly: "I'd go and talk to the Bishop's girls first; get them interested, and then arrange to have the party, candy-pulling, or whatever we decided to have, in the Bishop's large kitchen."

"Do you really think we might do something of the kind?" asked Lina, "do you think our parents would let us, and that Marian would help us?"

Fanny thought and knew they could; and so the plans were laid, and the design wrought into a certainty very soon. Marian was first consulted, and as Fanny always admitted that her elder sister's ideas were far superior to her own, that young lady's suggestions were carefully adhered to.

The evening of the first of April, "All Fool's day," was the one agreed

upon, and it was decided that a quiet, social entertainment, composed principally of singing and recitations, would be most suitable. It was also considered appropriate to announce the entertainment as a joint affair, given partly in honor of Walter's marriage, and partly as a farewell sociable to Edward and Will.

The evening came, and so successfully were all the arrangements carried out, that the event was a highly enjoyable one.

It was nearing midnight, and some of the guests, including Lina's father and mother, had already retired, when the girl whispered to Fanny that she felt tired, and wanted to go home; but as Will seemed to be enjoying himself so well, she did not like to disturb him.

Isaac, who had just been singing a duet with Fanny, was still near enough to catch Lina's words. "Let me walk home with you, little girl," he said very softly; "Certainly your brother should be allowed to remain as long as he wishes."

Lina made no objection to Isaac's kind offer, and stepping into the hall, put on her shawl and bonnet. She was thinking over how proud she had been, at times, of the attentions of Mr. Printz, because she knew all the other girls envied her, he was so gentlemanly and graceful and handsome. Now, she thought, the plainest girl in the room, however awkward her attendant might be, might well be envied of her.

"I'm ready," she announced, turning to Isaac, who had followed her into the hall.

"Marian is just going to recite, let's wait here and listen to her,"

said Isaac. "She recites well, and always makes fine selections."

So the two remained standing in the hall-way, watching and listening, while Marian touchingly rendered those beautiful lines written by "Zion's Poetess," Eliza R. Snow.

"When we should weep." As she finished with the last lines,

"But when the faintest spot of sin
Shades loveliness, and when
A blight comes over innocence,
There's cause for weeping then!"

a low, smothered cry, half moan, half sob burst from Lina's lips, and turning hurriedly to the outer door, she fled away in the darkness alone.

A load of lumber had been lain in one corner of the Bishop's yard, and to this Lina ran, and sinking upon it, wept as though she would wash from her stricken conscience the "spot of sin," the "blight of innocence," in bitterest tears of penitence and remorse.

Poor little Lina; poor, poor child! She had suffered pride to enter her heart, she had walked before a fall, she had fallen, and was now humbled, even to the dust.

Again was Isaac Smith the only one to mark her anguish, and to guess its cause. Silently he followed her to the retired spot she had chosen, and after giving sufficient time for her grief to subside, he gently raised her to her feet and supported her with one strong, kind arm.

"Oh, Lina, dear child," he whispered in a voice so full of sympathy that her tears flowed afresh, "I cannot help seeing and knowing you are very unhappy. And it grieves and worries me. You want to know what to do, and I will tell you. Be my own little girl, my own little love, and let me

comfort and take care of you forever."

Lina still wept on for awhile, then drying her tears, she said calmly and resolutely, "No, Uncle Isaac, I couldn't let you love and care for me, it wouldn't be right."

"Not right! Why Lina? I do love you, whether you'll let me or not; and I shall always care for you; why do you not wish me to?" said Isaac.

"Because," answered Lina, "you are wise and strong, and I am foolish and weak. You haven't kept your heart from loving all these years, to fall in love at last with a wicked little thing like me."

"Let's take a walk, Lina," said Isaac, "and I will tell you of my first love, and maybe you will change your mind." He led her away, and they walked in silence into the grave-yard. There Isaac paused by a grass-grown mound and said,

"Here is where they buried little Flora May, my first and only love, until I learned to love you. I must be very brief in telling you the story, it is so late, and you are so tired."

"I am not tired now," said Lina, "do tell me about it."

And Isaac related his romance, briefly, to a most attentive listener.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

AN IDEAL.

L. M. HEWLINGS.

HERE is my home! far, far away from dying.

A mansion in the city of the blest;

For which long years my weary heart was sighing

'Mid worldly ways of toil and cares oppress;
Where joys were brief, and oftentimes brought repining,

That made earth-life a dream of deep unrest.

In this fair home thro' all its pleasant borders,
No place is found for soul-destroying sin,
Sickness, disease and pain, those dread marauders

Are feared no more! they cannot enter in.
No weary watchers wait for coming morrow,
No night is here! and all is peace within.
No graves are here! no loving ties are severed,
No mourners weep, all tears are wiped away,
No dreaded monarch, mighty king of terrors,
O'er this fair clime can ever hold his sway.
No valleys gloom, nor cypress wreaths of sorrow,

No emblems sad, of parting, or decay.
Thro' the Red Sea of trial holding ever,
His loving hand I passed with tearful eyes,
Into the radiance of bliss forever,
Into a glorious home of glad surprise.
Renewed, redeemed, torturing bonds all riven,
A home of endless rest—sweet rest in heaven.

MISTAKEN.

MRS. FETHERBEE was an active, sympathetic little body, and, moreover, she was accustomed to having everybody like her; so when her husband, who was a dentist, was called by professional duties to a small country town, and she found herself in the same house with a family who would not be sociable and friendly, she was wearied and perplexed.

Perhaps I should have said part of a family; for the reticent group of persons who maintained this objectionable distance was without a mother. It consisted of a father and two little boys, aged respectively five and seven years.

The Fetherbees had been living in the house for several months, and passed and repassed Mr. Herbert almost every day, and to their cheerful neighborly greeting or polite bows, he either replied in gruff monosyllables, or ignored them altogether. Mr. Fetherbee with an indifferen shrug of the shoulders acquiesced, but not so his wife.

One reason for this was that being the mother of two dear little children herself, she was greatly interested in the motherless boys, and would have been glad of an opportunity to say and do many of those little things that serve to brighten and sweeten the lives of children; for their papa, while not positively unkind, was irritable, silent and stern; and there was very little sunshine in the little lives.

Another thing, the lady was country born and bred, where everybody knows everybody else, and also where almost every one belonged to "our Church," and brought their passports to brotherly love and sisterly confidence with them. There is then no need of caution and reserve, as among those who mingle together unrecommended and unknown.

On one beautiful summer evening Mrs. Fetherbee's children were playing in the back lot, and came to the house clamorous for cakes and apples. All this time those two little neighbor boys sat prim and neat on the back porch and looked on with such intense longing in their eyes, to join the game that her mother heart went out to them. She called them, and offered them part of the refreshments, and invited them to join the game. They accepted the apples and cakes shyly, and said; "Papa will not let us play ball," and hastened back to their seat on the edge of the porch. Just then their papa walked out of the house, surveyed the scene for one moment, cast a look of mingled scorn and anger upon Mrs. Fetherbee, and ordered the children to return what she had given them, and sent them to their books.

How helpless and indignant the little lady was! The insult was too petty to be resented and it remained

in her mind and annoyed her more than she would have been willing to admit. But she made no more attempts to be friendly with the children; but strange to say, the less she thought of the father the more she noticed the children. How they were dressed, if their ears were protected when the winds began to grow cool in the early autumn; and she fidgeted a good deal for fear he would not know enough to put good, warm stockings and flannels on them early enough, for she had no very good opinion of Mr. Herbert. For, be it known that the gentleman and his two boys boarded, and he sent sewing and washing out, but no woman ever was allowed to come inside, nor did he ever condescend to consult anybody as to the children's needs.

One night she was awakened by hearing one of the little boys cough, for their bed room was directly beneath her own. It was the tone of it that woke her, and set her heart in a flutter of apprehension. That peculiar, hoarse, stifled cough, that once heard is not likely to be forgotten—for it is the herald and witness of membranous croup. She listened to hear some stir in the room, for she knew that the only thing that would save the life of the dear child was prompt and heroic treatment. Almost as much to be dreaded as diphtheria because of its swift inroads on the citadels of life, no wonder that Mrs. Fetherbee's heart stood still with fear when she heard that dreadful cough again and again and no other sound broke the stillness. She thought of the contempt and rudeness the father had been guilty of toward her, and thought, for only one moment, that she would not lift a finger if they all had the croupe; and I am not sure that she would if Mr.

Herbert had been the afflicted one. But the dear little boy should not bear the weight of his father's sins. She made a heroic resolve, that cast what it might of insult or mortification to herself, the father should be warned of the danger his child's life was in, and if he dared to treat the matter lightly, the sin would be upon his own head. The hoarse cough came at regular intervals, and as Mrs. Fetherbee half rose in her bed, hoping to hear Mr. Herbert moan, and half dreading to put her heroic resolve into execution, and at the same time knowing that if anything serious should happen to the little boy she would never be able to forgive herself, she resolved to wake Mr. Fetherbee.

"John," she said, shaking his shoulder, "John."

"What is it?" he answered, for he was a very sound sleeper.

"Oh John!" said his wife almost ready to have hysterics, that dear little motherless boy of Mr. Herbert's has the croup."

"Well what's that to us. I guess he can take care of him or call a doctor, can't he?"

"I guess he could if he would wake up, but the child has been coughing for half an hour, and is rapidly grow-worse, and he sleeps so soundly or is indifferent that the child will die before he ever finds it out; and," said the lady stepping out of bed, "I am going to dress and go down, waken and warn him, and if he will permit me, apply such remedies as I can while he goes for a doctor."

While she was talking she was rapidly dressing herself.

"You better not do anything of the kind. All the thanks you would get for your trouble would be some

disagreeable or insulting reply," said Mr. Fetherbee.

Again that terrible cough, and Mrs. Fetherbee paused in her dressing, to say: "John, neither you nor I are living and doing good actions simply for thanks. You know that neither curiosity, nor any other ignoble motive prompts me, and I do not care what he thinks or says."

"Well, well," said her husband, now thoroughly awake, "that is true, but since we are morally sure that he would not permit you to do anything for the child, if you will go back to bed I will go down and speak to him."

Hastily throwing on a little clothing he went down stairs.

She was by far too anxious to lie down till she knew what the result of her husband's errand was, so she went over and stood by the north window, and looked out.

All the valley seemed to be under water. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. An old moon was shining and here and there it fell in silvery radiance on the peak of a hill, here and there above the softly tossing silent billows of water.

While mentally wondering over this phenomenon, she heard her husband go out at the front door and around to the porch leading to the exit of the suite of rooms occupied by Mr. Herbert, just as that dreadful cough came again and again from the room below. But there he paused, and she heard his returning steps.

He laughed as he opened the door, "Come back to bed little wife," he said, good naturedly, "I have scared the croup away."

Just then she heard it again, this

time it plainly came from the woodshed.

In answer to her surprised and questioning look, he said: "It was an owl, dear, trying to get the hen that hatched her chickens under the porch."

She again looked out over the seeming expanse of water, tears of gratitude rolling down over her cheeks, that the dear little motherless boy was not sick, knowing that this appearance of illimitable ocean was only a thin veil of cloud trailed on earth, and that both ears and eyes had deceived her.

Never after that did she hear anybody positively assert some doubtful or doubtful thing, but she thought of this experience, and how very easy it is to be mistaken. One useful lesson she took to her own heart, not to judge others hastily; and not to accuse them lightly of willful misrepresentation or other wrong.

I can't refrain from telling you, although it does not properly belong to this story, that circumstances afterward put these people into possession of Mr. Herbert's past history, and it had been so full of heart-breaking sorrow—so fraught with irreparable wrong done to this lonely morose man, that they had no thought left of him but sympathy and respect.

A PRAYER.

R. M. F.

O FATHER, hear me while I pray,
And guide me through the livelong day.
Bless me with wisdom how to ask,
That I may in Thy blessings bask.

O Father, give me light, I pray,
'To keep in view the narrow way,
That I may always walk therein—
Ne'er turn aside to ways of sin.

Give me faith, I pray Thee, Father,
That my heart may never falter;
Be ever Thou my guiding star,
My beacon light held out afar!

Yet not so far I cannot reach
Thy presence, Father, I beseech;
For, though with faults and sin depressed,
I fain would on Thy bosom rest.

Oh, give me sorrow for my sin,
That I may battle till I win—
That I may triumph over wrong!
My life wilt Thou in grace prolong.

That I may see Thy Kingdom come;
Also Thy will on earth be done.
Oh, may I see the reign of peace
And witness, Lord, Thy Saints' release.

My sinful deeds wilt Thou forgive,
And help me, Father, while I live,
To e'er abide Thy sov'reign will
And learn Thy mandates to fulfill.

How oft in love, Thou dost relent
When, in true meekness, we repent!
Such patient kindness Thou hast shown,
Thy boundless mercy—all I own!

Oh, give me strength and courage bold
To keep my lambs within the fold,
To guard them with a watchful care!
Let evil not their feet ensnare.

And, last of all, give me Thy grace;
Oh! do not turn away Thy face,
But lead me back from whence I came.
I ask it all through Jesus' name.

◁ THE WORLD ▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY'S VISIT TO ENGLAND—AMERICANS IN LONDON—SALVATION ARMY INCIDENT—MEXICO'S GROWING IMPORTANCE—PARNELL'S MARRIAGE—MISFORTUNES OF THE BONAPARTES—AFFAIRS IN CHILI—LABOR QUESTION—THE MAIL SYSTEM—WONDERFUL INLAND LAKE—SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Foreign —

DECIDEDLY the most interesting event that is transpiring in foreign lands is the visit of the emperor and empress of Germany to their royal grandmother, Queen Victoria, to be present at the wedding of Princess Louise, of Schleswig Holstein, to Prince Aribert, of Anhalt. Their visit was preceeded by a tour that was picturesque in the reading of it and full of interest.

Everywhere in this, the season of flowers, these bright emblems of sunshine were used as decorations, together with the flags of Germany and the countries through which the royal

couple passed in their journeying to England. There it is proposed to make their sojourn one continuous ovation.

It has quite the interest of a family affair, the arrival of the kaiser and his numerous escort on the imperial yacht, *Hohenzollen*, at Port Victoria, where a squadron of English battle ships thundered him welcome.

The kaiser kissed his uncle, the prince of Wales, when they met on the deck of the yacht, where the party had luncheon, and then proceeded by train to the little town of Windsor; that was gay with decorations of the German and English colors, and half the buildings were adorned with mottoes of welcome and expressions of good wishes to the prospective bride and groom.

On their arrival at the Windsor platform there was a scene of hugging and kissing among the feminine portion of the family that seemed not un-

like the greetings of ordinary families at railroad stations.

Then follows a description of the procession which was interesting, but not imposing. The emperor occupied the first carriage, which was drawn by six white horses, ridden by postillions. The princess of Wales looked fresh and young as ever under her pink parasol, and the little German empress, in her quiet dress of gray, looked almost insignificant beside her.

The queen has the greatest number of guests at Windsor that she has entertained since the death of her husband, thirty years ago. They number one hundred and one. We may well imagine that the Castle is in a somewhat crowded condition, when we read that the prince and princess of Wales have been squeezed into three rooms in the Victoria Tower, while their two daughters are actually forced to share one apartment.

The German emperor and empress occupy the state apartments, while the grand duke and duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz have the four tapestried rooms in Lancaster Tower, between them; but the hereditary prince of Waldeck, Pyrmont, has been forcibly reminded of the significance of his principality by being placed in an out-of-the-way room in Lancaster Tower. The marquis of Lorne has been reminded of the painful fact that he counts for little when emperors and grand dukes are about by having a bed made up for him in the "charity room" in King Edward's tower, several blocks away from his wife.

As usual, politicians have attributed great political significance to the kaiser's visit, England being the silent partner in the tripple alliance. In the meantime he will participate in the

festivities occasioned by his arrival. The royal wedding followed by a state banquet, a reception by the citizens of London, a visit to the Crystal Palace, etc.

The London season will be a brilliant one. Mrs. McKee, daughter of President Harrison, and Mrs. Russel Harrison are there at present, and Mrs. Mackay's late social triumph—a dinner and concert, attended by members of the nobility and other social lights—indicate that Americans have some showing in London society.

When we see the exponents of different religions praying for the extension of their own belief, we naturally wonder who is right and where it will all end. A strange instance of this occurred in Eastbourne, an English city. The mayor of the place—a devout Scotchman—has been prosecuting the Salvation Army for disturbing the peace. Eva Booth, daughter of General Booth, called upon him, and, dropping down upon her knees in his parlor, asked God to "give him a new heart;" but the mayor, not viewing matters in the same light, dropped down on his knees and fervently prayed that the "law breakers," as he termed the Salvationists, would be granted "new and contrite hearts."

In recognition of the growing commercial importance of Mexico, the United States has established the same diplomatic relations toward that country as those existing between England, Germany, France and Russia. This has been done by a recent action of Congress, and President Diaz is jubilant over the result.

The marriage of Parnell to Mrs.

O'Shea, which seems to have been the *dernier resort*, has not helped his cause as much as it was hoped it would do. The Carlon priests, the majority of whom are in favor of the anti-Parnellite candidate for Parliament, are greatly influencing the people in his district.

Francis Leland, the writer of a recent article in the *Epoch*, has given some interesting reflections upon the unlucky family of Bonapartes, and the misfortunes accruing to the women who have become their wives, each one of whom have had, after the brief splendor of their lives, some cruel sequel of reverse and fatality.

Of the five sons of Charles Bonaparte and Letitia Ramolino, Joseph, the oldest, married Julia Clary, daughter of a rich merchant of Marseilles. In May, 1808, he was made king of Spain against his will. After coming to grief, with the downfall of his powerful brother, Napoleon, Joseph wandered, with his wife, about the world, and died at Florence, leaving a widow, old, isolated proscribed.

The well-known fate of the Empress Josephine was still more sad. Deposed from the court, where her extraordinary traits had placed her to the prison-like environments of Malmaison, she had the bitter sorrow of seeing Maria Louise occupy her place by the side of the man she had loved with so much pride and tenderness.

Lucien Bonaparte married an obscure girl in 1794, Christine Boyer by name. He had two sons by her. His second marriage, to Alexandrine Jonberthon—the divorced wife of a stockbroker—so enraged Napoleon that it was a long time before he forgave his brother for marrying a commoner, when he had planned a royal alliance

for him. Alexandrine was beautiful and ambitious, but Lucien's unambitious nature deprived her of her place in the dawning empire, and she died in obscurity at Sinigaglia, in 1855.

The fourth son, Louis, was compelled by Napoleon to marry Hortense Bohainais. This marriage was a most unfortunate one for both Louis and Hortense. Separated from the husband in 1807, she was obliged to countenance the new queen who usurped her unhappy mother's place, and, like her mother, she died in exile at the Chateau of Arenberg.

Jerome, the youngest, married Elizabeth Pattison, of Baltimore, in 1803, who was as beautiful and ambitious as Alexandrine Jonberthon. This marriage was annulled by Napoleon, and his brother afterwards married Catherine of Worttemberg.

The two living instances of the fatality linked with the name of Bonaparte, are the once beautiful Eugenie and the Princess Clotilde, the widow of Prince Jerome, or "Plon, Plon." Obligated by the notorious misconduct of her husband to live apart from him, the Princess Clotilde returned to the old Chateau of Monchaleu, where she has lived for the last twenty years.

The general verdict seems to be that the Chilian insurgents have a strong case of outrageous despotism and cruel oppression against Balmaceda. Dictators, who defy constitutional liberties, and trample upon the rights of citizens, cannot be countenanced by enlightened governments.

The London Trades Council has given practical form to the out-cry against pauper immigration by appointing a committee of its members to find out, by studying the laws of

Germany and the United States, the best means of preventing the immigration of pauper aliens. The prominence given to the labor question is one of the strongest features of the age. Labor, skilled and unskilled, is an articulate force. It is said to have learned its one needs, and is prepared to demand them.

Linked together by organized effort, it is distinct from questions of national policy. When viewed in the light of socialism, it seems as if the present tendency were to unite all the workmen of the world into one vast guild, whose aim is the improvement of his own condition and that of his fellow-laborer. Questions that effect labor absorb the attention of the politician and capitalist. Without doubt we are on the eve of an upheaval in the labor world; but whether, after the tumult is over, the future of the workman will be much brighter remains to be seen.

Domestic.—

We are prone to chafe at any delay or miscarriage in our letters, yet, aside from some inevitable losses and unavoidable delay, the mail systems of the different countries are as perfect as it is possible for anything mundane to be made. As an instance of this, John W. Nichols, of Decatur, Ill., recently sent a letter around the world that made the journey in eighty-two days and seventeen hours. It was sent to Paris, with the request to forward it to him by the way of Japan. When it returned, bearing all sorts of stamps and postmarks, he found it had been delayed in Paris ten days.

Rudyard Kipling, who is traveling for his health, is now in New York City. Beyond having a new summer

drink named for him, there seems to be no further recognition of his presence there. So much for his unsparing criticism of America when he was over before. The wonder is that he returns to a country that so unfavorably impressed him in his first visit.

A wonderful inland lake has formed in California, at Salton, which is 263 feet below the sea level. It is thought to be the result of an earth-quake. The flood covers many thousand square miles of the alkali lands, and is from three to eight feet deep. A genuine panic was excited by the occurrence. The locality is subject to floods from the Colorado river; but no such overflow has ever been seen there before. This phenomenon has accomplished, in one night, a project which scientific men have had in view for years, and has solved by natural means a vast engineering problem, namely, the letting in of the ocean waters to create an inland lake or arm of the sea. This has been done almost in a night, and the world is wondering over the result.

One of the American girl's greatest enemy is the sensational journalist who, with little real knowledge of the society belle, makes all sorts of startling assertions concerning her—for which, unfortunately, the average editor is always in search. One of the latest absurdities in this line is an article that is going the rounds of the press called the "Ginger Habit." The writer of this article would have us believe that Jamaica ginger is creating fearful havoc among the society women in that debateable land which always lies somewhere beyond the environs of our own city or town, and which is invariably inhabited by all these wicked people who do such

dreadful things. We have only to remember that human nature is the same all the world over, and it is only just to believe that if our own sisters and daughters are not addicted to the use of ginger in lieu of alcoholic stimulants, the country is safe for awhile at least.

I cannot close this bird's-eye view of the world's doings for the past month without an expression of gratification that the Woman's National Industrial League in Washington

should have taken steps to investigate cases of corruption in official life with a view to exposing and thus preventing them. The senators and high officials of the government are accused of placing servants and relatives in office during the summer vacation, and of doing an office brokerage business. If this be true the W. N. I. L. will be conferring a benefit upon members of their own sex and the country at large by taking effective measures of exposure.

◁HYGIENE▷

WE have been giving in the last two numbers of the JOURNAL, some extracts from Susanna W. Dodd's "Health in the Household," a cook book written and compiled by one of the best known and most popular hygienic writers of the day. I have had her book for several years, and have read her articles in the Demorest and other leading Magazines with the most vivid interest. So that when my mother and myself found ourselves in St. Louis last fall we resolved to spend a few hours in hunting up the lady and talking with her face to face. We made quite a number of inquiries and found her home, which proved to be a hygienic college and hospital. I was delighted to find there was a college so near Utah, and was more delighted to talk with the brave woman who has made so valiant a fight against disease and error. She seemed almost as pleased to find a woman from benighted Utah who thoroughly sympathized with all her views and ideas. I told her about the Word of Wisdom,

and promised myself at the time that I would copy the same and send it to the lady, a promise which I have failed to keep. I receive occasional letters from the Dr. and she gets an occasional number of the JOURNAL. I asked her if she was willing for me to copy some of the excellent receipts from her book into the JOURNAL, and she gave a ready assent, suggesting that I should add some extracts from the first part of the book, which is called the "reason why," being a summary of scientific facts in support of hygienic cooking and eating. Now, I will say to one and all of the readers of this JOURNAL, if you can possibly afford it, get a copy of this book, for it is Mormonism clear and simple; the Word of Wisdom being taught in every line and page. You will be healthier, happier and better in every way if you will carry out its counsels. While for those who feel themselves too weak to carry out the pure hygienic laws in regard to food, there is in the back of the book some fine and prac-

tical receipts for the cooking of food in what the author terms a compromise manner.

We shall take occasion to copy some of these, but you may rest assured that I should feel it necessary to copy the whole book verbatim if I pretended to give you anything but a mere taste of the good things contained within its lids. If there are any of our young girls looking forward to studying medicine, and going East to take a course in that branch of learning, let me urge you to make the Hygienic College of St. Louis your destination. For there you will learn all that is generally taught in the highest schools of medicine and a great deal more; for the laws and doctrines of the prevention of disease and the way to remedy physical sins in the manner taught by Sister Sorenson and by this JOURNAL are brought out in full. You will also learn how to eat and how to cook healthful food, a thing which I wish to speak of in a future number. For the present, I will content myself by urging you girls to read and then try every receipt copied in the JOURNAL from Dr. Dodd's book, and if possible buy one for yourselves.

LETTER TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF ZION.

HANNAH SORENSON.

I HAVE been requested again to write through the columns of the "YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL" to my sisters in Zion—also, that the contents of my letter should run somewhat in the same direction as the instructions given in my classes.

I suppose it is known to a good many that my time is occupied in teaching

classes, to which has been given the name of "Women's Physiological Reform Classes."

The name tells the object of the work, and I am very thankful to say, that I have successfully taught several classes, first, at Elsinore, Sevier Co., later at the different settlements in Utah Co; Pleasant Grove, Provo, Lehi and Springville. At the present time I am teaching a second class at Lehi, together with one at Springville.

The plan in view in these classes, is to educate woman to an understanding of her own physical structure and being. Also to make her acquainted with the natural laws by which she should be governed in every period in life, as well in girlhood as motherhood. Obstetrics is taught thoroughly in all its branches—all the instructions given are based upon the laws of nature, shown in all its beauty as principles of our glorious religion.

I have always gloried in these principles, since I came to years of understanding—and when a young woman of twenty-four I was impressed to appeal to the government of my country, to be accepted as a student of the Royal Hospital, Copenhagen, Denmark, from whence, I graduated in the year 1861, with a diploma of first degree. My life from then, and till now—I am fifty-five—has been wholly occupied by work and study in that line, but it has always been sad to me to experience how the majority of students have abused these beautiful principles, and especially since I got acquainted with and embraced the religion of the Latter-day Saints.

I am always thankful—but especially this very moment, I feel as if I

could shout aloud to the glory of my heavenly Father, that I have a testimony to give to the truth of these words—when it is said: if you will be obedient to the first principles of our religion, the Holy Ghost shall be sealed upon your head, and that Holy Ghost shall lead you into all truth.

I was often, in my days, crushed down through criticism, for my curious ideas, as my friends would call it. And, as I was naturally very sensitive, it would at times discourage me, and for moments doubt would steal itself into my heart, and I would wonder: can these, to me, grand ideas really be a blur? But as I said, it would only be for moments, and I would be cheered up again, with a feeling that I did not then understand, my troubled heart would swing itself up and shout aloud for joy, because I felt again an assurance that my ideas were truths, everlasting truths.

I cannot tell you, beloved sisters, what a joy filled my heart, when the gospel of Jesus Christ, the religion of the Latter-day Saints was introduced to me, and I embraced it—was baptized, and the servants of the living God placed their hands upon my head, confirmed upon me that Holy Ghost which should lead me unto all truths. I saw then clearer than before. The veil was taken from my eyes, and the principles, which at times before would show themselves in a dim light, shown forth in all their grandeur, and I testified to my eternal Father, that now I was satisfied, here all my lofty ideas were realized, I know now that I was right, and I was determined to declare them to the whole world. And when the day at last came—when in the midst of heavy, heavy, sore

trials, I was permitted to wend my weary feet toward Zion—there was one joyful whispering to my soul, that now I will come to mingle with a people who believe as I do, and who understand and appreciate these, to me, grand and glorious principles, concerning natural and physical laws of human lives.

But, O! I was sadly mistaken. When I arrived here, and got a little acquainted with the people, their ways and customs, I found then to my sore disappointment, that my principles and ideas concerning these things were just as much misunderstood as before, if not a little more. My heart was grieved in many ways, also concerning these things. How often was I anxious to express and explain, these to me so beautiful principles, when I came in contact with some who felt I thought somewhat congenial with me! But, oh! what could I do? I could not understand what they said, neither could I speak a word. How I have prayed on my bended knees many a time, to my heavenly Father that I might be able to express my feelings and ideas in the English language. But it seemed as though I was overtaken by discouragement. One thing after another came along in the form of heavy trials, I was crushed down in spirit and body, gave up all hope of future happiness. In the course of time I was impressed to go to the temple, hoping, as I did, that I should receive new hope and courage, through the blessings I could receive there.

Five years ago I went to the temple the first time, (I had then been here nearly two years. The temple at Manti, you know, was not then completed—I went to the temple at St. George). I received there my endow-

ments, had many grand blessings pronounced upon my head. President McAllister and his assistant Brother D. H. Cannon gave me a blessing in which, among many other good and grand promises, it was said that I "should be a teacher in the midst of the daughters of Israel, and perform a great work in this life."

I could not realize the possibility of these words then. I could only understand a few words of the English language, but could not speak a word. How impossible it seemed to me that I could ever be a teacher in this life! But it seemed as though Father poured out upon me, after this, a spirit of energy, together with hope, that I might be useful.

Time has rolled on, many changes have been brought about, which I do not intend to speak of here. But as I said before, how thankful I feel for the position I occupy today, that I am able—though surely my language is very poor—to express my feelings and ideas, so that they can be understood by those who wish to understand them. I shall therefore be very pleased and thankful, if I, through my simple writing, might be able to convert—if it is only a few—unto the truths of these, to me, so grand and glorious principles.

I do not know how far I shall be able to accomplish any thing concerning this, through my writings—as I am a poor writer—but, when I can gather around me, in my classes, my sisters, we have the most enjoyable time: God is so merciful that He pours out His spirit in rich abundance, and they rejoice with me, for these grand truths.

I shall endeavor hereafter, if it will be accepted, to write my ideas con-

cerning those beautiful, natural, physical laws of human lives, as far as I understand them, and as near as it will be proper—to give them to the JOURNAL, in the manner they are given in my classes. I feel a great responsibility resting upon me concerning these affairs. I feel, as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that I must do my little part in bringing light upon these important questions which at the present time are so seriously affecting our people, and especially the female portion.

Holy laws, beautiful laws are laid down in the grand nature for the guidance of the children of God, while they remain in this state of existence, but oh how seriously they are transgressed, and I believe that the transgression is caused to a very great extent through ignorance. How I wish in my heart that every daughter in Israel would anxiously acquire all knowledge, but let me say true knowledge, of the natural laws, by which her physical being should be governed. I believe the majority of our women would live these laws if they only understood them.

Quite often I receive letters from far off-places, even outside of Utah limits, asking for advice concerning female diseases, also in the obstetrical line.

I have been thinking, maybe it would be a good idea to give extracts of these letters here in the JOURNAL, together with answers on the questions asked, as it might prove a benefit to others suffering from the same ailments. I would say to my Sisters that I will be willing to answer any letter addressed to me asking for information in that line, and if extracts from let-

ters are printed in this JOURNAL, no names will be attached to them.

Will close my letter for this time; expect to address you again in the following number of the JOURNAL.

ESSAY ON HYGIENE.

READ IN SISTER SORENSEN'S CLASS.
PROVO.

MRS. DELIA BOOTH.

HYGIENE is that department of medicine that treats of the preservation of health. And upon these principles are founded the laws of life and health, and upon health depends the degree of usefulness and happiness that a person may attain to. I believe that the highest laws of hygiene are found in the Word of Wisdom, and by observing these laws we not only gain the greatest temporal blessing, that of health and strength, but there is also a spiritual blessing of hidden treasures of knowledge promised. We who do not keep these laws must consider ourselves among the weakest of the weak, for unto such it was given. In addition to these higher laws are a great many that have been gained by experience, and the result of experiment, and the intelligence that is given to mankind. The part of our living upon which health most depends, I believe, is the food we take and the manner in which we take it. It should be eaten in as nearly a natural state as possible; there are a great many things that cannot be eaten raw, but they should be cooked in the simplest manner. All manner of fried food is unhealthful, as fried meat, fried potatoes, fried bread and cakes, etc., and should not be used as common articles of food. Meat should form as

small a part of the diet as circumstances will allow. All vegetables should be cooked with as little seasoning as will make them palatable—and this matter of taste is more a habit than anything else. Those who are accustomed to plain food relish it as well as those who indulge in highly seasoned food, and have the advantage of feeling well after it. Most fruit in its season should be eaten raw; that to be used out of the fruit season should be put up fresh, for preserves, jam and jelly are too strong for the stomach and cause thirst, heart-burn and indigestion. The subject of hygienic bread has been so thoroughly discussed and experimented upon as to need nothing further with the members of the class.

I consider exercise next to eating in the laws of health; exercise should be moderate and varied, and taken as much as possible in the open air. Where this is not possible it should be in well ventilated rooms. Always stopping short of fatigue, for when one becomes exhausted there is a tearing down instead of a building up of strength, and much of the ill health of the present age is due to over-work and exhausted energies, both mental and physical. But I consider it much worse where poor health is a want of exercise, and, best of all, where useful work is a means of healthful exercise.

Bathing is an important matter of health, though some believe it more a luxury than a necessity of health. We find people who do not indulge in it to be strong and healthy—particularly strong as regard one of the five senses—and some babies and delicate persons seem to be weakened by too much bathing. I heard a prominent doctor say that the healthiest children

are those that are raised in dirt. Bathing is an important factor in nursing the sick, and is very beneficial. A great deal might be said on the different kinds of baths and how to take

them, but it would be too lengthy for this article. So also would the subject of the influence that the mind has on the health, and the influence of morals and religion as regards hygiene.

HOUSE AND HOME.

THE LAW OF TRUE POLITENESS.

MAGGIE BRANDLEY.

"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

TRUE politeness, self-sacrifice and real goodness of heart are inseparably connected. Many people, who claim to be very polite and polished in manner, have really no claim on that title of respect. This may seem to be a broad assertion; but when its depths are entirely fathomed, its meaning can be better understood. Who does not realize the good effects of gentle, courteous manners? Who has not felt the silent yet mighty influence of the same? Good behavior is always a recommend of merit to anyone. To be truly polite, one must not alone be polished from without, but should be really kind and true-hearted within. Both hand and heart should be trained and schooled, that good manners will become natural and a part of ourselves. Kind and gentle manners cannot, without detection, be worn like a cloak or garment for awhile and then cast aside. The silken cord of generosity and kindness should be intermixed and woven through our lives, softening all harsher feelings and rendering judgment just but merciful. It becomes natural to judge a person by his appearance and manner, although this rule should not always be followed.

The young should not underrate the value of true politeness. It may become a pleasing and attractive trait of character. It may be viewed as a light and index of the man. Like a jewel it becomes more polished and bright with constant wear. Genuine politeness knows no inferiors in any class of men—the rich and poor, the high and low—all have an equal claim on the courtesy of humanity. A pleasant word and a kindly recognition, generally speaking, affects them all the same. Therefore, a true lady or gentleman will know no distinct class, but will treat all as fellow-beings, actuated by that kindly good-will which should always prompt the pleasant ways and agreeable manners. He who wears a mask of polished manners for fear of being considered rude or ungentlemanly, and yet who cares nothing for the feelings of others, cannot lay claim to the honored title of *gentleman*. No personal adornment of worth can exist independent of truth and honesty. It would be only a fraud. Deception is often visible in manner and looks, if not in words. The insincere lack that enthusiasm and earnestness which characterize the honest and sincere. The truly great are those who can make the most lowly feel composed and at ease in their company. He

who can—though he be a king—treat even his servants with kindness and respect is worthy of the respect of his fellows. But how ignoble and despicable does he appear who despises the entreaty of a little child, while to equals or superiors he would be so gracious and solicitous!

Among the children of our Father there should be no superiors, only as real greatness, virtue and true nobility command the respect of the multitude. True politeness enhances all the pleasures of life. There are a few commonplace rules which, if observed, would greatly increase the peace and harmony of home and society. We find older people jarring, nagging and breaking these rules continually. Cannot our boys and girls set them a worthy example? A proper estimate of these rules combined with true moral worth, of which honor is the legitimate offspring, much happiness and success may be attained in life. A true gentleman does not make himself the subject of conversation; he does not interrupt others while talking, but he is content to listen attentively till his turn comes. He does not groan and bewail his unhappy fate, but he tries to inspire in others a love of life. He avoids hasty speeches that might stab his dearest friend, and is ever ready to assist his fallen brother. A broad distinction should be made between the smooth-tongued, courteous villain, who would take advantage of his fellow and impose upon virtue, and the gentleman of honor. We want the young to imitate the one and scorn with disgust the other. A child may be taught in all the branches of learning, and if unselfish, genial warmth is not developed in its nature, not many will love it; it will go on its

solitary way courted only, perhaps, for personal interests. There is too little regard given to the accomplishment of those graces which so embellish and give charm to the possessor. The polished exterior should be a mirror of the inward, and the inner man should be a reflector of the outside. The two combined make a complete whole. How much we might help others live by a strict observance of this law, the angels only know! These little duties, these seemingly trivial matters, simple kindnesses, little courtesies, yet how they sweeten life! Napoleon conquered cities, and although he won laurels of fame, it is doubtful if he ever won many warm hearts. Unlike Napoleon, Peter the Great lives fresh and green in the hearts of his countrymen. God bless the memory of such men and women! He did all in his power for the advancement and good of his fellow-men, both in the way of learning and in the arts and sciences. And finally risked and lost his own life to save the lives of others. That is real greatness. Have I digressed from my subject? Have we not seen that true politeness, self-sacrifice and a due regard for the feelings and privileges of others are linked in one grand chain? Not always the most costly attire is displayed to the best advantage or strikes one with its beauty most; but the good taste, the finishing touches of neatness, the attention to small things. Neither is it a profession of etiquette that lingers in memory, but the unstudied little graces and tendencies which can be made manifest in so many untold ways. Not the fopish, dudish young man is a gentleman, but he who can be a gentleman at any time and in any place. Not the coquettish, flirting young girl is a lady, but she

who behaves in a lady-like manner wherever and whenever she may be seen.

RICHFIELD, Jan. 28, 1891.

COOKING RECIPES.

LEAVENED GRAHAM BREAD (SOFTER.)

1 quart boiling water.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup good hop yeast.

1 " sifted white flour for scalding.

$4\frac{1}{2}$ cups " " " " thickening.

6 cups sifted Graham flour for mixing.

The bread made according to the last recipe is light, dry and flaky; that described in the present one is more moist, but 'light, sweet and good. Some prefer one, some the other.

In the afternoon, say four or five o'clock, make the sponge; scald the cup of white flour by pouring over it the quart of boiling water, and stirring well to remove lumps. When cooled to lukewarm, thicken with the rest of the white flour (sifted), add the half cup of yeast, and beat to a smooth batter, thick enough to *drop* from the spoon. Set this where it will keep warm; when risen, which should be in two or three hours, sift the Graham flour into the tray; or if you have best Akron (Graham flour from white wheat), simply stir it up lightly, without sifting. In very cold weather, warm the flour slightly before beginning to mix; dip out a cupful to work in as it is needed, then make a well in the rest of it, and pour in the sponge. Mix as soft as possible, working with both hands till the flour and sponge are thoroughly incorporated, and a plastic dough is formed—entirely too soft to lift from the tray. Then remove with a knife what adheres to the

fingers, sprinkle the surface lightly with flour, and cover with several thicknesses of old table-linen. You may leave the tray on the kitchen table, or in some other warm place. If the yeast is good, the bread can be made as early as seven or eight o'clock; though in pretty warm weather it is better to set the sponge later, and mix the last thing before bed-time.

Next morning you will find the bread increased in volume, and also considerably stiffer in texture; so much so that you can readily lift it from the tray to the moulding-board. Give it ten minutes' thorough kneading—a little longer for a larger batch—using very little flour; then mould into four or five loaves, put in separate pans, cover, and set to rise. When light enough, bake; a few moments delay will spoil the bread. The oven must be moderate in the start, allowing the loaves to swell a little before they commence to brown; if baked too fast at first, they will be doughy in the middle. Continue with an even heat, slackening it toward the last, so as not to scorch in finishing; the bread should be done in from forty to fifty minutes, though larger loaves (which are never quite as good) require an hour. Have the crust an even brown, and not too thick. When taken from the pans, stand the loaves endwise till cold; then wrap in clean cloths, and put away.

In very warm weather, the bread is in danger of souring if it stands over night; to avoid this, set the sponge in the morning, and get through with the intermediate processes in time to bake the same day.

TOMATOES—HOW TO CAN.

Tomatoes are said by some to be

hard to keep. That the fault is in the management and not in the tomatoes, is shown from the fact that some persons have no trouble with them. The whole difficulty is caused by the *retention of air-bubbles*; these, if present, can be detected by turning the jar upside down after sealing, when the bubbles will rise through the contents up to the surface. If you will carefully *expel* these intruders before screwing on the covers, the tomatoes will keep perfectly. To do this, proceed as follows: If the tomatoes are pretty ripe they will be quite soft when cooked, and the confined bubbles of air will be all through them. As soon as they come to a boil, push down the top ones, so that all may be thoroughly scalded; then fill the can, pass a silver spoon through the hot mass, moving it in such a way as to let the bubbles *escape to the top*; these can frequently be seen through the glass, down the sides of the jar. When you feel sure that they are all let out, pour in a little more juice if it is needed (the can should be filled almost to its brim), then wipe off the moisture, put on the dry rubber, and screw down the cover. After the jars have partly cooled, give the covers a second twist, then turn each one upside down, and see if any bubbles ascend; if so, it must be opened, the tomatoes heated again to boiling, and the can refilled in the same careful manner.

A better way, however, if you can get the tomatoes, is this: Select those that are not too ripe—a little firm to the touch; smooth, round ones of medium size, are the best. Peel without scalding, as it makes them less soft; the knife must be thin and sharp. Put them into the kettle whole—or if large, cut once through

from stem to blossom; then heat rather slowly, until the whole mass is thoroughly hot, and boiling; skim if there is need. The jars being in order proceed to fill, first pouring in a very *little* juice; then lift out the tomatoes, one at a time, and when the can is almost filled dip in the juicy portion, at the same time introducing a large spoon, and firmly pressing down the tomatoes, which will send the air-bubbles to the top. When no more juice can be added, dry the moisture from the can, adjust the rubber, and seal as before. The covers must be tightened two or three times; *once* after the jars are entirely cold. With these precautions the tomatoes ought all to keep; though it is generally safe to apply the *test*, that of inverting the can after it is sealed, and cool enough to handle. The jars must be set in a closet or other dark place, and inspected occasionally the first few weeks, to see that they are all in order; if mould begins to appear the can must be opened, the specks of mould carefully removed, and the tomatoes used.

Glass cans that seal with wax, are thought to keep tomatoes better than those that are self-sealing, owing perhaps to the fact that the latter are not always well made. Tin cans are good to exclude the air, but as already stated, the acid corrodes the metal more or less, and the oxide of tin is formed. For this reason glass is always preferable, even for tomatoes. If tin is used, however, it should be of the very best quality, and the cans opened *before* there is any decided metallic taste imparted to their contents. Very few brands are good after eight or ten months. When the tin is poor, the acid corrodes it in a short time.

Health in the Household.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HEREDITY.

RUBY LAMONT.

IN READING the editorial in the July number, I mentally applauded the courage that dares think independently and conservatively. I know what many will say about stemming the tide of progressive thought, etc. Never mind. With due deference for advanced and advancing light, truth and error have always mingled in this world, and *sometimes* a new doctrine errs in its aggressiveness and vanity, just as a young man only makes himself silly in fancying himself so much more enlightened and modern in his views and dudish manners than his elder and wiser superiors.

Originally a believer in the doctrine of heredity, practical experience and observation have modified my views. True, our feelings may somewhat influence the unborn, but I believe that a mother is but rarely the pre-natal creator of her child's mind. The mother of five children, all of whom have strong individual characteristics, I cannot find that one has inherited any peculiarity that took possession of me during gestation. And the oddities, notions, melancholy and, sometimes, disagreeableness that attack a poor, weak woman during those strange and, to many, terrible times, are not a few; neither few nor contemptible, for at times her feelings attain a dreadful strength and carry her away, to her own complete surprise. If the overwrought nerves, so abnormally sensitive, the sick, ailing body that almost loathes existence, the flagging brain that helplessly yields to the general conditions, must be inevitably im-

pressed upon the innocent offspring, God pity the innocents!

The mothers of George Washington, Columbus, Michael Angelo, Milton, Scipio, Hannibal, Shakespeare, Johnson, Shelley, Keats and a thousand other great men were doubtless fine women, but history gives us no assurance that their greatness foreshadowed, in any appreciable degree, the greatness of their progeny; or that their own individual characteristics were of an order greatly above many of their less fortunate neighbors, whose children never became illustrious.

I have seen sweet, good-natured children of rude, ungovernable mothers, and I have also seen vicious, brutal, irreligious children, the victims of their own evil passions and wilful wickedness, whose mothers were unexcelled for amiability and piety—Doctor Fowler and all his nonsense and utter foolishness notwithstanding.

Our spirits are immortal, and God has never given so vast a power and so terrible a responsibility into weak, mortal hands, accompanied with so much physical suffering, to render us at the same time powerless to bring forth spirits of the high order we would wish for.

Given a woman of robust, healthy physique an intelligent mind, morals above reproach, a spiritual nature—even aspiring—a husband, whose every care is to shield his wife from worldly anxiety and to surround her with objects of refinement and interest, for the sake of the future being. She is always good-natured and happy because she feels well and is always pleased, nothing being permitted to cross or

annoy her. The result should be a splendid acme of grace, good-nature and benevolence. Try it. You will probably find the child ordinary.

Why does my neighbor, who is large, healthy and strong, and whose husband is unusually so, have loose-knit, small, ordinary children; while another, whose health is poor, stature small, and whose husband is like herself in this respect, has children remarkable for being large, robust and intelligent? I tell you, sister, children are a gift from God, and, to my mind, it seems an evidence in favor of pre-existence and the immortality of the soul, that we *cannot* control the mental re-production of the human race as we can cultivate stock and agriculture. In spite of the wisest theories and closest application of principles, we will fail to fetter the free agency of man by pre-natal bias, for our power is not so great as we imagine; and ripe experience with observation will overthrow those fine ideas of Prof. Fowler, in common with the most of his sensual sophistry, which has carried away the heads of so many of our day.

CIRCLEVILLE, UTAH, July 16th, 1891.

IT was a genuine pleasure to me to receive the article from Ruby Lamont, which I have put into this department, for it contains a continuation of the argument I began in the last number, and it is so good to know that one earnest soul has found the same truth which has been so present with all my waking thoughts for a number of years. Read her article before you read this, for much that I intended to say she has put into words

and I have therefore taken up the argument where she left off.

Now, some good, old-fashioned sister confronts me with the remark that I will find it "hard to dispute the fact that mothers have such infinite power over their offspring that 'marks are placed upon them; and if physical marks why not spiritual ones?'" My dear sister you are only helping me along by your statement. To be sure, in a very few solitary cases, mothers have been known to implant some horror, or engraft even the form of some desired article of food in a visible mark upon the skin. Well, now that is all right. But be frank with me, and tell me how many thousands of cases of horror, fright, sorrow, longings, and disappointed desires you have known women to suffer without producing the least possible effect on the unborn child. Again, let me ask you to recall the few instances you may have known of women, good women at that, planting in the delicate mind of a little child between the ages of one and six years the seeds of deceit and lying, by telling that child a deliberate lie. Do you not think the mind of a child is just as apt to be injured after birth as before? If you do not, I do. I might be willing to concede the proposition that it is possible that there is a more intimate connection between the spiritual and physical condition of the babe and the mother while it flutters under the heart strings of the mother than after it is a year old; but there is not given to women the power to make or mar an immortal soul by any action of hers while in this condition.

My friend Ruby heads her article Heredity; and that is a branch of this subject which I too have diligently

studied. It is certainly true, that as the tree so will be the fruit. If you plant figs, you will find your fruit will be figs. If you withhold water, or your soil be poor, your fruit may be small, and most of your blossoms drop off. But you will not glean thorns from a fig tree. In connection with this subject there is one principle that must be always borne in mind, and I shall here print it in large letters: **MAN HAS HIS AGENCY.** We are not as the fruits of the field, in one sense, and yet we are bound by irrevocable laws that can no more be set aside than can the laws of light or gravitation. Certain persons, certain families have for untold generations inherited the same general characteristics; certain traits run in families. It has been shown that in a certain family in the State of New York, the tendency to murder has been inherited for five generations. No break was observed in the line; although, in many instances, a certain trait will be a marked family trait, and yet may not be developed in each succeeding generation, but skip one generation, and then come out in the grand-children. This is law, too, but as I have said **MAN HAS HIS AGENCY.** Bear that always in mind. There is no such thing as absolute fatality. God may have marked out a certain path for a soul to follow while in this life, but there is as surely an opposite direction which that soul can only too easily take if the agency is exercised in doing wrong instead of right. How much there is to say on this wide subject! I dare not give full reins to my thoughts lest I become tiresome.

We have seen that mothers do not possess all power over their offspring, indeed if they held such limitless pow-

er how is it that oftentimes the child is a complete reproduction of the father in looks, manner, speech, and character? The father's influence on the child is just as vivid as the mother's.

Then, do I mean to imply that we as mothers have no particular power over the characters of children we shall bear, or that we can do as we please, act as we please, and it will make no difference as to what kind of children we bring forth? By no manner of means. I mean something so exactly the contrary to this that the old comparison of light and darkness is the only one that will fit the case. However, this article is already long enough, so if you will all kindly remember what we have been talking about for one month, I will tell you in the September number what I think about our responsibility towards the unborn spirits which we may or which we ought to bring into the world.

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

IT is urgently desired that every agent of the JOURNAL shall make a complete canvass of her district during the month of September. Now, dear girls don't put this off week after week, for you have no idea of the many obstacles which lie in the way of getting out and printing such a magazine as this. If I were to tell you of the (to us unpractical and unsophisticated women-folks,) enormous expense attending the printing of this JOURNAL, you would open your eyes in wide astonishment. And as yet, I will say this much, our expenses have so far outrun our receipts, that there has never been one cent of money ready to meet the editor's large stamp

requirements. I have had to stamp all your letters of reply out of my own pocket. However, that is not what I wanted to say; let me ask you, how many there are of you who want to see the JOURNAL continued, and not only so, but improved year by year? Well, it is certainly gratifying to see so many of your hands raised, but there is one vital point that will have to be taken into consideration by you and by me. That is, it takes subscribers to make the JOURNAL pay its expenses. Now, I have been chosen by Sister Taylor to edit this JOURNAL, and I was blessed and set apart for that mission by the First Presidency of the Church. That is my part to perform towards making this JOURNAL a success. But I don't think Sister Taylor nor anyone else would wish me to go on doing that unless I am assisted by those whose business it is to assist.

It is with the liveliest feelings of gratitude to my sisters, the writers for this JOURNAL, that I acknowledge the great help rendered me by them and I wish I could express my keen gratitude in something more substantial than words; but there is still another class of girls who deserve from me, from Sister Taylor, and from everyone who is interested in the advancement of the youth of Zion the heartiest of praise, and that is the girls who have acted as agents of this JOURNAL. I know girls, how you have tramped the streets of your towns to secure subscribers for the JOURNAL, how you have gone in the hot sun or through the snows of winter; and with all my heart I say God bless you, every one. I am more grateful than I can express. But we are all working hard to make our own dear little magazine a success, I no more so than you.

And let me tell you in confidence, that not only have I never derived one cent of income from my two year's labor, but I have worked away at my writing and editing when I have been sick in bed, and when I have been well. Have forced my weary brain to renewed efforts when nature said in loud tones, "rest." Heartsore and sad I have picked up the reluctant pen to make something for you to read and enjoy. I do not tell you this to seek your sympathy, that is not my way. I only care to show you that yours has not been all the work, nor has mine. In short we are or ought to be working side by side, you in your field, I in mine, in true united order fashion. That is the purpose of this JOURNAL. So now, when I urge you who are the agents of the magazine to take up the heavy labor of canvassing your districts, you will take hold of it in real genuine fashion I am sure. And while you are working to make the JOURNAL financially independent, I will work to make it as good and interesting as to reading, as it is possible.

Keep your accounts as straight as you can, and do everything in a business-like manner. If you let anyone have credit, do it on your own responsibility, for of course the publishers are too far away to know whether those you trust are worthy or not.

If you wish any information about your work, write to Mrs. Ellen Jakeman, "Juvenile Instructor" Office, Salt Lake City, or direct to the office itself. Sister Jakeman is working hard to make a success of our JOURNAL in a business way, and she will gladly give you all the information you seek.

If any of your subscribers fail to receive a number be sure and report the fact to the "Juvenile Instructor" Of-

face, for they will at once make the matter right. Make friends for the JOURNAL wherever you can, and be kind and courteous to everyone with whom you may have dealings. If complaints are made to you accept them in a kindly spirit, and seek to make the one who seems inclined to be an enemy a friend by your gentle and womanly way of meeting their complaints. Above all things, in everything you do, ask God to bless you and your efforts, and you will certainly succeed. That this may be the ultimatum of all our efforts is the fervent prayer of your sister and friend,

SUSA YOUNG GATES.

TO those who write for the JOURNAL I wish to say: add your name in full to everything you write and on a corner of your Mss. give your P. O. address. Don't sign your articles with an initial, unless you add your full name underneath for the information of the editor. I shall be obliged from this time on to adopt the common newspaper rule of refusing to print any article unless the author's name is signed in full. Especially is this addressed to those who send essays for

the Girls' Dept. Those who have matter for the Girls' Dept. should submit the same to the Association Presidency, and if considered suitable, they then should forward the same to Sister Taylor for her action. This dept. is under her special care, and she should receive all essays and Y. L. M. I. A. reports before they reach the editor. Another thing, let me beg the girls to forgive me if I cannot find time to write to all who address me; I will do the best I can, but I am only mortal, and when I have written one letter to you, telling you what I think of your ability as a writer, don't ask me to express my opinion on each piece or article which you send. If the article is printed you may take that as good evidence that it was timely and acceptable, without my being obliged to take my really crowded time to tell you just what I as an individual thought of each piece. Now please, dear friends, accept this in the same kind, friendly spirit it is written, for I am so anxious to help you along, but I am only one weak woman, and the task of writing a dozen of letters each day beside house cares and other pressing literary duties, is, I find beyond my strength.

◁ OUR GIRLS.* ▷

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE annual conference of the Y. L. M. I. Associations of Zion will convene in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, immediately after the general conference of the Church in October.

A representative from each Stake is required, and it is desired that the yearly reports by the secretaries of the different Stakes be made as complete as possible.

To those who feel that they cannot afford to pay hotel bills, and who

*All communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

might be deterred from coming on that account, we desire to say that arrangements have been and will be made to accommodate all who attend.

E. S. TAYLOR,
M. Y. DOUGALL,
MATTIE H. TINGEY,
General Superintendency.

LILLIE FREEZE,
DELLA EARDLEY,
SARAH EDDINGTON,
AGGIE CAMPBELL,
Aids to Gen'l Sup'ts.

"SOWING GOOD SEED."

CHARLOTTE.

THE sower means every minister of the gospel. The seed which he sows is the best seed. "God's Word." The ground on which he sows is the heart. Now when he sows sometimes the wicked one comes into our hearts and takes away the seed, and when we do not pay attention the evil one gets into our minds and like the little birds with the seed he carries away from us all the good we might otherwise receive.

At other times we listen to the words with great pleasure. Now, if any wicked person finds fault with us and says that we are too religious, then we are in great danger of minding what is said and of thinking too lightly of the joy we felt when we first heard or understood the gracious truth of the gospel. And so we are the stony ground, when the sower plants his seed, we let the seed wither in our hearts, instead of taking root and springing up. Sometimes we let bad, foolish and vain thoughts enter our minds. But if we hear the word and endeavor to understand it and are

holy, showing that we have not received it in vain, then are we blessed. Let people say what they will, it is none of their business, whether we sow weeds or flowers, ours will be the reward and not theirs. So let us all, as young ladies, endeavor to plant such seed as will bring forth the best fruit.

TO MY YOUNG SISTERS.

AN ESSAY READ AT THE YOUNG LADIES' MEETING IN WOODLAND WARD.

IN addressing this essay to you I sincerely hope that I may be guided by the spirit of humility and truth, that I may be enabled to write something that will be beneficial to you all.

As I sit here writing I wonder how many of my sweet young sisters really have an aim in life. Some I fear live only from day to day with no other object in view than the pleasures that each day contains. To such a one I would plead with all earnestness of heart as one loving sister pleading with another, pause to reflect and pray to your Heavenly Father for assistance and your eyes will be opened to the error into which you have fallen.

Again I repeat, each young girl should have an aim in life, seek to become noble and refined; you know not what great work lies before you as daughters in Zion if you will but become worthy.

Other thoughts chase themselves through my mind. I wonder how many of my fair young sisters seek to cultivate a love for the beautiful! How many seek to adorn the mind rather than the body!

Our Creator has endowed us all with some talent if we will but exert ourselves to find out what it is. Oh! let

us not prove unworthy of the many beautiful gifts He has bestowed upon us but seek to gain intelligence at every moment of our lives. If you will do this when the young man with swaggering steps and breath tainted with the obnoxious weed tobacco asks for your hand in a dance or of what is of still greater moment, your hand in marriage, you will politely but firmly say *no*.

Better never wed than have the horror and grief that await the drunkard's wife; if at so late a moment you discover you have given your pure, true love to an unworthy young man; if your love is so great that it is almost life or death to break the engagement, go in secret and with humility of heart and pray with all earnestness, to your heavenly Father for grace and strength in this your hour of sore trial that your affections may be weaned from so unworthy a young man. If you will do this you will get your reward. I often think that if all young ladies would be firm in dealing with the young men of evil habits we would have more worthy young men and they in return would be performing a glorious work. May our Father in heaven bless you and strengthen you in all good works is the prayer of your sister

IDA.

KAMAS, SUMMIT CO., UTAH.

CHEERFULNESS.

A CHEERFUL man is pre-eminent a useful man. He sees that in every state people may be cheerful: the birds sing, lambs skip, and all of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are cheerful.

The cheerful man owns the world; the melancholy man does not even possess his share of it.

Exercise or contented employment of some kind, will make a person cheerful; but sitting at home, thinking of care and trouble, will bring gloom.

Cheerful people live long in our memory. We render joy more readily than sorrow, and always look back with tenderness on the brave and cheerful.

We can always cultivate our tempers, and one thing for some people is to cultivate, cherish and bring to perfection a thoroughly bad one.

Cheerfulness will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction.

There will be peace and happiness wherever there are cheerful people.

NELLIE.

WINTER AND SNOW.

BELLE.

OH, why should spring time's dainty bloom
So quickly fade away from view?
Why do sweet flowers meet their doom
Ere thrice baptized in morning's dew?
Why do all bright things fade and die?
All winsome pleasures haste away?
And why should clouds float o'er the sky
To chill and darken summer's day?

Oh, why should autumn's bowers fair
Shed all their glories to the ground?
Why does each winged wave of air
Strew all her luscious fruits around?
November finds earth bare and gray,
Her winds pass sadly, wailing by,
The leafless trees their branches sway
Beneath a dull and leaden sky.

Then seek we hearthstones warm and bright,
Then turn we from our former joy,
Then seek we shelter, hope and light,
Where frost and wind cannot annoy.
And if our year was wisely spent,
Our hoarded stores will make us glad;
But if our summer idly went,
The winter days are drear and sad.

So childhood's days, like spring time's flowers,
 Fade swiftly from the page of life,
 And manhood's prime, like summer hours,
 Advances fearless, armed for strife;
 But autumn fades in vain regret,
 And then we seek our Father's throne,
 To pray our sins He will forget,
 And comfort us so weary grown.

And this forgiving love comes down,
 Like earthly winter's fleecy snow,
 To softly clothe our harrens brown,
 And whisper pardon, soft and low.
 Then let the snow flakes gently fall,
 Like angel wings so pure and white,
 And spread a pearly vail o'er all,
 To bury sin and grief from sight.

FRETTING AND GRUMBLING.

MELTRUDE HUNSAKER.

THERE are many smart and intelligent people in the world who spend countless hours of sadness and weariness at heart. The fault of their unhappiness lies not in their circumstance nor their general character, but with themselves. They have failed to learn and adopt the true philosophy of life, without which there is but little real contentment. They make their lives miserable by their own vain and foolish imaginations. They wait and wish for happiness to come to them, instead of their going to work to make it; and while they wait they torment themselves with borrowed troubles, fears and forebodings, until they are entirely unfitted for happiness in any form. They long for wealth which they have not earned, for honors they have not gained, for friends they have not merited, and love for which they have not striven, and which their selfishness alone craves. Often they do not prize the good they do possess; throw away the pearls in hand for some less valuable, trample underfoot the flowers they have, longing for some

less beautiful, which they have never seen, simply read or heard of. Thus they spend the precious moments in which they should have improved themselves. Again they will forget the past and present, and live only in future, building air-castles, only to be dashed to the ground, and raising false hopes, only to be blighted. They are tired soul and body, and no wonder! their nerves are overwrought with mental anxiety. They are the class of people who go about the world fretting and grumbling, enjoying no peace themselves, and allowing no one else to have any.

The very smallest annoyance chafes them as though it were an unbearable aggravation. Pleasure they never know; the weather never suits them, it is either too warm or too cold and so on. Their children will not obey them, they have learned the truth of the statement, "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike, so they act accordingly.

Let us look at the opposite, among whom peace, love, order and contentment reign; they are those who take things as they come, and are still resolute, calm and always steady. Perhaps we do not realize the fact that a great deal of our trouble is only borrowed, and could be avoided in any way, but it is certainly the case, and we will be wise never to allow ourselves to commence a habit so unpleasant and debasing. There are two things about which we should never grumble; the first is that which we cannot help, and the other is that which we can.

BRIGHAM CITY.

A WOMAN'S influence has raised many men from despair to excellence.

REFLECTIONS.

ELIZA S. ROGERS.

HOW beautiful is this world of ours when we look on the sunny side of the picture! In the morning when the first ray of light appears how merrily the gay songster, will sing in every bush and tree, thankful that another day has dawned and anxious to give their Maker praise. We hear their joyous notes and it awakens new zeal within us.

How radiant is the light of the glorious sun when it is seen in the eastern horizon! Then the dew will vanish before its rays and the ripening grain will gain strength alike from the heat and from the moisture.

How delightful it is to wander through field and meadow, wood and dell, gathering sweet flowers that blossom in our path, and pause near some rivulet to quaff the cool water that flows from a clear mountain spring, or tripping along unconscious of anything around us, we pass some bush or bramble and startle a hare that will fly past us a short distance and stop; then bound along again with the fleetness of a hart! And now we will gather the ripe berries that grow along the stream and our voices will echo from the cliffs that rise like giants on either side, while the silent water below reflects the beautiful blue sky, chequered with milk white clouds. Now the sun is lowering in the west, and the fleecy clouds are changing into yellow, purple, scarlet, gold and crimson all mingled together. Oh how lovely to behold! it cannot be portrayed in words, but if this is God's footstool we can only imagine what His throne may be.

V. VERTY'S ADVENT.

MRS. ANNIE LAURITZEN.

ALL hail to the land where fair fragrance and beauty

Arise like the sweet strains of music above,
Where virtue and freedom and joy are a duty;
All hail to the land that we reverence and love.

Fair daughters, brave sons, hail the dawn of the morning,

When from skies dark as midnight the mists cleared away,

And freedom came forth pure and fair as the sunlight,

Sweet joy reigned supreme on that bright happy day.

Then joy to each heart when this flag is unfolded,

Hope be to the land where this banner shall wave!

Strength be to the arm that shall rise to uphold it!

And wave it aloft—o'er the home of the brave.

Praise to those noble—those brave, gallant heroes

Who pledged lives and fortunes our country to save,

And praise to those matrons assisting the conflict
To gain vict'ry's crown for the noble and brave.

Our ensign now floats pure and fair mid the heavens

An emblem of purity, freedom and love;

O, let us remember the deeds of devotion

That gave to us freedom, and truth's garland wove.

Rejoice and be glad in these pleasant, green valleys,

Be hopeful and proud that our banner yet waves

O, strive to preserve it in pride and devotion

Let justice be watchful—its honor to save.

May the bright star of hope ever shine o'er our country,

May justice and mercy their sceptre bear sway;
To maintain every right for our progress and welfare

That each heart may cherish fair freedom's birthday.

THE heart is the spring from which emanate good and evil deeds; hence where the heart is pure the deeds are good.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

◁ ORGAN OF THE Y. L. M. I. ASSOCIATIONS. ▷

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OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
R. B. PRATT.

THERE is a fitness in the fact of the subject of this sketch appearing in the pages of this magazine which will be apparent during the reading of this imperfect but loving tribute to a friend.

As time and space will permit, we wish to present to the readers of the JOURNAL the portraits and lives of many of our sisters who have made for themselves names and places in the hearts of the Saints. There is nothing so inspiring and so cheering to an aspiring, and perhaps despondent soul as to read of the trials, the struggles and final triumphs of some one who has suffered and has sought and aimed to be and do something in this sad world. I have met women who possessed every capability of great and widely useful women, but who lacking encouragement and a grain of determination have remained in the old beaten tracks, longing to get out but unable seemingly to do so. To all such the life and labors of Sister Pratt will prove a veritable inspiration. To every one who reads the story of persistent effort and battles fought and won, there comes a feeling of uplifting and hope. Before speaking of the many trials of middle life which my dear friend suffered, I want to tell you briefly a few of the facts and dates of her earlier life.

Romania Bunnell Pratt was born

August 8th, 1839, in Washington, Wayne County, Indiana. Her parents, although belonging to the Church, did not leave their home in the East until Romania was sixteen years old. When she was seven years old, she was taken to Nauvoo; there she visited the temple, and went with the Church to Winter Quarters. Although so young she recalls with vividness the scene enacted when the Battalion boys were called or rather volunteered to go to Mexico. The band started to march around the camp, and as they passed the people, one after another of the men would fall into the ranks and march to the music of future privations while their devoted families saw them join the ranks with agony unspeakable. The scene was bitterly painful even to the little girl who could not guess at all the pain which its enactment meant for those who participated in the action. But the sensitive soul of Romania responded to the chord of sympathy and thrilled with sorrow.

The little girl returned with her parents to Ohio, and resided there until the death of her father, which occurred in 1840.

Mrs. Esther Bunnell, her mother, then sold her property in Ohio and removed with some relatives to Indiana where her daughter was kept at school until 1855, the last year being in the Female Seminary of Crawfordsville. In the spring of 1855 she again sold out her possessions and started

with her little family of four children for Salt Lake City, the home of the Saints.

Here in Utah, the excellent school-

children were born, six boys and one daughter.

The loss of a lovely girl baby when only twenty months old left a scar in



DR. R. B. PRATT.

ing obtained in the East by Romania proved of incalculable benefit. She was married to Parley P. Pratt, son of the Apostle Parley P. Pratt, and seven

the mother's heart that time and prosperity have not erased. She mourns with a Saint's mourning even now. The support and education of her

family devolving upon her shoulders, her mind turned to thoughts of a higher education for herself, a wider field in which to use her talents. Surely no woman who reads this can say her chances are less than were the opportunities of Romania B. Pratt in the year 1873, when she first set out to study medicine in New York, and in 1874 at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. She left her five children home in the care of her faithful and devoted mother. For, lacking money, influence, support, and all worldly advantages, she yet possessed in her devoted and wise mother a whole phalanx of powers and opportunities. Sister Bunnell must be spoken of with all the respect and esteem which she so richly deserves, for she it was who kept the home circle intact while her courageous daughter went on single handed and alone to do battle with the forces of poverty and want. That the daughter has won is largely due to the excellent training supplemented by the care and protection given to the grand-children by the mother of Dr. Pratt.

To illustrate what perseverance and a strong determination can do, the story of her first experiences in the college is given. She reached the college just six weeks before the close of the year's course. She was alone, utterly unacquainted with the studies, and was of a retiring, modest disposition. The Professors were ignorant as to the various students and their circumstances and asked questions indiscriminately. These questions would set the poor girl quivering with dread and fear for she had only been in the school a few weeks. All her companions could see that she was nervous and as they knew the cause,

it furnished much quiet amusement to see her total rout and discomfiture.

Then came the vacation. The young girls scattered away to home or summer haunt, leaving the Mormon girl in the hot dusty city. While they flirted and laughed the summer hours away, the little Mormon woman was studying sixteen hours a day. Several pages on the eye, and recitations in anatomy, chemistry, physiology, and kindred subjects, were her daily achievements. Many a week, her board would cost not more than a dollar, and her whole monthly expenditure would hardly furnish the Salt Lake City girl of today with her ice cream money. Her money was saved to pay for instructions at the rate of one dollar per hour.

The ten weeks hard work told. When the college opened in the fall, the Mormon girl took her seat away up in the front row, where the best students were ranged, and prepared to meet the questions with a quiet assurance. The other girls looked at her in blank amazement. Was not this the girl who had quaked and shivered every time the Professors entered the room, only ten weeks before? What had happened? They soon found out. When the questions were asked, no one was so ready with answers as was the western Mormon woman. Behold, ten weeks of hard work, and a bright brain for a foundation, had put the once timid student in the very front rank; and now, the laugh was turned as it were, to the other side.

After this, Sister Pratt was recognized as the peer of any student; and her work was always received with applause. One of the most disagreeable tasks to be performed by the medical student, but one of the most

necessary, is that of dissection. Every part of the body in turn has to be carefully dissected. Some of the lady students were so very delicate that this part of their studies was almost totally neglected. But with our Mormon sister, nothing could be safely ignored. So accurate and nice were all her efforts in this particular field, that many of the other students would persuade her to dissect and lecture, while they stood by and benefited by her labors without any of the disagreeable part. She was told afterwards by one of her companions that so exquisitely nice was all her work, that the Professor of the Homoeopathic College, whose dissecting rooms were in the same building (in the N. Y. College), would go to her table every day after she had left, and, calling his class to him, would show them the manner and style of her dissection, using it as a model for his students to pattern after, and often saying that it was the neatest work he had seen done.

In 1875 she was again in Utah, and was longingly anxious to return and more fully prepare herself for her life mission. But if she was poor before she left home to go to college, now she was really destitute, for all her resources had been exhausted; and although she had lived much of her time on insufficient food for days together, yet even that had cost money, and now she found herself without one cent to carry on her studies. She practiced some, and was every moment of her time in useful labor; but a large sum of money must be obtained to go east. Finally she had a talk with President Brigham Young, and to him she told her story of effort and ambition, with her lack of resources. Sister Eliza R. Snow, that friend of woman

and of merit, was present at the interview. After Sister Pratt had confessed to the President the poverty to which she was reduced, he turned to Aunt Eliza and said:

"She must continue her studies in the east. We need her here, and her talents will be of great use to this people. Take this upon yourself, Sister Eliza, and see to it that the Relief Societies furnish Sister Pratt with the necessary money to complete her studies. Let them get up parties and thus provide the means."

This was done by the sisters, under Sister Snow's direction, and the brave little woman hurried away to Philadelphia, where she finished her studies and graduated in 1877.

I will say here that the money obtained from the Societies has been paid back to them by Sister Pratt, although Aunt Eliza thought and said that it was entirely unnecessary. However, the independent mind of an independent woman could not be in debt to anyone, no matter how willingly the favor was granted.

In 1880 she went to New York and took special courses for eight months on the eye and ear under Professor H. D. Noyes at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, and became an adept in the treatment of those organs.

In 1881, having supported herself and children for years, she obtained a divorce and continued to fight the battle of life alone.

Since her return from Philadelphia, the Dr. has been constantly engaged in a large and growing practice, besides having two yearly classes of women studying obstetrics under her charge.

In 1882 she was called to act as one of the Board of Directors of the Des-

eret Hospital, which owed its existence largely to her enthusiastic labor, and in 1887 she accepted the position of Resident Physician of that institution. Here she now is at work, with calls daily to all parts of the city and county, as well as all the details and heavy labors of the hospital work to superintend; then up at night and off, perhaps to some distant country place, and never knowing one moment what she may be called to perform in the next.

It is a real wonder to me how my friend ever bears the strain put upon body and nerves. If you were to spend one day with her you would end by giving Sister Pratt the title I gave her—a wonderful woman. Not because she has done anything impossible to be done by other women, but because in becoming a doctor able to sever a limb, or take out an eye, now delivering a woman, then attending with gentlest care the sick bed of some poor old man at the hospital, yet with it all she has a home on another street where she keeps a corner warm and cosy for mother and her unmarried boys; also is she a woman with religious duties devolving upon her shoulders, and with it all she is the same sweet, quiet-voiced, gentle lady that my childish memory so vividly produces. If you should ever have the honor of being her guest, you will discover that with all her many gifts she has one rare and beautiful one, that of a perfect hostess; her guest is apparently her only care—she who is weighed down with a thousand burdens. She is honored and loved by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance, and their name is legion.

You are all of you asking now, when the story of her connection with

the JOURNAL is to be told; here it is, given as all my stories are, without respect to order or proper procedure. When I was living in the Sandwich Islands, a conversation with my husband set me to wishing and thinking about turning my attention to something in the editorial line of literary pursuits. He urged me to write to someone at home and suggest the propriety of so doing. I remembered the constant friendship of Dr. Pratt to me and mine, and as she seemed to me to be a suitable one to address on such a subject, I wrote to her. She answered at once, and urged me to try and use my efforts in starting a magazine for the Young Ladies' Association, telling me, in eloquent, glowing language, the wealth of beautiful thoughts and words that were constantly arising and shining in the different societies which only lacked an organ for their preservation and crystallization. Why should not the Young Ladies have a magazine, she said, as well as the Young Men. I then wrote to President Joseph F. Smith, and by his advice then addressed letters to the Presidency of the Church and to the Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A. The result of all was the appearance of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL in October, 1889.

Dr. Pratt was one of the sisters chosen by Sister Taylor to act upon the Board of this JOURNAL. She has contributed for a year valuable articles on hygiene, and in every way has she shown her love for and interest in this work. So, my dear girls, you can look at the sweet and intelligent face which accompanies this sketch, and recognize her as a sister and a friend.

There was much more I wished to say, but I have already reached the

limit of such an article as this is designed to be; so I will close, in the same informal and familiar way in which I began, and promise you that

if I have time, and she will permit it, we will some day enjoy together a longer and far more complete history of Dr. R. B. Pratt. *Susa Young Gates.*

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

GIVE ME FAITH.

BELLE.

JESUS teach me how to pray,
Teach my heart the thing to seek,
Thou who knowest what is best
Make me humble, pure and meek.
Call me from dim error's sea,
Fill my soul with faith in thee.
Faith to make the darkness light,
Faith to move the mountain's might.
Faith to cool the parched plain
With the heaven's abundant rain.
Strength to save one erring soul,
Strength to reach the heavenly goal,
There let rest and peace be mine
In thy holy love divine.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 505.]

"WE were children together," he said, "we always loved and courted in the happiest and most innocent way. When Flora was just your age, and I was seventeen, but large and strong, some rich and proud relatives of the Mays' came to visit them. They tried, some of them, to win Flora away from me, but they couldn't do it. When they found we were determined to love and cling to each other, they began to make much of me, and tried to get me into bad habits. I must not be uncharitable; I have long since forgiven them, and learned to think they did not know what they did, rather than that they wanted to cause our ruin. But they persuaded me to drink wine with them,

and I soon learned to like it, and call it good. And Flora drank it, too, because I would ask her to, never very much, but enough to break the Word of Wisdom; and then, both of us grew foolish and weak enough to sin. First, by missing our Sabbath meetings, and then by going walking or riding on Sunday. And finally, we lost control of our senses and ourselves, and were completely overcome by the powers of darkness. I was partially awakened by a call for myself and some of the other boys to go and help fortify some of our settlements against marauding Indians. I was delighted with the situation, felt soldier-like with my gun and powder-horn strapped to my saddle. But when I went to tell Flora good bye, she wept sorely, and said she should die if I went away and left her. I thought it was only her girlish fears for my safety, and gallantly assured her that I would come back to her safely in a few weeks. She clung to me, and begged me to stay, if only for one day longer, and marry her before I left. But the call we had received was a hurried one, and I felt compelled to answer its demands. So I tore myself away from my little Flora, and never saw her again. Instead of returning in a few weeks, as I anticipated, my duties abroad were extended into several months; and when I returned, all I found of my

Flora was this little mound. And her mother told me, too, when she saw my grief and had so far forgiven me that she could speak to me, that there was a tiny baby buried in the coffin with my love."

Isaac paused for a little while, and then asked, "Do you think, now, Lina, that you are not good enough for me to love? I do not ask for your story, my own experience makes me realize what your penitence is for. When I left you in the other valley, I would have given a world for the privilege of bringing you away with me; but I could not ask it then; you were too pure and too young; I can ask now, though, for the privilege of soothing and sharing your distress, of taking you into my heart and life, to be henceforth, all that God has designed you to be, a true and faithful wife, to a true and faithful husband."

Again Isaac was silent, and presently Lina remarked, "You don't want to hear my story, and I don't want to tell it; but I want to say one thing about it; a portion of your story made me think wherein came my overthrow: I drank with grand-pa of his home-made wine, very sparingly at first, more freely afterwards. I thought it made me stronger and brighter; but listening to your story has taught me that it helped to make me weak and foolish, neglectful of my duties, forgetful of my prayers; ready to be caught by the tempter and overpowered."

Lina paused, and again she wept bitterly. This picture is a true one, girls; please note the shading carefully. While Isaac had been talking, his listener had frequently shuddered, and thinking she was cold, he had

drawn her close to himself. Now she laid her face upon his bosom, and clung to him while she wept. After her passionate burst of grief had spent itself, she resumed, "I know now why I need not tell my story to you; my sin is the same that yours has been, and you understand my feelings without my confessing them. Oh! Isaac, do you think God ever forgives such sins, in those who have been taught and cautioned against them, as the children of the Saints are?"

"God is more merciful than we can comprehend, Lina," replied Isaac, "and He does forgive even such grievous sins as ours, after long and sincere repentance; but although we may repent—yes, thank God, we may repent, and be forgiven—yet we never can forget, or cease to regret neglect of duties, or yielding to temptation. We shall have sore hearts forever, Lina; shall we put them together, and bear one another's burdens? We can do much good together, you and I, we can help each other, and can help to save others. We can keep your parents from the grief they would feel for the great misfortune which has come to you, if they do not already know of it; do you think they mistrust anything of it, Lina?"

"Sometimes," said Lina, "I have been afraid that mother would question me, and I should have to tell her all about it. Still, she has never intimated anything which would seem as though she really suspected me. Several times, she has spoken of having felt very anxious about me, after she left me in the other valley, and how fearful she was that some harm might come to me. Why didn't she send for me sooner, I wonder, and not leave

me to go wrong, when she felt so impressed?"

"Ah! Lina," returned Isaac, "that is such an unanswerable question. How many times does our inward monitor give us warning of danger to ourselves or our friends, which we fail to heed in time to avert the calamity. And often we feel to reproach ourselves or to throw blame upon others, for such happenings, which might have been avoided, but were not; yet, we know not why these things are permitted. Did you ever think, Lina, about our Father in Heaven going away from Eden and leaving Adam and Eve, His children, there, to yield to temptation if they would, and bring seeming evil upon themselves? The course they were certain to take must have been known to the Father; yet He left them, as your mother left you, and as thousands of parents are blamed for leaving their children. Now, my little girl, if you have thought of blaming your mother for the evil which has come upon you, don't think that way any more. Who knows but that the Lord permitted you to be tempted, and proven, so that if you were weak, as I had been, you might come to me, and we might help and strengthen each other? Had you remained as you were before we went to the valley, I never could have asked for you, because you were too chaste and too young for one like me. Since the death of Flora May, I have always felt that I, in my guiltiness, never could ask a perfectly innocent girl to be my wife; but thousands of times, amid penitent prayers and tears, while supplicating God's forgiveness, I have resolved that if ever a time should come when I might lift up and comfort one like Flora, I would seek to do

so, and thus partially atone for my youthful folly and wickedness, and my unintentional, yet nevertheless, real cruelty to her. And now, if you and your parents consent to it, I will marry you right away, and henceforth we will be true to ourselves and to each other."

Is it any wonder that Lina did consent to an early marriage, and that Will's approaching departure was made a plea for having the wedding before he should leave? The parents were at first very reluctant to give their consent, because of Lina's extreme youth. But Isaac was so truly good, so intelligent, and so considerate of women, that they felt well, after all, to yield their daughter into such kind, safe keeping.

Another difference of opinion arose between the parents and the bridegroom elect. For awhile, the former felt that they could not consent to Lina's being married in any way but by the perfect pattern given of God; but Isaac's earnest yet respectful pleadings and arguments, at last won them over to believe that perhaps it would be as well for Bishop Smith to perform the marriage ceremony for his brother and Lina, and that as soon afterwards as possible, they should go to the St. George temple. They were convinced, without knowing why, that Isaac was right in his views. But a few weeks later, when both Isaac and Lina, in deep humility, confessed their unworthiness to enter into the house of the Lord, and applied for re-baptism before going to the temple, the girl's father and mother came to realize several things which before had seemed mysterious to them.

Painful as were then the mother's regrets, she reproached herself far

more than she did her child, for having failed to follow the dictates of the Holy Spirit, when it had prompted her to lead the innocent, unsuspecting girl out of the temptation into which she had been thrown.

It was real penitence, however, which had caused Lina's grief, not fear of shame when her misfortune—her sin—should be exposed. More than three years after her marriage, her first child was born, a sweet, fair daughter, and they called it Flora May.

The morning of Lina's marriage in F. was a bright one, the brightest she thought, that she had ever seen. She felt so grateful to God for blessing her marvelously. She thought how many, many girls, having committed the errors she had done, were left to perish, yet she was lifted up and loved by such a good and great man, whose sins, she felt, were forgiven him.

"They that have much forgiven, love much," she was saying to herself, when Fanny, bright and joyous, burst into the room.

"Oh! Lina," Fanny exclaimed, "isn't it funny that you are going to marry my uncle Isaac, and that sometime, I shall—" she stopped and laughed.

"Marry my uncle Jacob," said Lina, "I think it is funny, and wonderful nice too; what relation shall we be, aunts-in-law to each other, won't we?"

Then they both laughed gaily, and Fanny said, "Yes, but you'll be my aunt a long time first; for I don't mean to get married until Marian does, and—don't tell, Lina, but I believe she intends to wait 'till Will comes back and marry him. They are wonderful sly, both of them, but I over-heard them promising to write to

each other as often as possible while he's away."

And Will and Marian did write to each other during his three years absence in which he filled an honorable and useful mission—many long, beautiful letters full of interest to each, the more so because of the little hidden secret, carefully guarded and scarcely comprehended even by themselves, the happy, holy mystery of love.

It did not take them long to fathom the mystery though, after Will's return home.

Edward Grange had been released a year earlier than Will, and when the latter reached F., he found, among other pleasant surprises, Edward and Chloe rejoicing over a fine pair of twin boys, all their own.

Quite a company of Saints went from F. to attend the October conference that year. Will and Marian, among the number, went to Salt Lake City too; and before they returned to F., their marriage was solemnized. It was fifteen years, today, from the time Jacob Howe and Gwyn Lloyd were married, and they were both present to witness the sacred union of their young relative and friend.

There was also another bright-faced, white-robed girl, in whom Jacob and Gwyn seemed to take more tender, loving interest than in any one else. It was Fanny Gwyn Smith, clinging to both Jacob and Gwyn, Fanny earnestly and joyously breathed the covenant which made her one with them forever. After the ceremony was closed, Gwyn, smiling upon Jacob and Fanny with affectionate satisfaction, whispered, "Three hearts, henceforth, not two, to beat as one. My husband, your wife congratulates you and your fair young bride."

Later in the day, when the two were alone, Jacob took Gwyn in his arms and tenderly asked her, "Are you as happy today, my love, as you were fifteen years ago?"

"Yes, Jacob much happier! I didn't know how to be as happy then as I am now," was Gwyn's reply.

Young Ladies, some of you will question the veracity of this last statement. But had you heard the circumstance related by Gwyn's own lips, as some of her special friends did afterwards, you would have felt that the simplicity and sincerity of her words and manner, stamped her recital with the indisputable impress of truth.

L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

ELLEN JAKEMAN.

A DRIFT of apple blossoms, pink and white;
A warm south wind among the tender green;
A golden sunset shading into night,
A brooding stillness, peaceful and serene.
A wicker chair that holds a dainty pair—
A girlish woman and a baby girl;
A voice, whose gladness never knew despair,
Repeats, again, a cradle song's soft whirl.

A bearded man, whose hands are brown with toil,

Pauses, half hidden by the low-latched gate;
Forgets life's cares and troubles, dust and soil,
While listening to the love notes of his mate.
His bosom swells, with holiest love aflame;
Soft tear-drops gather, while his lips do bless.
He breathes to God a prayer, in her sweet name,

And clasps them both with tenderest caress.

Oh, peace, sweet peace! that never knew a storm,

Oh, love, sweet love! that never felt a doubt,
Nor pierced the heart with fierce and dire alarm,
Nor sought for transient counterfeit without.
Oh, married lovers, do you know your bliss?

Oh, innocence, with vestments regal white!

Oh sacred lips, that knew no other kiss!

Yours is the fountain of supreme delight.

A STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 493.]

ONE day—I think it was the one before she was to leave—I heard some rather loud talking in the kitchen, and as that was something very unusual, and as I also fancied I heard Oline weeping, I discovered just then that I wanted a drink of water badly, and proceeded to the kitchen. Arriving at the scene of contest, I found Oline in tears, talking excitedly, and Brother O., one of the younger missionaries, one foot on the wood-box and shoe-brush in hand, arguing strongly in favor of something.

"I am so glad you have come!" cried Oline, at sight of me. "Brother O. is trying my patience almost beyond endurance. Will you believe it—he is dissuading me from going to my sister, and says all sorts of horrid things: that I won't come back any more; that my sister is deceiving me; that I shall leave the Church, and a good deal more."

"Yes," said Brother O., beating his shoe-heel with the brush, "I am sorry to offend Oline; but I am very much afraid that her relatives will try every means to get her to leave the Church, and I know it takes a great deal of stability to resist those we love. And I am furthermore convinced that this extraordinary kindness on the part of her sister is nothing but a trap to catch Oline in."

"Isn't it unkind of him to speak thus of my sister?" burst out the poor girl, weeping again. "Does he think I am void of all feeling? He ought to know that if blood be ever so weak, it is stronger than water—and she is my sister. What vexes me worst of all, though, is his poor opinion of my

ability to cling to my religion, even if anyone would try to advise me away from it. Do I not love it with all my heart, and have I not once proved that I could give up something for it?"

Brother O. said he was sorry for having offended her, and assured her he should be the first to welcome her back again, and would then most humbly beg her pardon. He had finished brushing his shoes, and, after examining them critically from all sides, he left us to our own fate.

I knew that his only motive for speaking as he had was his concern for Oline's spiritual welfare. I told her so, and she soon got over her little outburst of impatience.

Saturday came, and I walked down with Oline to Kvæstheisbroen, where she was to take ship. We had ample time; the steamer was to leave at four. There was half an hour still, so I went with her down to her cabin, where we sat chatting confidentially about things in general.

"If any letter comes for me from Utah—you know who it's from—take care of it for me, please. I almost wish now that I had been there and was coming home. How I shall miss the brethren! I only hope Sister A—will be economical with my little stock of housekeeping money. Brother L— is very particular that we should be as saving as possible. He works hard himself, you know; writes late and early. Isn't he a splendid man? Tell her, Sister A—— I mean, not to forget the birds, but I dare say the brethren will see to them. Tell Brother H. G. that I forgive him all his teasings. Don't see how I shall live without them a whole week. Remember me kindly to all the girls. There goes the last bell; good-bye,

my friend, till Wednesday—a week. Don't forget to tell Sister A—— about the milkman." And after one more embrace I hurried across the bridge just as it was being pulled up, and reached the ground. As long as we were within earshot of each other, Oline kept reminding me of something, to the amusement of some standing young gentlemen, which Oline fortunately discovered; and when the ship faded in the distance, I stood there still, vainly straining my eyes for a glimpse of Oline's blue veil.

Wednesday came, and with that a letter from Jydland, but no Oline. It was for me. What could have happened? Had she been taken ill? A foreboding of something unpleasant seized me before I tore it open. I read it, and read it again; could hardly believe my own eyes. It was this:

"MY DEAREST FRIEND:—How shall I break the news to you? What will you say or think of me, when I tell you that I am not coming back any more. Yes, Brother O——'s prophecy has proved only too true. Even while I write this my senses seem to twirl. I cannot believe it is true what I write. It *was* a trap my sister had set for me. Carl Brun is here, and, oh, he has made me promise to become his wife in a short time. Have I lost my love for the gospel? No, no; that is the worst of it! My conscience leaves me no peace, neither night nor day; yet I linger, yet I cannot tear myself away. Oh, would that I had never come; would that I was once more at home with the kind, good brethren, whom I shall no more see; would that I had you here near me—but why should I wish that? Would I listen to your words any more than to the warning voice within me? Ask the brethren not to judge me too harshly; tell them I wish to remain in the Church; I wish to be considered a member, though a weak one. And I shall labor with all my might with my husband, that he may, perhaps, be brought to see the truth of the gospel. And yet, is it not idle to try to quiet my conscience with such hopes? Have not the brethren, often enough, told us, that such were never realized? My sister gave a little party last night for the prodigal daughter who had re-

turned. I protested, I would not hear of it. But she insisted. And while I sat there smiling among the rest of them, my heart rebelled, and I could have screamed: "Let me go back where I belong, back to my friends that I love!" And my eyes would run wildly around the room until they rested on him for whom I make this sacrifice, and he would whisper loving words in my ear till, for the time being, my heart listened and found rest. But now that I am alone, something whispers, "Flee, flee from all this!" But I cannot.

And now, dear friend, may I ask you to pack my things in my trunk and see that it is sent to me, as soon as possible? I shall write to you again soon; for you will let me, won't you? You will not give me up, but write to me once in a while. Believe me, ever your loving, but now most unhappy, friend,

OLINE S.

I showed the letter to Brother L——. He had received one simultaneously, and he, like the rest of them, could scarcely credit it. That same evening I wrote to her and implored her to listen to the whisperings of her heart and flee from that which would destroy her peace of mind and come back to the Church; for I doubted not that she would drift away from it, once married to an outsider.

And then I proceeded to gather up her belongings, in order to send them; for I feared much that my words would weigh little against those of her lover. I waited anxiously several days for an answer. They were long, long days to me; for I had grown very much attached to Oline, and loved her dearly.

It was Wednesday evening; we were all seated around the supper table in No. 14, when the door-bell rang, and I, my thoughts busy with Oline, thought it sounded like her ring. Brother H. G. went to open the door.

"Good gracious!" I heard him exclaim. "Is it you?" And then Oline's merry, happy words fell on my ears.

In another second I bounded to the

door and met her just as she, beaming all over, entered it. There was a fond embrace, in spite of the brethren's presence; and then the poor girl broke down and cried and laughed alternately, and came very near embracing all the brethren. Brother O—— was one of the first to shake hands with her and bid her welcome back. After the excitement had subsided a little, Oline took off her wraps and sat down to supper with us. She looked all around the table to ascertain that they were all there, and, with eyes full of tears, she said: "Oh, I am so happy, so happy to be once more amongst you. The remorse, the anguish I have suffered away from you all, I hope, shall ever be a warning to me to stay with the Saints."

Then she told us how she had deceived her sister and fled without her knowledge, and how she meant never to go back again. We were all very happy to have her with us again. Sister A——, of course, yielded up her place at once, and went to her own home. Afterwards Oline, Brother O. and I were seated together and had a comfortable chat. It was late before we thought of breaking up, and although Oline insisted that I should stay over night with her, I was compelled to refuse, as I had an engagement for the next day, which I could not break, and I was afraid I should not wake in time to go home and change my clothes. I was namely, to some extent, dependent on an old and very disagreeable lady, at whose beck I was obliged to come. Now, next day, she had appointed to go out to Clampenborg (a fashionable bathing resort), where she always spent her summers, to make arrangements for the coming season, and as she never

went out alone, she had decided that I should drive with her.

In consequence of this I declined Oline's offer. She and Brother O—saw me home, and on the way she kept repeating how happy she was to have escaped from thralldom, as she laughingly called it.

"It was your letter," she said. "I knew, if I had had you near me from the first, I should not have wavered. How I shall love you now, and how happy we shall be together! You must promise me that you will try and get ready to go to Utah when I go, won't you? For I am going now, you know; but we will talk about that tomorrow. Come as early as you can; I have a great deal to tell you." I promised, and we parted.

How often, often I have regretted that I could not have stayed with her over night and next day; though I do not know whether it would have altered the course of affairs.

In spite of my disinclination to accompany Mrs. B—, I enjoyed my drive very much. It was a beautiful sunny day. A light breeze from the sea kept the green foliage in perpetual motion; it whispered of peace and happiness everywhere; it whispered to me, in sorrowful accents, that soon, soon I should no longer refresh my eyes with the lovely foliage of the beech tree, that nowhere grows so grand as in my home; that soon, soon my cheek would no more be fanned with the gentle wind from Oresund—lovely Oresund! bordered with its magnificent beech groves, and swelling with what looked like thousands of swans, but in reality were ships, bearing treasures to and from foreign lands; that soon, perhaps, would I be in a strange land, where the view was

hemmed in by stern, towering mountains that, in stony majesty, spoke not of love and happiness, of gentle longings after something, even better—something unknown; but would solemnly point heavenward and remind the beholder of his utter, utter littleness; that soon would the scorching rays of a fiercer sun beat down on my aching head, where there would be no delightful shade to take refuge in; soon would nature speak a language unknown to me. My head drooped; I could have wept, but a little bird overhead warbled his praise to God, and to me it sounded as if he sang, "I'll be there, I'll be there!" Joy came back to my heart, and I thought of Oline, who gave up so much for the gospel's sake, and wondered at my own lack of faith.

We were back in the city again at four o'clock, and I would gladly have ran to Oline then, but I must stay to dinner and afterwards read an hour or more to my tormentor. Then, fortunately, some ladies came in to their regular game at whist, and I escaped.

It was nearly seven when I reached No. 14, and I knew Oline must be through with supper; and how I looked forward to our chat! I was so anxious to hear a more detailed account of affairs than had been given the evening before.

Brother H. G. opened the door to me; he looked concerned, but I had no time to inquire what had gone wrong with him. In the dining-room I found Sister A— clearing the supper table. I wondered at that, and, at looking from her to H. G., my heart misgave me. I knew there must be something wrong.

"Where is Oline?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Gone," said Brother H. G., sadly.

"Gone? Where?"

"Back to Jydland!"

"Impossible! Surely this is a joke," said I, speaking against my better knowledge; but I could not, would not believe it was true. "When—how did she go? What has happened? I cannot comprehend it. She surely can't have gone. She was so happy with us; what could possibly have possessed her to go back?"

Sister A— kindly asked me to come with her, and she would explain it to me. And I followed her to Oline's room. Yes, there were the vacant places where her bureau and trunk had stood. She was, indeed, gone. I begged Sister A— to make haste and tell me; for my very blood seemed to be on fire with impatience.

"Poor girl!" began Sister A—. "She struggled hard, but with no avail. The brethren did all they could; tried to reason with him, but all to no purpose."

"Him! Who? For pity's sake, Sister A—, what are you talking about? Do relieve my mind and tell me quick," I implored.

She shook her head and began again in her mysterious way; but I determined this time to practice patience, hoping she would get to the facts at last.

"Yes, it seemed that it was so to be. I just happened to come up here for some of my things. Oline was in high spirits. We spoke about her late experience; she said she thought it was a lesson to her; she had been too firm in her belief of her own steadfastness. She had learned now that in and of ourselves we cannot stand. She was very humble; spoke a good deal of you and of the good time she anti-

cipated, when the door-bell rang; she had her hands in flour, and asked me to answer it, which I did. There stood outside a well-dressed, handsome young man, with a good deal of sailor about him. He looked very serious, and asked, in an excited way, if Oline S— lived here, and if she were in. Suspecting nothing, I said yes and went to the kitchen door and said there was someone wanting to see her. I offered him a chair, but he only grabbed the back of it and stared excitedly at the door through which Oline was expected. As I looked at him then, some of the truth began to dawn on me. I would have run to warn her; but just then she entered. Only a second they gazed into each other's faces. Oline uttered a cry, reeled and would have fallen, had he not bounded across the floor and caught her in his arms.

"'Oline,' he said, in a low and passionate voice, 'you must come back with me. Foolish child! did you think I would so easily give you up?' She had regained the use of her senses, and, starting from him, she uttered another scream, which brought the brethren from the office. Oline rushed to Brother L— and begged him to help her, save her from herself and from him, pointing towards the young man, who now furiously confronted Brother L—.

"'This is my promised wife,' he said; 'she has been engaged to me over two years, and I have a right to protect her from harm and from you—which is the same thing. She is an innocent, trusting girl, and you have entrapped her into your obnoxious religion—by what means I do not know! You have ensnared her in it till her reason is almost affected; till she can-

not, dare not think of acting without your advice. But I love her, and I mean to save her from you and distraction—with or against her will! I love her!—do you hear? And I have come to take her back with me; and if there is any honor left in you, you will advise her to follow me home, or at least, not persuade her to stay here! You are—' I do not know what he would have said, for Oline, who had stood trembling and weeping near Brother L——, went over to him and begged him not to say anything harsh against these men—they were good, honorable men.

"Then Brother L—— said, in his quiet, dignified way: 'Young man, you are mistaken; we are not in the habit of persuading people into our Church, and Oline, like all others, came to us of her own free will. And we will say to her: do your duty, whichever way it points; if it prompts you to give up your religion and go with this young man, go, and be as happy as you can; and if it exhorts you to stay with the religion you have embraced, stay, and the Lord will bless you. And,' he added, turning to the young man, 'if *you* have any honor about *you*, you will not entice her away from what she feels convinced is the truth!'

"With this he went back to his work. And now the other brethren tried to reason with him; but all in vain. He begged and pled with Oline to come back with him, threatened to take his own life if she refused; and told her how happy he would make her; how all the sorrow she had caused him should be forgotten, if she would come with him. And she, poor girl, pled and begged he would go home without her; that he would let her

stay; she could not leave her religion, but oh! she was but human. She could not bear to see him suffer thus. She begged him to let her have an hour—half an hour to collect her thoughts and make up her mind; but he would not let her out of his sight. Then she wished that you had been here, and she asked if someone would go for you. Brother H. G. volunteered and went with all haste to your home, where he was told you had not yet come and were not expected till evening. With that he came back, and then Oline wept most piteously. We were all willing to tender our advice, but she could not make up her mind. She went into her own room, finally, and stayed there for some time, while he sat watching the door with anxious eyes. When she came out at last, she told him she had made up her mind—she would not go with him. She could not leave her religion.

" 'Well, take your religion with you, then,' he cried, angrily; 'but come, at all events. And this you shall know, Oline,' he continued, 'that if you refuse to go with me, my death shall be laid at your door; for I will not, cannot live without you! This is no idle threat, so I beg you will consider well what you do!' He was white as death. His whole frame trembled: he looked ready to do anything. There was pity in my heart for the poor, ignorant young man, who—that was evident—loved this girl madly. This last threat of his was too much for Oline. She yielded then. In a dazed way she went about packing her things. Once in a while she would give way and weep bitterly; then she would resolutely wipe away her tears and say: 'No, I cannot let him go; I know he

would execute his threats—and then he loves me so very much!’ At last she had finished packing, and she went to bid the brethren good-bye. She could say nothing, but weep, as she went from one to the other with her extended hand. And they all had a word of comfort for her. They pitied her; for they had seen how she had fought against it. When she bid me good-bye, she told me to give her love to her dearest friend, and to tell you all about it; how she had been tempted before she gave way. They drove away to the steamer in a cab. We all stood in the windows watching them, and I shall never forget the look she sent up through the cab-window, so piteous, so full of regret at what happened, so pleading, as if to say, ‘Judge me not too harshly.’”

When Sister A—— had concluded, I broke down utterly, and wept as I have seldom wept in my life. I had no pity for the man who could so grossly take advantage of a poor girl who loved him. I had no doubt that his threats about committing suicide were nothing but empty phrases to frighten her. My poor, brave, noble girl, who had fought so valiantly! Was she to be sacrificed like this? Were her struggles to end in defeat after all? No, she must come back once more—if I were to go and bring her myself!

That evening I wrote to her again and implored her, for God's sake, to make one more effort and come back again.

To some of the young lady readers here, it may, perhaps, seem strange that we should take to heart so the circumstance that a Mormon girl married an outsider. But we were wont to look upon such things as the worst fate that could befall our girls. To

have known the gospel and left it was to us to have lost the salvation of our souls, and is not that a greater thing than any earthly consideration?

I waited with hope and fear several days for an answer. It came Tuesday, and contained but the few words:

I am coming once more; meet me at Kvæsthusbroen Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

How I rejoiced, and how I longed for Thursday to come. I would take care this time that he should not find her if he followed, and made arrangements at my home to receive her there, and let her stay for some time. I took great delight in arranging my room as prettily as I could, as I meant to have her share it with me.

On the morning as I went to meet her, I passed the Casino, and knowing how fond she was of the theatre, I thought it would be very appropriate to celebrate her return with a visit to Thalia's temple, and I therefore bought two tickets for “Monte Christo,” which was to be played that evening.

The Aarhus steamer was already in sight when I walked down St. Anna Plads and with the rest of the waiting multitude I stood gazing seaward, searching eagerly among the passengers for my friend. But I failed to see her. Perhaps she was still below-deck, and, perhaps, too, she might be amongst them—there were a great many passengers this morning. When the ship had laid to and the bridge was lowered, I pressed forward anxiously. There was a blue veil, that must be her—no, a stranger's face met me. There were no more blue veils now; but she might wear something else, of course. Now there were but three or four persons on board the ship. Was it possible that she had

not come? When they had all left I stood there still, expecting to see her emerge from below deck. I knew it was in vain, still I seemed nailed to the spot.

I felt a swelling in my throat; my eyes grew dim with something moist and my lips twitched in spite of my efforts to keep them firm. Some bystanders began to look curiously at me, and afraid that my conduct might excite pity I endeavored to put on a nonchalant appearance, and swinging my parasol in a careless way tried to hum a gay tune, but it ended in a half sob, and hastening to one of the benches I put up my parasol, although there was no sun, and pulling out my handkerchief indulged in a hearty, sobless cry. An old gentleman came panting and breathless and threw himself down on the further end of the bench, taking off his hat he wiped his forehead with a great big red handkerchief and then the rim of his hat inside, then glancing sideways at me, came a little nearer and inquired, sympathetically: "Are you ill, miss?"

"I am not, thank you. Only disappointed!" "Only disappointed," he repeated. "Ah, you will get used to that, child;" and he shook his head in a melancholy fashion. I gathered up my glove and handkerchief and went home sorrowfully and disappointed. I knew now, that Oline and I had parted for good.

A few days later I received a letter from her, wherein she told me that she had tried to steal away, but was discovered, and now she was almost kept a prisoner, her every movement was watched, "and I have no longer the strength to battle against what seems to be my fate. I am working now on my wedding outfit, but if it was my

shroud I could not feel worse." She wrote, "I do not know how things will end or what the future has in store for me, but while I live the days that I spent with the Saints, my sisters and brethren, will ever remain in my memory the brightest and happiest of my life."

My story is ended. How I wish it could have terminated differently; how I wish I could have said: She struggled hard, but gained the victory, and is now in Zion a faithful wife and devoted mother! But facts are facts, and we cannot alter them. But I feel sure that the good seed of the gospel which was sown in Oline's heart will bear fruit, and I live in hopes that some day she will come back to the fold she left, some day she will gather with the Saints in Zion.

But it may not be till years have passed,
Till eyes are dim and tresses gray.

SOPHY VALENTINE.

THE PIONEERS.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

O'er mountain height and prairie vast
This band of pilgrims came,
Across broad rivers flowing fast
And lands without a name;
Through canyons deep, o'er giant rock
They take their weary way;
O'er burning sands where mirage mock
And tempt their feet to stray.

'Neath cloudless skies without a shade,
O'er barren, trackless plain,
Where seldom found they e'en a blade
Of grass or ear of grain;
By red men fierce too often chased
They sought the Rockies' hold,
From ruthless foes to find a rest,
A place to call their own.

The promised land was in the west,
And to that land they come;
Brave pioneers of Utah's strand,
How fresh your memories are,

Your name on fame's great roll shall stand,
 Though not inscribed by war,
 Yet warriors ye in Zion's cause,
 Your weapons, faith and prayer;
 Your loyalty to gospel laws
 Taught you the cross to bear.

Just where a temple stands today
 They halted first to raise
 Their standard, at the close of day
 And give their God the praise
 For having brought them safely o'er
 A journey long and drear,
 To find on Salt Lake's arid shore
 A refuge safe from fear.

The sun on lofty Nebo's crest
 With rainbow colors glowed,
 The eagle sought his rock bound nest,
 And nature rest bestowed.
 A crystal stream ran babbling near,
 But yet no cattle grazed
 Among the sage brush, coarse and high,
 Where first their tents were raised.

Gently the western breeze blew o'er
 The briny lake's clear tide,
 And whispered soft, Ne'er wander more,
 But rest ye by the side
 Of Wasatch mountains steep and high,
 They'll form a bulwark strong,
 A rampart bold if foes draw nigh,
 A refuge needed long.

Here shall a mighty city rise,
 A city passing fair,
 With towers pointing toward the skies,
 And churches built for prayer.

From out those churches now there flows
 Anthem and sacred hymn,
 Toward heaven's high vault sweet music goes
 In loftiest praise to Him
 Who led His Israel here to dwell
 From foes and bigots free,
 To Him their loud hosannas swell,
 To Him they bend the knee.

Bold Pioneers, your fame has spread
 O'er earth and distant sea;
 Some are now numbered with the dead,
 But some yet live to see
 That barren spot where first they trod
 A rich and fertile vale,
 Villas and homesteads deck the sod,
 And flowers perfume the gale.

The broad Atlantic's flowing wave
 Or warm Pacific's tide
 Does not a fairer landscape lave
 Than's seen on Jordan's side,

And now as each July comes round
 We join in song and mirth,
 On every lip some praise is found,
 Some pleasure on each hearth.

We do not mourn the absent dead,
 We know they only wait.
 Has not the Lord's own promise said
 They'll meet you at the gate?

Let every Saint fresh courage take,
 New armor buckle on,
 Work to uphold dear Zion's stake,
 And live for her alone.
 Let liberty the watchword be,
 Our weapons love and prayer,
 Our standard in the wind flies free,
 Free as our mountain air.

Our children sing the patriot's song,
 Our youth learn patriot lore,
 And every voice and every tongue
 Proclaim from shore to shore
 That Israel's King and Israel's God
 Protects the humble band
 Which lives and worships on the sod
 That covers Utah's land.

PARIS, FRANCE,
 July 9th, 1891.

Susa Y. Gates, Editor,

DEAR SISTER:

I cannot conceive of anything more potent to arouse ambition and educate the mind than travel. It is the observing mind, however, that is the most benefitted. Many times my thoughts have dwelt upon the lessons taught us by the splendor and magnificence of this justly renowned city; generally those thoughts were associated with the prophetic writings of Holy Writ concerning the glory of the city of Zion. The fact has been strongly impressed upon my mind that the fulfillment of those prophecies forms an important duty devolving upon us young people.

When we view the lessons which history teaches us we will be surprised how much of that responsibility rests

upon the daughters of Zion. For instance, do we not all know that the "home" yields a great power to form individual and national character, and are not mothers and daughters the chief spirits which form the influence of home? Certainly. What makes Paris a beautiful city today testifies to this fact in no uncertain tones.

Why is it that the French people have built a city that commands the praise and admiration of the whole world? Some people say that it has been brought about by her despotic and extravagant royalty. This does not answer the question, but only names the tools which produced the effect. Those rulers and statesmen must have had a taste and desire for such an order of things or else they would have lavished their means in other directions.

This city has many merits, but at present I will only write about its boulevard, park and street sanitary regulations.

Of all the beautiful avenues and streets I have seen in cities, those of Paris are superior to them all. Boulevards are formed first by a walk about ten feet wide, edged by a beautiful row of shade trees; then another walk fully as wide as the first one, and again a row of shade trees; after which is the paved street for vehicles, and a repetition of two walks and two rows of shade trees, forming two lovely avenues for pedestrians on each side free and apart from the regular side walk. There are comfortable seats every few steps for the weary to rest. These grand boulevards, also narrower streets, are daily washed and swept. The parks and gardens are models in tidiness, wealth of statuary and flowers, refreshed with playing fountains.

They are not only to be found in the suburbs, but right in the midst of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city they burst suddenly upon the vision of tired, troubled mortals, inviting them into their cooling shade and cosy nooks, where the merry prattle and playful glee of little children gladden the heart, and the singing of birds make sweet music for the ear.

No where have I seen a more liberal supply of flowers. With few exceptions, such places in other countries are composed chiefly of lawns, trees and serpentine walks, with only a sparse supply of flowers; but here there is such a profusion of them that it calls forth the admiration and wonder of everybody; the eye is dazzled with their rich and harmonious colors. I feel that too much cannot be said in praise of this feature. Yet all this is but a reflection mirrored from the homes of France. I have observed in my sojourn in this country that the people both in city and country are great lovers of flowers, gardens and clean homes. There are hundreds of stores in this city where nothing else is kept in stock except flowers and furnishings by way of wire work and pottery. Thousands of flower sellers, with baskets and carts full. On an island of the river Seine—near by Notre Dame—is a square of about one acre and a half shaded with trees. On certain days of the week this square, also a wide river-side walk extending for a distance of about a ten-acre block, and thence across two bridges each a half a block long, on each side is a beautiful display of flowers.

A similar love for flowers is manifested in country homes and villages. One may walk for hours and not find a single home, though it be ever so

humble, without its supply of flowers in pots or garden. The more pretentious dwellings always have a well cared for flower garden. Some people not having sufficient room for flowers about their premises, devote a corner of ground in the field for their cultivation.

It is customary among these people to sweep court yard and front walks or part of street on Saturday evening, preparatory for the Sabbath day. Windows are hinged on the side and open in the center like our double doors; these are daily thrown open to thoroughly ventilate bedrooms. Beds are hung out and floors washed quite often; carpets are too good for dirt traps to suit French people; fancy woods and polished stone cut in artistic and tasteful designs suit much better and are more durable and beautiful.

Seeing that these characteristics prevail in French homes, is it any wonder that their capital is adorned in like manner to an extent that commands the admiration of all people? The lesson this teaches is so self-evident that it does not need to be pointed out.

Let the mothers and daughters of Zion see to it that their homes are clean and well aired: let inside and outside bespeak praises to God. Pictures upon walls whispering of His beautiful creations; flowers on window sill and in garden front testifying to our admiration of His handiwork. And occasionally let your hearts join—in song and tune of instrument—the warbling denizens of the air. Over all let love reign supreme. And if the influence of such homes will not bring forth public officers, magistrates and statesmen who will have implanted in their very natures those elements of

character which will bring about like results in a public capacity that is manifested in those homes of a country, then we may cease to believe that "home" wields any influence for good or evil. Now, then, reflect for a moment that the Latter-day Saints are destined to build one of the most beautiful cities in the world, a city that will attract the Gentiles to her light and kings of the earth to the brightness of her rising, and we will realize at once what important duties rest upon the daughters of Zion towards the accomplishment of so glorious an object.

May the blessings of God attend you and the cause you are engaged in, is ever the prayer of your humble servant,
JOHN HAFEN.

AUGUST IN SALT LAKE VALLEY.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER.

STILL is the air, but winged with heat
That pulses like a moving wind;
Leaves nor grasses stir to meet
The kisses by its fervor signed.

The near hills wear a brazen look,
The vale a slumberous stillness keeps;
Upon its way the shrunken brook
From sun to shadow feebly creeps.

The birds that shelter in the trees
Are silent; all the leaves are curled—
Though touches of July's light breeze
Had seen there vivid green unfurled.

Spanning the vale a shining haze
Still as a waveless ocean lies,
And circling mountains dimly raise
Their azure banks against the skies.

Afar the Oquirrh ridges send
A purple tracing through the west;
The plains their whitened levels bend
To show the low lake's burnished crest.

But where its waters might reveal
Some cooling glimpse of wind wrought blue
There seethes a mass of moulten steel
That glitters on the blinded view.

A smoke wreath from some forest blaze
The narrow canyons shoreward guide,
And from the steeps its ashen haze
Swings like a curtain o'er the tide.

Above it bend the leaden skies,
No gleam of light the gray tones lift,
Save as some loose cloud outward flies
A red sun blazes in the rift.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

M. A. Y. GREENHALGH.

IN my late tour through Millard County, I was more than pleased to note the progress our sisters are making in the higher walks of home education; fitting themselves by reading, and study, to be companions to their husbands, and the mothers of sons, who, at no distant date may become statesmen, law-makers, and leaders among men. They seem fully to realize the fact, that, only through great mothers shall we have great men, and that to fit themselves to be the mothers of great men they must make themselves acquainted with the political and social topics of the day. The present stir in the political atmosphere has, no doubt, roused them from the apathy into which they fell, when the right to the suffrage was so ruthlessly taken from them.

They felt they had judiciously used that right when they had it, and to take it from them, was an outrage against their freedom and an insult to their integrity and patriotism. Hence, for a time their energies were paralyzed, and they needed a stimulant to arouse them to action. Even our young girls are bestirring themselves and seem to be thirsting for knowledge regarding the political status that women does, and must hold, in the future of this great nation; and in

fact, throughout the civilized world. They feel that if so conservative a nation as England can give to woman every vote, save one, that surely this free and liberal republic may copy her example, and give at least a modicum of freedom to its daughters. And how much more deeply will they think, and study the burning question of equal rights for all when they find that the conservative premier of England is about to formulate a measure to give her the right to the parliamentary vote, the only one withheld from her at the present time!

In England women can sit at the County council board, they can vote for municipal and parish officers; they can be, and many of them, are members of the school board, as they can be today in twenty-six states of the American union.

With these facts before them, they feel that action is necessary that as that great patriot and orator, Dan O'Connell said, "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow." They are beginning to realize that they must unite, and work together to secure to themselves once more the positions that the first woman occupied in the Garden of Eden.

The Creator, and Builder up of the universe gave it to man and woman for an heritage, and said He, "they shall rule over it;" mark the expression, not *he* or *she* shall rule over it but *they*, the man and the helpmeet He had given him, when He perceived that "It was not good for man to be alone." He did not say, "I will give him a slave, to cater only to his temporal needs, but I will give him a helpmeet, a companion." Nor did He say "I will send a queen to reign and tyrannize over him: He made them equal.

He made man in His own image; male and female made He them."

Man shall be king, and woman should be queen. Man should be the presidential head of the house, and his wife should be his first counselor, and in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, she would be the best chancellor of the exchequer, for the majority of women can make one almighty dollar go as far in a trade, as a man can make two. Woman has for countless ages borne injustice of inequality patiently, but the day is dawning when she must resume her original character, and position, she must, and will have, equal political and social rights given her, that will make her the true wife and helpmate the universal Father had destined her to be.

Women, today are beginning to realize this and to see clearly that only by intelligence can they attain again to their lost position. The nations of the world have discovered that women must be educated, and they have placed the means within her reach. It has been said often and over, that woman's brains could not grasp and retain knowledge as man's could; well that policy has exploded, and today she stands by his side, an equal in literature, science, and art.

She has studied and mastered all the higher professions, she has done as good missionary work as man ever did, she has traveled with her husband and alone, as an explorer to the remotest regions of discovery.

She has gone to the battlefield to succor and help the wounded, and to smooth the pillow of the dying soldier.

The Old Testament gives us the history of many noble and good women; The mother of the Redeemer was a

pure and gentle woman. And when during the year of His mission upon the earth, the pitiless scoffs and persecutions of men, told too heavily upon His humanity, it was to Martha and Mary he went for comfort, and rest.

It was woman who was last at the cross on Calvary, and was it not woman that was first at the tomb on the morning of His resurrection?

Woman has played her part in all great events; authors, statesmen and soldiers have admitted that they owed their success to their wives, or mothers.

She has obeyed the laws of her country as faithfully as man, and when she has broken it she has paid the penalty as well as he.

And now she asks as a right, that she may give a voice in electing the men who are to make those laws.

Justice demands equality for all, and ere another decade passes man and woman will be equal.

ASPIRATION.

S. R.

MY heart seemed bursting and aflame,
As if by grief oppressed:
An aching void I could not name,
My spirit digned to rest.

Strange thoughts seemed fluttering in my mind,
And something whispered near,
"Oh, mortal fair," in tones most kind,
I trembled as with fear.

The voice went on, so sweet and clear,
"Go help your fellow-men!
Behold them all around you here,
In misery and sin.

"Can you behold this scene of strife,
And raise not pen or voice;
Nor use the talents God bestowed
To make sad hearts rejoice?

"Can you behold your sister-hood
A bright and fair array,
Fall in the depths of sin and shame,
Yea, hundreds every day?

"Oh, look upon their faces pale!
Once bright and young and fair,
Led by the tempter's flattering hand,
To sorrow, sin and care.

"Go raise them from their beds of pain
By words of peace and love.
Cause their young hearts rejoice again,
And trust to One above.

"Can you behold your brethren,
The poisonous goblet fill;
And quaff the dregs of death and sin
That drags them down to hell?"

"Proclaim, I say, with all your might
'Gainst sin and wickedness!
Your labors wielded for the right,
Your fellow men will bless."

I listened for the voice again,
But not a sound was near,
The longing of my heart had gone,
And given place to fear.

For such a poor, weak instrument
To undertake that work,
I fain would yield to stronger ones,
And from the duty shrink.

But I will try—My pen I wield,
My voice I'll raise with might;
The young and innocent to shield,
And help the growth of right.

With God my helper and my friend,
His angels for my guide;
I'll work and strive for that great end,
While I on earth abide.

◁ THE WORLD ▷

AS SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

AFFAIRS IN GERMANY—TRYING TO CHECK
GAMBLING—SWISS CONFEDERATION
CELEBRATION—WORLD'S FAIR MATTERS
—THE FARMER'S ALLIANCE—STOPPING
PRIZE FIGHTS—ANTI-LOTTERY LEAGUE
—CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES—
"CHATAUQUA"—AUSTRALIAN BALLOT
SYSTEM—THE SINGLE TAX.

LUCY PAGE STELLE.

Foreign.—

IN our last view of the world we had
a picturesque glimpse of the Ger-
man Emperor and Empress at Wind-
sor, where they were entertained in
royal fashion by Queen Victoria and
her family, awaiting the wedding of a
princess. That wedding has taken
place, and the festivities attending it
passed off with brilliant eclat, and the
imperial yacht Hohenzollern with the
royal party on board, is now home-
ward bound. In the meantime two
questions of great political import are
confronting Germany. The first por-
tends an internal danger to the em-
pire. Startling proof has come to the
knowledge of the government that the

Guelphic movement in Hanover is a
conspiracy for the overthrow of Prus-
sia. It is the story of the Jacobites
over again, with the descendants of
the Georges instead of the exiled
Stuarts as heroes and heroines of the
drama. In view of the discoveries
made, the Prussian government has
suddenly adopted a policy of harsh
severity towards the Guelphic clubs
and societies. The police have seized
the papers and lists of members of
many of them, and in numerous in-
stances such clubs have been ordered
to give up their meetings.

The other question is the resistance
of the Emperor's projected measure to
suppress public drunkenness. It is as-
serted that the public will not tolerate
active legislation interfering with
drinking. The official reports of sui-
cides committed in Berlin during the
first fortnight of July show a total of
147. The cause of this enormous
self-destruction is attributed chiefly to

drink. The Emperor means to attach such penalties to the sale of bad liquors, both malt and spirituous, that will effectually prevent their use, while good beer and other spirits will be tolerated as a compromise perhaps.

THE Wesleyan Conference that was sitting at Nottingham, spent a full hour upon one day of its session praying for the conversion of the Prince of Wales and other gamblers and card players in high life.

Gambling has received a check also at San Sebastian, a Spanish watering place, where it is prohibited altogether. This state of things is due to the initiative of Queen Christiana, who, with her son, little King Alphonso, is staying there. Spaniards of all ranks are furious concerning her action, which they ascribe to her cold Austrian blood, and sarcastically suggest that she try to abolish the national pastime of bull-fighting. In all sincerity be it hoped she will.

THE commemoration of the sixth centennial of the establishment of the Swiss Confederation was observed by the people of Switzerland August 1st. The streets of the principal cities were elaborately decorated and filled with bands of musicians, sharp-shooters and members of societies of all kinds, making the day a memorable one. At night addresses were given and fireworks displayed. The establishment of the convention in 1291, or "Everlasting League," as it was called, was the reaching out of that nation towards the present Federal Republic. The Constitution of Switzerland is modeled after that of the United States, the successful carrying out of which is now attracting a great deal

of attention among other nations. The desire of the Swiss seems to be to realize as much as possible absolute liberty, and to leave most governmental functions to local choice. This policy has rendered the government of Switzerland a perfect success. If less political attention was fixed upon persons and more upon principles in our own country, perhaps a more perfect state of government would be reached. This tendency in our politics is driving so many of the better sort out of political life that the strife for office so distasteful to the refined and upright citizen, being evaded, public duties are entrusted to the unscrupulous.

It has been officially announced that England is to take a very important part in the World's Fair with a wealth of exhibits, and India will dazzle the new world with a display of her treasures. The American Consul at Bristol has written an official letter, in which he states that as Bristol was the home of the Cabots who made important discoveries on our continent, that they should be honored as well as Columbus, and it is therefore proposed that Bristol shall have a separate room for the exhibition of ancient charters, memorials and regalias illustrating the time of the discovery.

Domestic.—

THE World's Fair that is to be such a grand international affair of peace, good will and comity among the nations, looks beautifully on paper. Harper's Weekly and Frank Leslie's Illustrated News have both given us pictures of the lake front at Jackson Park that is to be a new and modernized copy of St. Mark's Place in Ven-

ice, with its lagoon and pictured palaces that have been famed in song and story. A recent article in the Chicago Inter Ocean describes the scene as it exists now with its vast army of workmen. It is like a huge camp, with tents and temporary coverings of all sorts. In every section of the ground squads of laboring men are digging, delving and leveling. Hundreds of teams are moving hither and thither, and orders of the overseers are to be heard like words of command. We are confident that with the marvelous enterprise that Chicago has hitherto shown that this magnificent idea will be carried out to the letter, and will, as the Inter Ocean states, "out-Venice Venice."

MRS. POTTER PALMER is now in Europe in the interest of the World's Fair. She has recently had a private audience with Mme. Carnot, the wife of the President of the French Republic. The French newspapers refer at length and in a very favorable manner to Mrs. Palmer's Ladies' World's Fair Committee in London. The Princess Christiana of Schleswig-Holstein has promised to assist such a committee in every way within her power.

Farmers' Alliance.—

It has been alleged by newspapers that are unfriendly to the farmer since he has begun to assert his political independence that the circulars being generally mailed from Washington and St. Paul by the Farmers' Alliance are secret and have been distributed for the purpose of forming a gigantic wheat trust among the farmers in anticipation of the enormous crop of the present year, which it is estimated will

be 600,000,000 bushels. This statement is not true, the circulars are open and have been issued solely as a matter of self-defense among the farmers to break up combinations of speculators in the grain market who sell the product of the farmers' toil at their own prices before it is brought into the market, thus compelling him to dispose of it at a sacrifice when marketing it. A clause of the circular reads:

"The American farmer is intelligent enough to know that whoever markets his products late in a year like this receives the prices, and there is really no danger that many will show enough sympathy with the speculator to come to his rescue."

It is claimed, and very justly, too, that the refusal among the farmers to sacrifice their property because the speculators have sold it for them, cannot rightly be called a corner or a trust. This measure is simply putting into effect the moral obligation to crush the swindle of speculators, when the farmer has it in his power. No creditor can compel the farmer to sell his crop for half its value, when a few weeks' patience must establish fair prices.

The remedy, namely holding back the wheat for a few weeks, is simple, effective and entirely within the control of the farmer, and it is certainly a just measure, one in which all classes should coincide, as it is well known that the prosperity of the farmer means the setting in motion of the wheels of commerce everywhere and the advancement of all business interests.

ST. PAUL has had a recent sensation in the stoppage of a prize fight. Gov-

ernor Merriman followed the initiative of the better class of citizens, and issued a proclamation forbidding it. This did not suffice to convince the concourse of roughs and gamblers that it should not take place, so he ordered out the militia, a move that left no doubt in the minds of these persons that he meant what he said. The governor of Minnesota has established a precedent, for which all Christians and law-abiding citizens should thank him.

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THERE is an Anti-Lottery League in Louisiana that is combating the State lottery, which for so many years has been carried on in open defiance of law. It is the worst gambling scheme of modern times. The act passed by the last Congress, prohibiting any tickets to be sold or honoring any money orders from that source, was a condemnatory measure that should have been passed years ago.

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Christian Endeavor.—

THE great convention that was held in Minneapolis during July was the climax of a remarkable movement. In one way it illustrates the modern tendency toward organized effort. When any special object is to be attained, whether to send a missionary to heathen lands or to buy a church carpet, a society is established to collect funds and to see that they are properly applied. The enormous results of utilizing these forces for good have been shown by the statistical report of the convention. Millions of dollars have been spent by the women's societies and those formed in Sunday Schools, by the organizations which as units would have been insignificant, but

when combined are capable of such extended benefit.

The Christian Endeavor societies, although but ten years old, now number their members by the hundreds of thousands. This organization, unparalleled in history, not only stimulates the energy of the Christian church, but it has been a powerful factor in establishing a liberal spirit among Christian denominations that was practically unknown in years past. It is Utopian to hope that such a movement will result in the breaking down of denominational barriers, but that it will continue to promote unity in the Christian world we may confidently hope.

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"Chatauqua."—

THESE meetings have been held all over the country from Maine to Georgia, and from New York to California, youth, middle age and old age have been sitting at the feet of the savants both east and west, north and south. Besides those already established, there is the National Chatauqua at Glen Echo, from which place greetings from the Woman's Press Association, who have a tent there, reached me not long ago. The sessions of Chatauqua seem to be to the intellect what protracted meetings are to religion. It is a revival, new zeal being aroused in those who are interested at all times, and many take that opportunity to make up for the year's neglect of study and reading, feeling that in a Chatauqua enough learning can be imbibed to create a supply for the rest of the year. The Chatauqua is charming in its social features, and seems to be the long desired "royal road to learning," leading away from the dusty highway

of painful research, along shaded paths of summer verdure, where the flowers of learning nod on the margin, to be plucked or left as the wanderer lists. There is no stuffy odor of midnight oil, nothing but flowers, music and sweet companionship.

THE adoption of the Australian ballot system is an entire refutation of the arguments used hitherto against woman's suffrage. United States Senator Joseph N. Carey of Wyoming made an eloquent address at the late meeting of the American Woman's Suffrage meeting in Washington, in which he stated that the voting at the first election in the new state was done under the Australian ballot system. "Whatever objection," said he—Carey, "a man could have raised before to a woman going to the polls and voting, was entirely removed by this system.

THE Hub Amateur Journalists' club

recently gave an entertainment at Murdock's Hall in Boston, the subject under debate being, "What Reform does our Civilization most need?" Speeches were limited to five minutes for each subject. Mrs. Ella Maude Frye was awarded the palm for giving the best presentation of her subject, which was the Single Tax. She closed her five minutes' speech with the following striking figure: "If a great tree overshadowed a community, obscuring the sun and blighting life, would we be content with lopping off a few branches? Would we not destroy it root and branch? The injustice of our social system is such a tree. While the saw of prohibition, the hatchet of nationalism and the broad swinging ax of free trade may lop off branches and let in the light in places, yet to dig out the roots that the tree may fall to utter destruction, you need the single tax upon land values. This will give us free trade, free land, and free men."

OUR SUNDAY CHAPTER.

JACOB'S VISION AT BETHEL.

"AND he dreamed, and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed

shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

The state of man's faculties determine the extent and character of his universe. Had he fewer and weaker faculties, the outward creation would have fewer qualities and smaller dimensions, and contrariwise. Mankind see more in the outward creation than the other sentient tenants of this earth, because they have a greater variety of

intellectual endowments. Man in his mortal state sees far less than beings who are immortal, because he does not possess the variety and extent of their capacity. Were we to be invested with some new faculty, or were some exciting faculty, now dormant, called into action, by the gift and power of God, our outward sphere of being would spread out its proportions, put on new forms of knowledge, and teem with new life. Even now the magnifying lens gives us new worlds. These remarks are suggested by the vision of the patriarch. Here alone, at Bethel, in the stillness of the night, with stones for his pillow, and the heavens for his covering, he witnessed scenes and heard voices which surpass the common experience of mankind.

Regarding this vision not as an ordinary dream, but as a divine revelation, we shall view this subject. In this vision there is a recognition of our connection with other worlds. Jacob discovered in his vision that the world in which he lived was closely related to other worlds, and that there were constant interjourneyings of celestial beings going on between other systems and the lonely spot on which he rested. Revelation is full of this doctrine, the pages of divine writ are full of angels. There we learn, in part, their natures, capacities and knowledge. There is much in nature, philosophy and experience confirmative of the doctrine that the intelligences of other worlds have a connection with man. The material system is everywhere related. There is a bond of union—a tie, which connects with each other the most distant planets and systems, throughout the extent and vastness of the universe; and there are agencies in constant employ-

ment, and influences ever passing to and fro. On the principle of analogy, if there is relationship in the material system, there must be in the spiritual. There must be a "ladder" of spiritual intercourse between the mental creation. Men in all ages have manifested a tendency to believe in their connection with existences beyond and apart from this. Egyptians, Greeks and Romans believed in a mysterious connection with invisible beings. Children indicate the tendency. Man is conscious of sudden thoughts and feelings which he cannot trace to a cause. They have not been produced by reflection, but imported; the human mind is their thoroughfare, not their home. These thoughts come from other worlds. How blind is he who lives every day encompassed by spirits and intelligences of other worlds, and yet he feels nothing around him but earth. In the vision the patriarch beheld that the Lord was above the ladder and the angels. He is the Sovereign of all. He is above all instrumentalities and moral agents. However long the "ladder" may be that reaches from earth to heaven, and however high in rank and dignity are the angels who ascend and descend upon it—God is over all. He is called "the Lord God of Abraham;" and as in Abraham all the families of the earth have been promised to be blessed, the blessings here promised to the patriarch were, in reality, blessings for humanity. Prophets, Seers, Apostles and reformers are the children of Abraham. The Savior "of all men, especially of them who believed," was of the stock of the father of the faithful. We then find that God has a design in all His works. Man must not regard the world as a

collection of blind forces, acting apart from any presiding Intelligence, but as the instrument of an Infinite mind, communicating intelligence, with God's hand upon the spring of every movement. Man is regarded as worthy of Divine notice, and the special object of heavenly care and help. "And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." Is it reasonable to suppose that the God of Jacob, who created him, and endowed him with reasoning powers, and with a capability of producing thoughts to shake kingdoms, form new empires and influence generations, should desert him? The Fountain of all love will not desert His offspring. "Can a woman forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yes, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." God is with man in all places whither he goes, if he will but keep His commandments. "And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Feelings of reverence and worship came over him. The discovery that God was in the place; that he had seen Him, heard the blessed promises from His lips, saw the exalted position which He occupied—feeling that he was in God's house, and at the very gate of heaven, standing at the very door through which the angels were passing to and fro, gave him a solemn and adoring spirit. God and the spiritual universe are adjacent to

mankind, but they know it not. What was now with Jacob had always been with him, but he knew it not till God had quickened him by His Spirit. From infancy to all ages God is ever with the millions of mankind, in His divine providence; in the ministry of the gospel, saying, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." And again, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. * * * He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." This is the voice of the gospel to all mankind. It is not to Jacob alone, or a few chosen spirits through the ages, but "if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." This was the dawn of a new era in Jacob's experience. He rose up in the morning, and took the stone that he had for a pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. * * * "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, if God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of

all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

All we need is the opening of the spiritual age which sin has closed, behold God in his ministry of salvation, and vow with Him to keep His holy commandments; and put in practice

the admonition of the Apostle, wherein he says, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

◁HYGIENE▷

LAWS OF LIFE.

ESSAY READ AT MRS. H. SORENSEN'S
CLASS AT SPRINGVILLE.

SARAH A. COOPER.

My Dear Sisters:

WHILE attempting to write to you in this class, there are so many subjects presenting themselves to my mind that I scarcely know which one to write about.

There are so many things we need to learn in these days, but the one subject that seems to continually force itself on my mind is that of virtue and the laws that govern our being.

I hope to live to see the day when there will be schools organized to teach our girls, and boys as well, the laws that govern their sexual systems and those that pertain to procreation. This will be the only way in which the designs of God can be fully carried out that are contained in that grand revelation pertaining to the eternity of the marriage covenant and the eternal union of the sexes.

Inasmuch as we know that God the Eternal Father never created anything in vain and to no purpose, we can see that these organs of our bodies, to paraphrase the saying of Paul, which seem to be the least honorable, on them is bestowed the most abundant

honor. We ask why. When reason will answer us that there never was in all the powers given to man one other so honorable or so God-like as that which enables him to prepare tabernacles for the spirits of heaven to come and dwell in, that they, too, may pass through the trials of a mortal life and learn to do good at all times with evil ever present around them, that they, too, may prove to Father that they are prepared for something more noble in the world to come, or, if you please, that they might show they have power to resist evil in whatever shape it may come, so they, like us, may be trusted with many things, for Christ says, as recorded in the New Testament, that he that is faithful over a few things shall be made ruler over many things hereafter. How necessary it is, then, for the young to prepare themselves to become pure parents.

We are told that the most intelligent spirits have been held in reserve to come forth in the last days. This is why, as I understand it, the revelation on marriage was given through Joseph the Prophet, that men and women might not, like the rest of mankind, use the marriage covenant as a cover for licentious actions, but be pure and use that God-given privilege only for

the one grand object, that of enabling spirits to tabernacle in the flesh.

If this is not so, why did God the Eternal Father choose a virgin pure and uncontaminated with these things to bear the body of His Son?

Why is it, let me ask you, that we find by reading the Bible that as a rule the mothers of all the prophets of God have been barren women and could not perform this part of their mission until they fasted, prayed and purified their tabernacles and sought God in the depths of humility to bestow on them this the greatest of boons? We then find after they have done this and prepared themselves, that God has heard their prayers, and the child born to them has been intelligent.

Girls, you may think this a strange subject and give it very little thought now, but there is no other one thing so liable to make a true woman miserable as to be unable to perform this part of her mission.

Let me, then, appeal to you to protect those beautiful bodies God has given you, keep them pure and free from sin. There is no sin that so darkens the minds of people as the sin of adultery, and why? Because it is trifling with the fountain of life, the only way God has given for mortal beings to create, hence the highest power given to man, and can be nothing less than murder when these precious life-germs are destroyed, either in the male or female organization.

MRS. YOUNGERWOMAN wants to know "Which is the best way to mark table linen?" Leave the baby and a blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes.

AN ESSAY.

READ IN MRS. HANNAH SORENSEN'S CLASS,
SPRINGVILLE.

MENSTRUATION, the subject given to me to write on today, is one that pertains to and affects every female that has lived or ever will live in mortality.

How can a female be perfect unless she is capable of filling the greatest mission ever given to woman in the flesh, that of bearing children. Menstruation then, should be the indicator to all females that they are now capable of bearing children, but oh how little understood is woman's mission and how perverted by the doings of man!

We say this for we know that God our Eternal Father never works inconsistently or makes His laws to conflict.

We might fancy then we hear some one ask how all this perverted nature and all these inconsistent things have been brought about? We will be compelled to answer—by the artificial lives we are living and those our fathers and mothers have lived before us.

That which brings about and controls the child-bearing epoch is called the menstrual period and should begin with the female when she is fully matured, but how is it in these days? Either our women menstruate too early or mature too late, for we find in the majority of cases it does not take place at the same time as thinking people would suppose an alwise and consistent Creator had designed.

When we understand correctly the principle of menstruation and ovulation we can see that it could not have been the design of our Father in heaven that this should take place month after month with the female

before she should begin bearing the souls of men. Everytime this occurs there is a life germ thrown away and destroyed. What did God place these germs in the female body for? That every one of them might have the chance of becoming a being like we are and have the chance of progressing and advancing, to become what all mortal beings are designed to be in the future—Gods or sons and daughters of God.

Do we not believe in the resurrection? Do we not believe we will have our bodies restored with all the organs as we have them today?

Can we not then, see how it will be brought about that we can have an eternal posterity in the world to come, by preserving and taking care of these bodies and not using them for unnatural purposes?

In the female body is placed a small thick-walled hollow organ the function of which is to be a home for the developing bodies of new beings. As all things on this earth have beginning and preparations for that same beginning; while the little ovule is growing and ripening in the ovaries the home is being prepared by nature for its reception which takes place in this way: the uterus receives a greater amount of blood from the system of the female which causes its linings to become thickened, soft, and velvety in anticipation of impregnation.

When this is all done and the little germ arrives there unimpregnated it is blighted and must be cast off which now causes the uterus to be disappointed, and as we in disappointment close our eyes and weep tears, it contracts the linings of its inner surface and weeps blood.

How necessary it is then that moth-

ers endeavor to stay this process with the young girl as much as is naturally possible, until she is able to perform it aright, for we can see that these periods of disappointment to nature are weakening to the organs and degrading to the system of the female. Is it any wonder then that we find woman in the condition she is in today?

How thankful we are that we have been privileged to attend these classes where we have been taught these things aright, let us then use our influence, dear sisters, to have mothers do all in their power to stay this time with the young girls, which can be done to a great extent by dressing properly, by eating the right kind of food, by avoiding all kinds of condiments and highly seasoned food, too frequent associations with the opposite sex which has a tendency to arouse the dormant faculties in the sexual system, also too frequent associations with grown up society.

In fact let the mothers encourage and do every thing they can to keep the young girls as long as possible.

May all parents live strictly continent lives that these appetites and passions may not be implanted in the natures of their children before birth and during the nursing period, and God will be pleased with us as a people and will bless us beyond anything we can now conceive of.

SARAH A. COOPER.

A GIRL with a dowry of \$50,000 has a nice figure.

"PA," said Bertie the other day, "Why do they call a ship a she?" "Because, my son, she is always on the lookout for some of the buoys."

COPY OF A LETTER, WRITTEN TO
MRS. HANNAH SORESENSEN,
FROM SOUTHERN UTAH.

Mrs. Hannah Sorensen.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I hope you will not condemn me for writing to you. But having read your letters in the *YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL*, I have felt impressed for some time to write to you, knowing that you have great wisdom in counseling the daughters of Zion, in regard to their physical being.

As I am one of the afflicted of our sex, I will seek advice and counsel at your hands.

I have suffered greatly for three years with "falling of the womb," brought on, as I think, by over-lifting.

Am now seven months advanced in pregnancy, and not able to attend to the many duties resting on a mother.

I wish your advice, how I shall treat myself and be treated at confinement, to affect a cure. I know if a woman has proper treatment at that time she can be cured. I have had eight children, am 33 years of age; have worn corsets but little during my life. My desire has always been to raise a good family of children, and be an humble instrument in the hands of the Lord helping to roll on this great and mighty work; but with this complaint I am not able to do much good.

Dear sister, I trust that you will receive this letter in the spirit that it is written. I feel that I am acquainted with you in reading your most welcome letters to the young women of Zion.

I shall look earnestly for a letter from you. Hoping that you will remember me kindly, I am your sister in the gospel,

Answer to the above letter:

MY DEAR SISTER:—I have received your letter asking for advice concerning your affliction.

I thank you for the confidence you manifest in me. Yes, indeed; I will be willing to give you what advice can be possible, not being present. First, lest me say: Comply with a strict *continent* life, both now in pregnancy and after delivery, during and through the nursing period—as a cure is not perfected at once.

Keep also good diet—in the *hygienic line*—that the digestive organs can easily perform their functions, as costiveness, or any irregularity in that line, has a great effect on the uterus. Take "sitz-bath" at least every other night; but do not let the water be too warm—rather cool. Have as much physical exercise as will make you feel comfortable, as inactivity is not good. Be sure that there is no obliquity of the uterus—I mean that the axis of the uterus corresponds with the axis of the body; that is, now, in pregnancy.

When the hour of delivery is at hand, go to bed at beginning of pains. Apply no hurrying effort of any kind, no strong, hot drinks, no straining efforts under the progressing labor-pains any more than you can possibly help. Not any more examination performed than just necessary. When the expulsion of the child is near at hand, the lateral position is best. If there is a tendency of the uterus to be stretched too far down, it must be supported by the attendant. At the moment the child is expelled, the uterus must be manipulated externally, in order to make solid, timely contractions. Remember, no straining effort in the expulsion of the child any more than

you possibly can help. When the head is expelled, rest for a few seconds; do not allow *anyone* to pull on the head of the child. Give the uterus a few seconds to rest after the expulsion of the head, that it may gain power to again contract, and by its own natural power expel the rest of the body. *This is nature*, but, oh, how often it is robbed and not allowed to do its own work.

(I forgot to say in the proper place that you must, of course, see that the proper evacuations of bladder and rectum are attended to in the first state of delivery.)

When the child is expelled, and the proper separation has taken place, you must carefully be turned on your back, the uterus to be manipulated externally to make it contract solidly to expel the placenta. Do not allow anyone to make traction on the *umbilical cord* before you are sure that the placenta is expelled from the uterine cavity. This is a moment when bad mistakes are made by the majority of midwives. Have the abdominal bandage applied properly to make the needed support.

But now, be sure that you keep

quiet in bed; do not allow yourself to turn over on your side, neither to sit up in bed, for twenty-four hours. You can, of course, move in bed when the first day has passed, but remember that you do not *sit up* in bed, nor stand on your feet, before two weeks have passed, at least, in such a case. Keep good hygienic diet all the time—no stimulant whatever. If nature does not operate upon the bowels when three days have passed, take an injection of water and oil, but you must lie down under the operation.

After a couple of weeks, when you begin to stand on your feet, take it slowly, only a few steps the first day, a little more the next, and so on. Do not allow yourself to lift heavy things, nor stand on your feet too long at a time before you get strong.

Now, my dear sister, this is as far as I can advise you—not being present myself. But I hope God will inspire you, that you may not feel it too great a task to comply with these rules *in full*. And be then comforted, and be sure *He* will do the rest.

Respectfully, your sister in the gospel,
HANNAH SORESENSEN.

HOUSE AND HOME.

MISCELLANY.

STORING FOR WINTER USE.

FRUITS and vegetables should be handled with the greatest care, both in gathering and storing, as every little bruise leads to decay. They keep best in an apartment that is dry, and as cool as it can be without freezing. The bin for potatoes should not only be dry and cool, but

dark, as they, of all vegetables, are most susceptible to light. Potatoes in groceries are usually strong in taste, and some of them green in color, from standing near a door or window; they should be kept in a dry, dark cellar till sold. Sweet potatoes are very susceptible to the touch; they should be handled "like eggs," as the least bruising causes them to decay.

They keep best in dry sand, in a warm, dry place. The store-room should be well ventilated, and the apples, potatoes, etc., thoroughly aired, rendering them free from moisture, before they are put away in bins and barrels for winter.

No decaying vegetables or fruits should be tolerated in cellars or store-rooms; hundreds of cases of typhoid fever, diphtheria, etc., are directly traceable to neglect in this respect.

PACKING GRAPES.

Take the late grapes, pick them carefully, and select bunches that are as perfect as possible, with the fruit unbroken. Put them in a cool room, spreading in layers on shelves; let them remain two weeks; then pack in barrels with dry, hard-wood sawdust; bran will answer. Packed in this manner, the fruit is said to keep well through the winter. Of native grapes, the Delaware is thought to keep the longest; good Catawbas are often well preserved till Christmas. After packing, they should be put in a cool, dry place.

Grapes will keep in good condition for several weeks by dipping the end of the stem of perfect bunches into melted sealing wax, then wrapping the bunches in tissue paper, and laying or suspending them in a dry, cool place. The more paper there is placed between them, the longer they will keep.

The directions given above for preserving grapes are taken nearly verbatim from Dr. Trall's new Cook Book.

TO KEEP FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

The following hints on keeping fruits and vegetables, are most of them taken from the *Buckeye Cookery*:

TO KEEP TURNIPS.

When buried deep in the earth they will keep solid till March or April.

TO KEEP LEMONS.

Cover with cold water, changing it every week. This makes them more juicy.

HERBS FOR FLAVORING.

Gather on a dry day, just before or while they are in blossom; tie in bundles, blossoms downward. When perfectly dry pick off the leaves, pound, sift them fine, and cork up tight in bottles.

KEEPING CABBAGES.

When the weather becomes frosty, cut them off near the head, and carry with the leaves on to a dry cellar; then break off the outer ones, pack the cabbages into a tight cask or box, stems upward, and when nearly full cover over with loose leaves; secure the box with a lid against rats. A better way on the farm is to dig a shallow trench, long enough to hold the cabbages, placing them *two deep*. Put them in, heads downward, and cover with clean earth till the stalks (which must be upright) are half or two-thirds hidden. The cabbages should be buried as soon as pulled, and they ought to keep nicely till spring.

TO KEEP APPLES.

Apples are usually kept on open shelves, easily accessible, so that the decaying ones may be removed. They are sometimes packed in layers of dry sand, care being taken not to let them touch each other. When they begin to decay, pick out those that are specked, and stew; then put into self-sealing fruit cans and use later in the

season. Or you may pack in sawdust or any grain, as oats, barley, etc., so that they will not touch each other; or if the fruit is fine, wrap each apple in paper and pack in boxes.

TO KEEP GRAPES.

Suspend from the ceiling by three cords, a strong barrel hoop, from which grape stems are hung by means of wire hooks attached to the *small* end, the other being sealed with hot wax; let each stem be free from contact with its neighbors. The imperfect grapes must be removed, and the room must be free from frost; not too moist, and yet not dry enough to wither them; a dry cellar will answer. The simplest way to keep grapes is to place them in drawers holding about twenty-five pounds each, piling these one above another; or the drawers may be fitted into racks. The grapes must be mature and perfect. They do not freeze as readily as apples.

PACKING VEGETABLES.

For present use, they should be laid away carefully in a bin with a close lid (hung on hinges), so that the light may be excluded. To keep for a longer time, the best plan is to pull them on a dry day, cut off the tops, and trim and pack in clean barrels or boxes; place in layers, with fine, clean moss between, such as is found in abundance in the woods. The moss keeps them clean and sufficiently moist, preventing shriveling of the roots on the one hand, and absorbing any excess of dampness on the other. When moss cannot be conveniently obtained, sand is a good substitute, but is more difficult to handle, and the vegetables do not come out of it so clean and fresh. The varieties which come to maturity late in the season are easiest to keep, and retain their flavor longest.

SUSANNA DODDS, A. M., M. D., in
Health in the Household.

THE EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

IN WHAT way do I think a mother responsible for the disposition and temperament of her children, and in how much are they responsible?

These two questions, if answered briefly, will state the outlines of my ideas on this important subject, and I think they will cover all the ground I wish to go over in these short papers.

Let me answer the last question first. A mother is as responsible as a father, no more so, not one bit. That is, her responsibility in the aggregate is the same as his, but they have a different bearing on the matter. A father is

not so responsible for the every-day influence that surrounds his child as is the mother, for he is not with it half the time, no, not one quarter of the day. But he bears a heavier responsibility in regard to the general influence of the home life, which influence is the spiritual breath of his child. Don't be carried away by the old world notion that because the woman generally is the best of the two parents that it is her duty so to be. It is no such thing. If a woman is married to a man who is not as good a man as she is a woman, the quicker she ceases

to bear children by him the better. For there is no just law in heaven or earth which would make a woman pay the loving obedience of a wife to a husband unless the husband is worthy of that obedience. And what would make him worthy? Simply the fact that he is a man? Not by any manner of means. He must be a little bit wiser, a little bit nobler than is his wife, else how can he be the head. He must be able to say at all times, "Come on up here, my wife; I am keeping on a little way ahead of you in the good road we are traveling towards eternity. Of course there are circumstances which would tend to modify this principle, but it is true as a principle.

Now, if a man blindly chooses a woman for his wife who is his inferior in intelligence—mark I say intelligence, not intellect—then if he knows that his wife has no faith in the gospel, and he hears her talk of the most sacred principles in a light or a bitter manner calculated to ruin the faith of her growing children, do you suppose that when that couple come before the eternal throne the wife will be held to the greater accountability for the unbelief of their children? Don't think so. The husband will hear the word, "Thou wast placed at the head of thy family, why hast thou not kept thy place?" He may say that he never said or did anything to grieve the Holy Spirit, but he will know that he had no right to bring spirits into the world by one who hated and reviled truth, be she his wife or not.

Now this is plain talk, sisters, but the day will come when it will be fashionable among the Saints to tell the truth, even if it does hurt. So, then,

if a man who is at the head fails in his duty, the greater blame will be his.

As to the mother, knowing that her chief responsibility lies in the daily life and care of her children, how careful should she be that her work is well done. And whether it is that a woman has more help from heaven when she is alone than a man does under similar circumstances, certain it is that a good, faithful mother may be trusted to bring up better, more faithful children, even if her husband be dead or worthless, than can a good father without any wife or a poor one. What can the father do if he have an unfaithful wife? He can quietly refuse to have children by that woman, no matter how long they may have been married. It would not be nearly so cruel nor so painful as it would be to bring spirits into the world which will be born under the covenant only to grow up and apostatize from the truth.

But I am treading upon somewhat different ground than was my intention. We will retrace our steps.

To answer the second question, as to the manner in which a mother is responsible for the dispositions and temperaments of her children, I will say that her responsibility begins when she gives her hand in marriage to a man. That is the one great, grand responsibility, which once taken upon herself, is only thrown off by the most sorrowful efforts, and its effects will last her to her grave. Talk about the temper of a mother while she is carrying a child! If girls would only know that the temper of the men they are about to marry will have ten thousand times more to do with their children than all the outbursts they may be

guilty of during the whole time of pregnancy!

Then there are the first few weeks and months of wedded life, a very critical period in every human being's life. Are all the barriers, one by one, of modesty, delicacy, reverence, love for religion, and purity, are all or a few of these things thrown aside by the young and, newly mated creatures? If so, that will have a very great deal to do with the sort of spirits the mother will bear next her heart. Then, too, if the seeds of extravagance, quarreling, gossiping, idleness are planted in the first year of wedded life, be sure they will color the fruit which will be grown on that tree. To be sure, very much depends upon the disposition, the surroundings, the training, and upon the motherly influences bestowed upon a human being; but I have seen the whole fabric of a character changed by the first year of married life. To good or to evil, as the experience might be happy or unhappy. Who has not? Every act of our lives has weight upon our own characters as well as upon those of our associates and our children. But be it known that the spirit of an unborn child will as differently affect the mind of the mother carrying it as will the mind of the mother affect it. And, indeed, it often happens that the feelings of a mother during pregnancy have no seeming effect on her unborn child. This, too, I have often noted.

While discussing this subject with the wife of President Joseph F. Smith the other day, she told me that the views I was advocating in the JOURNAL had been her own for years, but that she didn't know there was another soul who accepted them. "Have you ever noticed one thing," she added

laughingly, "and that is, if a child turns out well he or she is the child of the father. If it turns out ill, behold we hear it spoken of as the child of its mother." This is because the responsibility of the child and its life and character rests heavier on the father than on the mother, and if it does well the credit is given where it belongs; but if it should happen that the father has failed partially in his duty, there is too much of the old Father Adam about him to acknowledge either the apple or the corn.

I WOULD fail in a pleasant duty were I to omit congratulating the readers and writers of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL upon the excellent year's work we have unitedly accomplished. Have we not enjoyed looking at the faces of our beloved sisters of the M. I. A., and reading a bit about them? Then our stories. The "Western Boom" has won many admirers, and has done a great work among those who have followed its course. I was told by a very wealthy woman of Salt Lake City, one of our sisters, too, that she always read our JOURNAL the first of all her periodicals, and first of all she turned to the "Western Boom." She said she was so delighted to find such good things right in our own family circle, as it were.

Then, who that has read that tender, beautiful story of "Lights and Shades" could fail to arise from its perusal with a determination to lead a better, purer life? What could be sweeter in all literature than the dainty poems of Josephine Spencer, besides the occasional contributions of such gifted writers as Lu Dalton, Mrs.

Greenhalgh, sweet, sad Hope's pensive notes and Millicent's beautiful words! Have we not gloried in such articles as were written by our beloved brother and president, Joseph F. Smith, that friend of woman and of weak, struggling humanity all over the earth; and, too, the wisdom of John Nicholson and of Apostle A. H. Cannon has brightened our pages, together with the warning counsel of Dr. S. B. Young. The sayings and doings of the Prophet have been so vividly reproduced for us by Brother Huntington. For health, we have received the wise counsels of Dr. R. B. Pratt and the interesting letters of Sister Sorensen. Have you not all enjoyed the writings of Ruby Lamont and the lovely and loving little sonnets of our far away friend and contributor, Mrs. L. M. Hewlings?

I hear your Yes, and echo it with all my heart.

"The World, As Seen Through a Woman's Eyes," has been most successfully conducted by a lady living at present in St. Louis, Mrs. Stelle, and closes her connection with this department with much regret on our side, as well as her own, while we say a good-bye to her with a real feeling of sorrow. But until our financial sun shines a little brighter we shall not be able editorially to strike hands with her again. But the girls shall hear about the doings of the world from a woman's standpoint, if she is a woman living in Utah.

Not the least, if the last of our pleasure is derived from the prentice ground whereon come the timid feet of our untried yet gifted writers in the Girl's Department. We are happy to know and say that more than one promising writer for the local press

has made her initial bow through the columns of this JOURNAL.

As for the future, it is bright with hope and promise. The good work being done for our business interests by the brisk little woman, Sister Jake-man, the fine work done by our corps of writers and the blessing of God, added to the best efforts of Editor and publishers of this JOURNAL, ought to make it a success, if anything will.

And now before closing this congratulatory article, let me say one well merited word for the printers and workmen who have the mechanical work to do on the JOURNAL. The highest authority in those things, both at home here and in the east, have expressed themselves as surprised and pleased to see our JOURNAL so perfect in mechanical points. Altogether we may well say the JOURNAL so far is a success.

MODESTY A VIRTUE.

AMONG the virtues which ought to secure a kind regard, we universally assign to modesty a high rank. A simple and modest man lives unknown, until a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and his generous actions. I compare him to the concealed flower, springing from an humble stem, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume. A truly modest man, emerging from his transient obscurity, will obtain those delightful praises which the heart awards without effort. His superiority, far from being importunate, will become attractive. Modesty gives to talents and virtues the same charm which chastity adds to beauty.

◁OUR GIRLS.*▷

POLITICAL.

LADIES of the Mutual Improvement Association, permit me to congratulate you on the deservedly increasing popularity of your representative JOURNAL.

Your labors in the various fields of physical, intellectual and spiritual culture are efficient and your health and dress departments are commendable. But in a motherly way I would suggest that, in my judgment, your JOURNAL lacks one thing needful, i. e., a *Constitutional Government Department*.

Governmental affairs now occupy the front row of important topics for the consideration of all intelligent, responsible men and women. The woman is not filling her proper sphere who fails to improve and enlarge her opportunities for extending helpfulness in bettering human conditions.

True maternity means much more than child-bearing; it means a most important part in child rearing and child planting in a soil of social, moral and political purity and majesty. These are more than idle words and this is your day of preparation, your golden opportunity.

Think and read, talk and write on these ennobling subjects, and gather light to transmit and send through the ages. Yours with love,

SARAH M. KIMBALL.

P. S.—Our object should be to become stateswomen, not party politicians. S. M. K.

WITHOUT modesty woman is repulsive.

NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

MARY J. HUGHES.

A NOBLE and good character is ever to be admired wherever or in whom it may be found; it is always worthy of emulation.

It is something that requires not only a portion of our time, but a lifetime of constant labor and thought to attain to that desired end. Hundreds and thousands of noted men and women have lived in ages gone by, though not blessed with the light of the gospel, yet they lived very exemplary lives, and did much good in providing for the poor, built institutions of learning, hospitals, etc., thereby moulding for themselves a character worthy of much praise, and it can be truly said of them that the world was better for them having lived in it; and they will surely receive a just recompense for their goodness and sincerity. They have lived what we might term true lives, as the poet very beautifully describes in the following verses:

Oh, cramped and narrow is the man who lives
Only for himself, and pawns his years away
For gold; nor knows the joy a good deed gives,
But feels his heart shrink slowly, day by day.
And dies at last, his bond a fate outrun;
No high aim sought, no worthy action done.

But, brimmed with molten brightness, like a
star,

And broad and open as the sea or sky,
The generous heart—its kind deeds shine afar
And glow in gold in God's great Book on high;
And he who does what good he can each day
Makes smooth and green, and strews with
flowers his way.

Our highest aim should be, then, to live lives of purity, that our characters

*All communications from the members of the Y. L. M. I. Associations to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, 158 W. Third South St., Salt Lake City.

may be spotless, and also guard each other's character as well as our own.

How often are the hearts of the pure and innocent wounded by the slanderer and meddler. I will refer to the 20th chapter of Proverbs, 3rd, and 19th verses, and 22nd chapter, 1st verse:

It is an honor for a man to cease from strife: but every fool will be meddling.

He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets: therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

Fault finding and back-biting seem to be the faults of all to a greater or less extent; but if we will strive to say something good of others, when we hear them spoken evil of, we should have advanced at least one step, and time will be much more ready to defend the absent. The old saying, "Speak well of your friends, of your enemies say nothing," is good yet, and would aid us much in warding off this great evil if we would think of it whenever we are tempted to malign another's character. We should remember that others as well as ourselves value their reputation as their lives, and if we take that from them we take nearly all that is worth living for. In Shakespeare's words:

He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who steals from me my good name takes that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed.

We should always strive to overcome our faults, and by all means this one of slandering another's character, as we are treading on very dangerous ground when we conspire to take from another his good name. If we can succeed in this Satan will have become a bankrupt, and we shall be victorious.

How very injudicious of the slanderer to spend his time in picking to pieces the characters of his fellows, while he, on the other hand, might be taking advantage of the precious moments of time, and improving every hour.

Then let us guard each other's good name as sacredly as our own; and may our lives throughout be

Like the snowflake
Which leaves a mark,
But not a stain.

LOGAN, CACHE CO., UTAH.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINT OPINION OF WOMAN.

K.

IT HAS often been stated that the civilization of a nation is determined by the way it treats its women. In ancient times women were looked upon as being greatly inferior to men, and by some as little more than slaves. Persian women were animals in the estimation of their masters. Grecian women were kept strictly within door; they might not even learn to read. It was, in fact, a sign that one who could was shamelessly bold, as she was obliged to go into public in order to learn. Rome and Sparta paid more attention to the development of woman, realizing that to have healthy, bright children, the mothers must be healthy and intelligent. Consequently, the girls were trained in calisthenics to give them strength, and allowed many more privileges than their foreign sisters enjoyed. They were, however, still deemed inferior, and it is only recently that woman has dared assert her equality. Among all communities she is beginning to take her proper place, and the Latter-day

Saints are not behind, nor ever have been, in according to her her rights.

I believe it is generally supposed, by those who do not know us, that we look down upon woman. This idea has been strengthened by the many anti-Mormon books, picturing the degradation and slavery of her lot, which have been scattered broadcast. Sketches have been drawn representing women, half-fed and clothed, laboring in the fields, or doing the outdoor work, such as tending animals, etc., at their own home. They are generally surrounded by a bevy of ill-looking children, and presided over by an object in the shape of man, who smokes his filthy pipe in the doorway of the hut. The man is, of course, a typical Mormon, the women are his wives, and the children also belong to him. Such ideas are, to say the least, ridiculous. (That polygamy has been practiced by members of the Church is an undeniable fact, but the third wife has been recognized as respectfully as the first. Only among those who did not live their religion as they should have done, has any distinction been made. Plural wives have been some of the greatest and purest of the women of Mormondom. Their children have been among the brightest and best. Take the representative women of Deseret today and see if they, living in polygamy as many of them have done, or being the offspring of plural marriage, are not as intelligent and refined as any class of women in the world. See if they are not respected by the Gentiles as well as the people of their own faith.) The women of Utah, young or old, married or single, have always been treated with the greatest respect.

Of course, there are exceptions to

every rule, and there are men among us who like to show their great superiority. But these are of the more ignorant portion. The true Latter-day Saint is broad-minded and realizes that it takes two perfect halves to make one perfect whole, and not a good three-quarters and an insignificant fourth. They know that the father is often too much employed by outside matters to allow him to give much attention to home affairs, consequently the duty of training children in the path of virtue falls upon the mother, and the girls are therefore educated for this sphere of action.

In the Relief societies, Mutual Improvement associations, etc., she has plenty of scope for doing good outside of her immediate household, and in these positions she is honored quite as much as man in his.

Man was chosen by the Creator to be the head, but some wise body has said that woman is the neck which turns the head in the direction she wants it. What husband has followed the advice of a good wife and found that she often advises wrongly? There is something in woman, a sort of instinct, which tells her what to do and how to do it. She has a keener intuition than has man, and this, connected with her greater spirituality, is invaluable to those about her. How often she *feels* danger when her husband sees it not, and by her kind warning saves him many a misstep. A good woman will generally have good children. As the mother is so will the boy be, and as the boy, the man. Inherited tendencies by her kind care are often overcome, by her neglect they grow stronger.

Man has his sphere, woman hers.

Man's mission is to go out in the world and work for the dear ones at home; it is his privilege to carry the gospel of Christ to the nations; he bears the reins of government. Woman remains at home; she sees that her dwelling-place is neat and comfortable; she watches the tiny feet that run about her, and guides them where no thorns will pierce them; she teaches the little ones to kneel at night and whisper the holy name of Jesus. Shall we, *can* we say that man's work is greater than this?

It is an old saying that had God designed man to rule over woman, He would have taken the bone from the foot, or if woman should be ruler, from the head. But as He took a rib from the side, He demonstrated that they were equal. He gave Eve to Adam not as a servant, but as a companion. They were commanded to cleave to each other. In the garden of Eden they had their taste of innocence together, they sinned together, together they bore the shame of that sin, and together they went from their once blissful home.

Nowhere in the Bible is the inferiority of woman even hinted at. Some attempt to prove from Paul's writings that his opinion of woman was not a very exalted one, but his individual ideas on this point are not clearly given.

School statistics show that if a girl works under the same advantages as a boy of her own age, she generally keeps pace with him, and often leaves him far behind. This can be seen in our own Church schools, where girls are afforded the same facilities as the boys.

The spirit of equality of the sexes should be understood by and encouraged among the young.

Great men in all ages have owed their success to their mothers; and the man who, no matter what position he occupies, disrespects his mother, is not truly great.

The Latter-day Saints show the refinement of their nature through the treatment of their women. Probably they try to follow the Savior in this as in other things, for He in many ways showed His appreciation of woman. He thought it no waste of time to sit with her and explain the principles of His gospel, and after He had arisen from the dead, He appeared to her before showing Himself to anyone else. At all events it is well to remember that woman holds an important place in this world and the next.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Savior stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave.
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.

7TH WARD, S. L. C.

Y. L. M. I. A. QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.

THE Quarterly Conference of the Y. L. M. I. Association of the Box Elder Stake of Zion was held in the Tabernacle, June 10th, 1891. Opened by singing: "The happy day," etc. Prayer by Sophia Jensen. Singing, "Do what is right," etc. Roll called eight associations responded. Minutes read and accepted.

PROGRAMME.

First exercise, subject, "The necessity of practical education for girls," by Phena Madsen. The speaker had so thoroughly studied her subject that every idea and suggestion was well worthy the consideration of the girls. "The value of a moral and religious train-

ing" by Mary Baird. I believe what is termed the moral law was revealed to Moses on Mt. Sinai. We are told that the pure in heart shall see God, therefore we see the importance of a moral and religious training.

A vocal selection entitled "Sunshine After Rain," was next beautifully sung by members of the Association.

Remarks by Sister Mattie Tingey: "You are all, no doubt, disappointed, because Sister Taylor is not with you, she was detained on account of sickness; I trust we will have a time of rejoicing as we have previously had. Religion should be a part of our nature. I have met people who were ashamed to be called religious; I would rather consider they had paid me a compliment. The more we learn of the principles of our religion, the more we want to learn and the more beautiful they appear to us. We should study to find out what really is contained in the gospel, that we may be able to give a reason for the hope within us. True morality is a part of our religion. Cultivate the heart, and let your desires be pure. We are working to prepare ourselves to associate with God and the holy angels."

Sister Aggie Campbell next addressed the Conference: "Our Associations can not be successful without the assistance of the members; no matter how weak and embarrassed you may feel in attempting to perform your duty, if you will have the courage to make an effort God will strengthen you. The word improvement should be an incentive to all to attend the meetings, and make up your minds to be energetic members. I am a firm believer in punctuality, and think it should be taught in all the Associations."

The speaker closed by invoking the blessings of God on all that had assembled together.

Apostle Lorenzo Snow followed, saying, "I merely came here as a listener. I have always felt interested in the different associations, and have always felt that God would bless you wonderfully. I am astonished in witnessing the manifested intelligence of the young ladies, no doubt, you possessed it in your pre-existence. Do not get discouraged, and think your talents are inferior to others, God bestows your gifts equally. Some people have the gift of oratory, others for writing, etc. The Prophet Joseph Smith was not a natural orator, but his sentiments were so sublime and far-reaching that every body was eager to hear his discourses. I feel proud of the efforts of the young ladies, continue to do your duty and you will get testimonies from the heavens. God bless you all."

Sister Goodliffe was the next speaker, and made some very excellent and timely remarks.

Singing, "Guide us, O thou Great Jehovah, etc." Benediction by Brother David Booth.

TWO P. M.

Meeting opened by singing: "What glorious scenes mine eyes behold, etc." Prayer offered by Councilor Adolph Madsen. Singing, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, etc." Minutes read and accepted.

PROGRAMME.

First exercise, "An Original Story," written and read by Amelia Graehl; subject, "Proper and improper marriages for the daughters of Zion," by Amelia Madson, who said "Marriage is a sacred bond, it is either the

happiest or bitterest event of your life. It is a serious thing to marry a man not of your own faith, or one who has formed the habit of drinking, hoping to convert the unbeliever, or reform the drunkard; do not deceive yourselves with such a thought, for in nearly every instance, sooner or later you find to your own sorrow, you have made a fatal mistake, I would discourage flirting, it is a serious thing to trifle with the affections of one another."

The speaker very plainly showed the inconsistency of being unequally yoked together. In conclusion read a short selection from the Key to Theology on the subject.

Solo and full chorus, "O my Father, etc.," was very sweetly sung by Amelia Graehl and the choir.

Subject, "Domestic Economy" by President M. J. Snow.

The speaker said: "Very many people over-reach their means in building a home, they are unwilling to begin with a humble little dwelling. We should be contented to begin at the foot of the ladder; you can also be too extravagant in furnishing the home. I consider it a lack of taste, to merely decorate the parlor; the simplest room in the building should be as tastily furnished. In order to economize time and means you must necessarily draw plans, it is impossible to become a successful housekeeper if you do not arrange your work systematically. A mother could relieve herself of many cares and anxieties by teaching her children industry, and teaching them not to look upon labor as a disgrace. Let mothers study domestic economy, you will find by so doing there will be time for the religious duties as well as a little leisure to devote to reading and the cultivation of the mind."

Sister Mattie Tingey advised every young lady to go before God, and strive to get the spirit of discernment, in order to discern good from evil. "It would be far better to remain single, and make yourselves useful in life, than to marry a man who is addicted to evil habits. Feel above uniting yourselves to a man who is unworthy to take you through the temple of the Lord. I feel like saying something in regard to amusements. It has been prophesied that in the last days people would be lovers of pleasure more than God. Is this not manifest right at the present time? 'God loves to see the young people enjoy themselves, but I am sure He is grieved when He sees the course many of the children take in order to get it. May the Spirit of God rest upon you and strengthen your memories that what you have heard may sink deep into your hearts.'"

Sister Mae Taylor said it was a source of great pleasure to her to know that we were all engaged in the same work. Advised all the young ladies to read the newspapers that they might become posted on the topics of the times; said it would enable them to converse more intelligently. Closed by asking the blessings of God on all present.

Conference adjourned for three months.

Singing; Benediction by Counselor Charles Kelly.

A special meeting of the officers of the Y. L. M. I. Association was held Wednesday evening, June 10th, 1891, at the home of President M. J. Snow. There were twenty-three officers present.

Meeting opened by singing "Arise my soul, etc." Prayer offered by Counselor Emma Vance; singing.

President M. J. Snow made a few introductory remarks, stating the object of the meeting; said it was to find out how each one felt in regard to her religion. In conclusion said she felt that God was pleased with their efforts.

Sister Aggie Campbell said, "I am led to speak a few words upon tithing. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. I think also if we would remember to pay our fast-day donations, and observe the fast-day we would be greatly blessed. Let us not neglect those sacred duties. May God bless every officer."

Sister Mattie Tingey desired an expression, from every officer present.

At this request all in their turn arose and gave utterance to sentiments that were sublime, and in a spirit of humility bore strong testimonies to the truth of the gospel.

Sister Mae Taylor said she felt to mingle her voice with the rest. May we all prove to be earnest laborers in the cause of truth.

Sister Mattie Tingey arose and expressed her gratitude for the free expression of the girls. Spoke a few words on the Word of Wisdom; said very many people by violating that commandment wore out their bodies long before their time. Exhorted the officers to be faithful in the performance of their duties.

President M. J. Snow felt to urge the girls to maintain their integrity, and ever be ready to raise their voices in defense of the principles of their religion, and to seek earnestly for the blessings pronounced upon them when they were set apart to fill their offices.

During the evening sacred hymns were affectingly sung by all. Prayers and sentiments offered as prompted by

the Spirit all evening, tending to make the sweet influence, that prevailed during the evening, very impressive. This adds one more to the many enjoyable times we have previously had, when our kind friends from Salt Lake have attended our conference.

RAY EVANS, Secy.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAGGIE BRANDLEY.

THE days and years of girlhood and maidenhood are indeed the brightest pictures in a woman's life. And that every young woman may retain those charms which surround her life and make her happy while young, will depend, in a great measure, on her course of life, her habits, her dress, her regard for physical laws and the training of her mental and moral faculties, during that period when her physical being and mental powers are so susceptible to influences of various kinds. It should be the first aim and object of every young woman to spend the precious moments of her youth usefully and well. That she does not allow the inclination to exceed her fair sisters in outward adornment become the one ruling passion of her mind. Improve every opportunity to store away valuable treasure—adorn and beautify the mind with a rich store of knowledge. "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." It is indeed the beginning of true knowledge. Think not that your mission here is to parade yourselves as advertisements of showy goods. That were a selfish thought. A young woman in the first bloom of maidenhood, is indeed a beautiful spectacle of the master-work of nature. Some of the loveliest traits in her character and those to be most

admired are innocence, purity, virtue and modesty.

A young woman of true merit and priceless worth is generally modest. She does not parade herself in gaudy attire for the purpose of attracting attention, but the light of love and intelligence beams in her countenance, and there is stamped upon it, innocence and truth, womanly worth and excellence of character. How beautiful it is to see the young girl taking hold of the household duties, helping mother to bear the burden and assisting with the younger children! It is very important also that our girls should learn some useful trade or profession. Why should they not be taught to be independent and self-sustaining as well as men? Alas! this part of the education of our fair sex has been sadly neglected in the past! Of late there is a growing unrest and the spirit of the times indicates a brighter dawning for the daughters of Eve.

But individuals must improve before communities can. It is as natural for the heart of a woman to open and thrill to the message of love and affection, as it is for the flowers and buds to open their petals to the welcome rays of sunlight and the light of day. Therefore, guard thy young love. Pray that it may be cast on worthy objects. Go not blindly into courtship much less into the holy bonds of marriage. Love is something that needs restraint and training as much so as anything else. The affections are the well-springs of the heart. Crush not their clinging tendrils but entwine around the hearts of the good, the true, the noble sons and daughters of God. Despise not the lowly—bless them with a gentle word, a kind look.

Observe closely the habits and manners of the young men of your acquaintance. If your own hearts be pure, if your language be chaste, elevating and sensible, you may do much to make the young man what you wish. There is much more importance attached to your example than you may imagine. Be not deceived, a woman's influence is by no means small.

Then wield the sceptre for good. It would hardly be advisable for a young woman to fall in company with a young man who smokes, drinks or gambles, thinking to reform him after marriage. Much better it would be for her to get a husband who is already reformed, who respected himself sufficiently to overcome the corrupted appetite if he ever formed it. For although such habits can be conquered, they too often conquer and remain master of their victim. However, there is many a good-hearted lad who has fallen a slave to the habits of intemperance, who should not be shunned altogether as vile, but if any young lady has an opportunity she would do well to give him a kind word and endeavor to persuade him to a better course—a higher life. If her life is above reproach nothing will be lost by so doing. Every young woman should not only do all she can for her own personal advancement, but she should endeavor to aid in the progression of those of her sex.

"It is eminently proper to prepare for marriage, since this is designed by the Almighty Author to promote the health, happiness, purity and real greatness of our species. This is in accordance with the law of God as written in our physical being."

It is indeed an important matter that all should heed the wise counsel

which tells us to "Know thyself." All the animals of the lower kingdoms and all nature seem content to live and move in their sphere. But God's master-piece, man, whom He gave intelligence, alone seeks to pervert nature and her ways. And that which gives life and vigor is consumed by corruption and death.

Not alone does the libertine and courtesan commit sin against nature, but there are innumerable other wicked practices resorted to.

Let it be the earnest desire of all our girls to learn all in their power concerning their own structure and then help nature to carry out all her plans.

"Joy, temperance and repose, slam the door
On the doctor's nose."

Live so purely and so strictly in keeping with hygienic rules that you may be qualified to fill honorably your mission here on earth. Seek the society of the good, the true, the refined. Let your refining influence be felt for good always. Be not vain. Vanity is so odious that it spoils all the charms of womanhood.

To be a *true* woman embodies much—many virtues and priceless worth. Therefore, the theme is worthy of the profoundest consideration. While due consideration should be had for the duties of home, wife and mother, what can be more honorable than noble motherhood? Still she need not and should not be confined to these alone. Let her mind expand, her intellect brighten, her understanding of mankind widen, and her children will be brighter, her home happier, for the greater light therein will shine more brilliantly. O, that the aspirations of our young women may be high and lofty! That they may be firm, yet

gentle, sympathetic and kind. But *firm* to never submit to man's perfidy in regard to their personal purity and chastity.

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep.

And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,

And sunless riches, from affection's deep,

'To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!

And to make idols, and to find them clay,

And to bewail that worship—therefore pray."

IDLENESS.

ANN C. ROPER.

IDLENESS is the unbuilding of all virtues. A man may be rich or poor, but if he encourages idleness he can be of no use whatever to the world. An idler is almost as bad as the one who uses strong drinks. For if he has kept from its snare so far, it will lead to it in time. Idleness and friends of saloons walk together hand in hand. If we should visit large cities, such as New York or Boston, we would find well dressed boys and men, and some not so well dressed, passing and repassing from one end of the street to the other; some standing on street corners, or entering stores climbing on dry goods boxes, or any other convenient position to be comfortable while they watch customers come and go. Such a class of beings are called idlers; of course they would dread to be told so but would rather be called gentlemen. Small towns and cities as well as large ones have their share of idlers. Tramps are a fair specimen of idleness. They journey from place to place, sleep wherever night overtakes them, running the risk of freezing to death, be it cold enough. Still they would not trade their position in life to be an emperor in a palace.



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